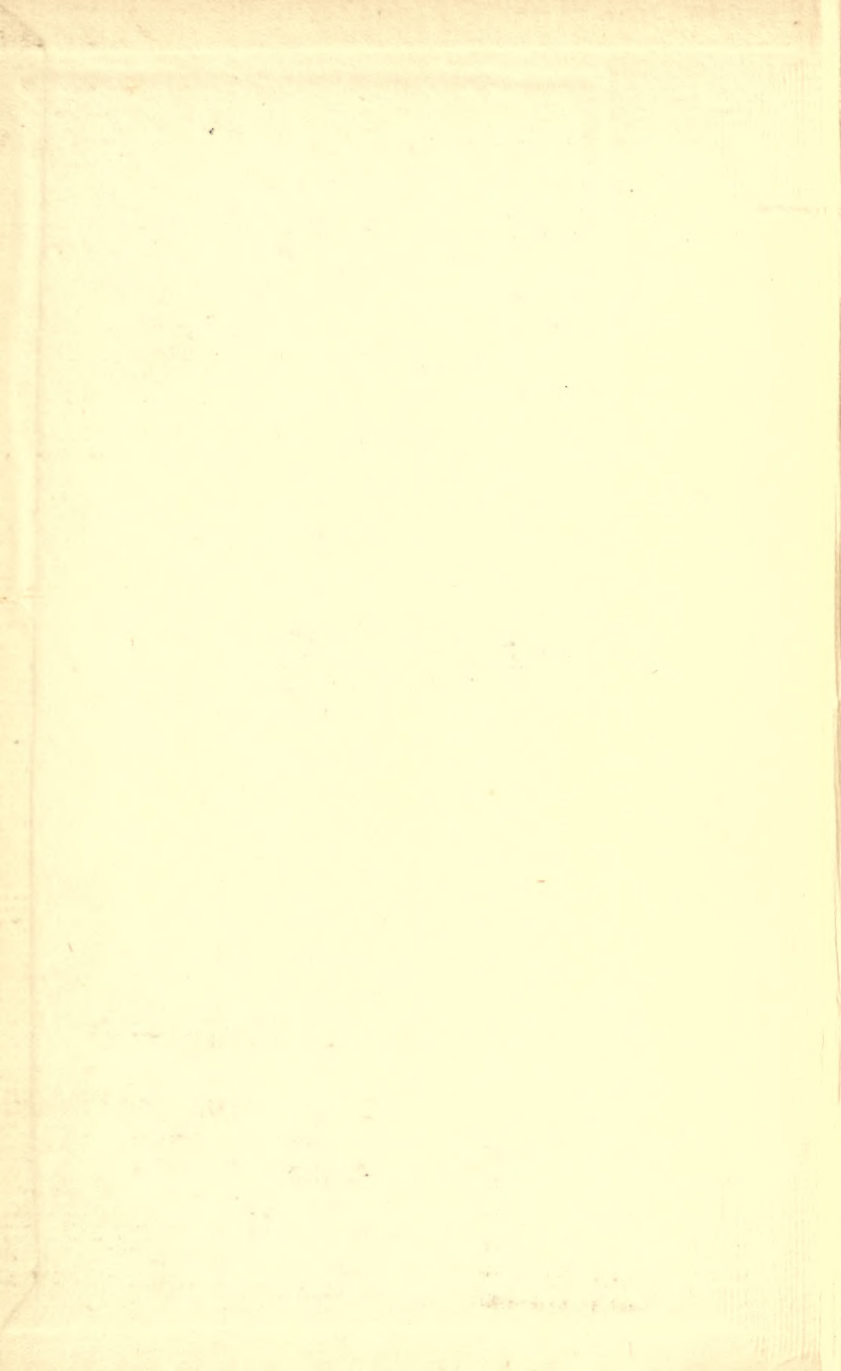




REMINISCENCES
of ROBERT GRAY

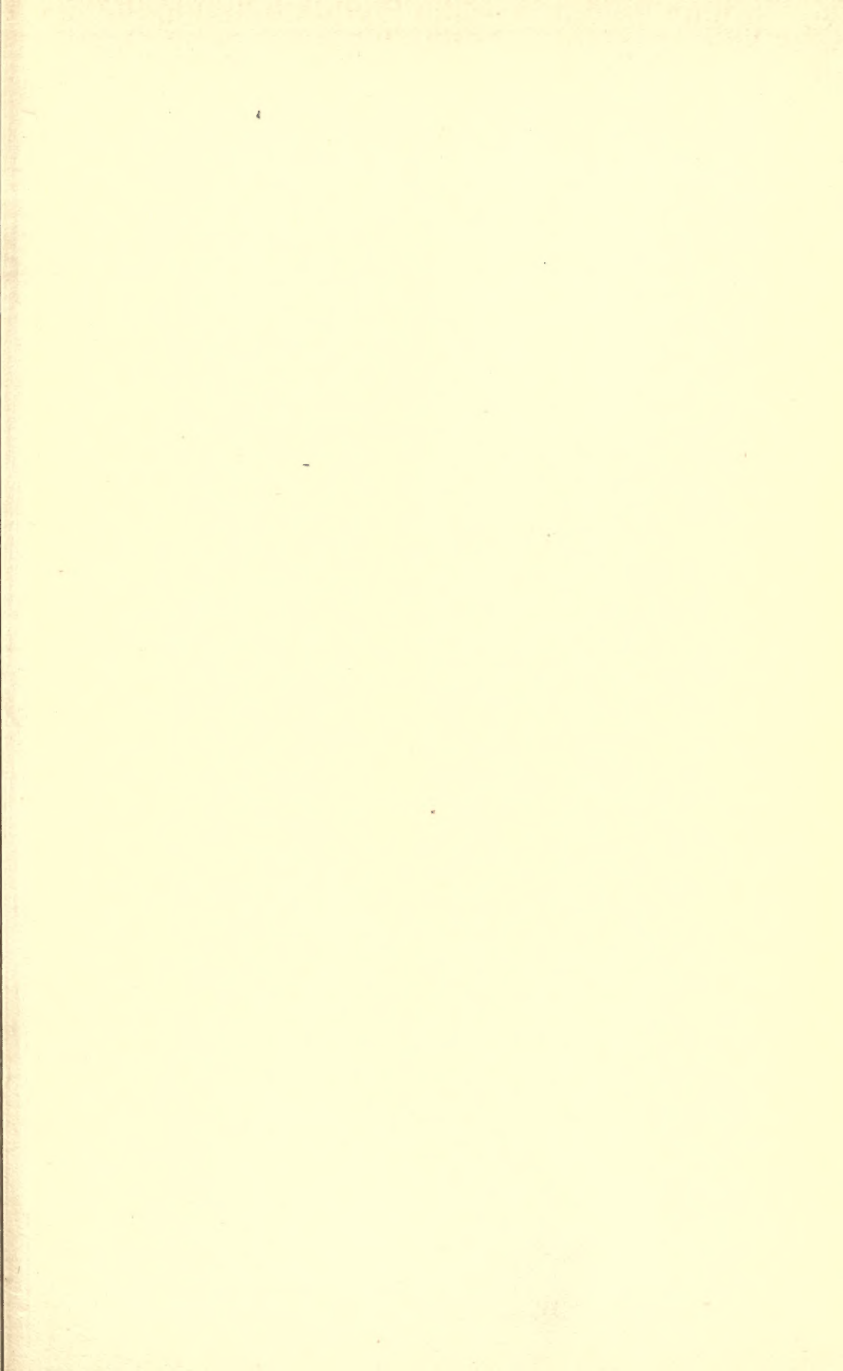


First Bishop of Cape Town



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A Pioneer and Founder.





Ever. yours
R. Leighton

A Pioneer and Founder.

REMINISCENCES OF SOME WHO KNEW
ROBERT GRAY, D.D.,
FIRST BISHOP OF CAPE TOWN
AND METROPOLITAN OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY

A. E. M. ANDERSON-MORSHEAD,

AUTHOR OF

"THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL
AFRICA," "THE BUILDING OF THE CHAUNCY MAPLES."
EDITOR OF "GLIMPSES OF THE FAR-OFF LAND."

WITH PREFACE BY

THE RIGHT REV. ALLAN B. WEBB, D.D.,
DEAN OF SALISBURY.

(Lately Bishop of Grahamstown and formerly of Bloemfontein).

London:

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1905.



“Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind.”

—Milton.

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Dedication.

IN MEMORY OF
ANNA JANE SEYMOUR,
IN THIS, AS IN OTHER WORK, MY FRIEND
AND FELLOW-LABOURER,
THIS RECORD OF OUR FATHER AND LEADER
IS DEDICATED.

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Preface.

I HAVE been asked to commend these "Reminiscences" of our first and greatest South African Bishop to the attention of English and Colonial Churchmen. I gladly do so, because I feel that the author has done a good work in recalling to the minds of this generation the personality of a man whose character was of the rocklike heroic type, standing foursquare against assaults on the Faith. These are days of religious sentiment rather than of enthusiasm for the truth, when its outlines are apt to be obscured by the laudable desire to dwell only on points of agreement or similarity. To "contend earnestly" for the Faith once delivered is a difficult and delicate task, and not so generally now accounted to be a virtue. But the English Church, as much as any Church, has need of men of Bishop Gray's strong convictions and personal devotion to her Divine Head. She has been the Mother of such in the past, as she will be in the future; and the lineaments of one of her noblest

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sons, representing that side of Christian grace, are pourtrayed in this Memoir.

I can remember, before I ever thought of being sent to South Africa, and when I saw a good deal of men preparing for Holy Orders, how Bishop Gray's championship of the Faith helped to steady young men, tempted to waver in their allegiance to the Church of England, because, as it seemed to some, brave loyal witness for the Catholic Faith and the whole counsel of God was held to be of less importance than a popular liberality. We were able to point to Bishop Gray to prove that the Anglican Church in at least one of her foremost representatives was prepared to be falsely accused and to suffer loss rather than fail in her duty as the witness and guardian of the faith committed to her trust. It is sometimes forgotten that the truths for which the Bishop so earnestly contended were just those in the main which were dearest to the heart of Evangelical Churchmen; such as the authority of the Bible, the reality of the Atonement, the Divinity of Christ, and, as a matter of fact, in his struggle he was supported by one of the ablest of that school, Bishop Cotterill. What prejudiced him in the eyes of too many was his insistence upon the spiritual authority and divinely constituted order of the Church as committed to his charge in trust by our Lord and His Apostles.

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Yet in his conflict it was not for autocracy or despotism that he contended, but rather for constitutional liberty. The synodical system of the Church, which most of all attracted suspicion, was intended to safeguard the constitutional liberties of the laity as well as of the clergy, and to be a bulwark against prelatical despotism no less than undue encroachment of the civil power in spiritual matters. He was driven to this course in order to keep the Church together, when he was compelled, against his will, to relax his hold upon State support. All this has been brought out in the larger "Life" of the Bishop, edited by his son, the Rev. Canon Gray, which will always be the principal authority as to the trials, policy, and purpose of all the Bishop's official action. Here, in this memorial sketch, his work is set before us as it was viewed by some of our South African Churchmen, who realised what the issues at stake were. More particularly the author has given us a vivid picture of the man himself in his fatherly relation, even to the weak and those out of the way, and as he was seen and loved in his own home. Even if his figure stands out stern and rigid against the storm, it was not from lack of tenderness and sympathy on that side of his nature, through which he continually manifested the gentleness of Christ. For too many the memory of Bishop Gray

So Preface.

has passed into an impression more of the ecclesiastical dogmatist, who, on pain of ex-communication, imposed a theory of the Bible which recent criticism and researches have proved untenable, than of the living reality, a disciple of Jesus Christ, a humble, devoted servant of God, who commended his Churchmanship by the personal holiness of his daily life.

The writer of this Memoir was the youngest of the band of ladies who came out in 1868 at the Bishop's call, and had abundant opportunities of seeing him during the last four years of his life. She must be, therefore, one of the comparatively few left now who are able, from personal recollection, to bring into prominence the tender and affectionate side of his character, as shown to those who knew him best, and thus correct the impression, which I fear is too prevalent, that he was little else than a fiery enthusiast of extreme views, which he was determined to force upon old-fashioned Church folk.

A South African Bishop, who loved and served him loyally, writes of him to me: "How often I wish that those who have been most opposed to the Constitution of the South African Church, and read into its provisions all the sternness of his alleged autocratic disposition, could have been present in his study some of those early mornings during the first Provincial

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Synod, when the Bishops used to meet before breakfast to work at the Canons, and have marked the deference which he paid to the suggestions of others, especially Bishop Cotterill, constantly alluding to his own lack of learning, and showing his readiness to be corrected, though there was abundant evidence of the careful study and thought that he had given to each point. And then his loyalty and love for the Church of England, how strongly marked it was. Yet I remember, when the title of the Church in South Africa was under discussion, how it was consideration for the members of the Dutch Reformed Church that formed one of his objections to the title, 'The Church of South Africa,' which, he said, would savour of arrogance towards them."

The author naturally writes as a devoted disciple of Bishop Gray, but I know that she has done her best to give a faithful record of his character and aims, and I think it will be acknowledged that she has done something to make Bishop Gray live before us—as indeed he did before her own eyes—as natural, simple, courteous, affectionate, and considerate, no less than as the champion, lion-hearted, much-enduring lover of God and His truth, as he appeared before the Church at large.

No one need be concerned to maintain that Bishop Gray was not a man, as others, "compassed with

❧ Preface.

infirmity " ; but more than anyone I have known, he seemed to embody, by anticipation, through all faults and failures and mistakes, the poet's ideal :

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break ;
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph ;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

Since the death of its first Metropolitan, the Church in South Africa has had the immense blessing, for more than thirty years, of the faithful episcopate of the present Archbishop of Cape Town.

It would indeed have cheered the spirit and brought happiness to the heart of Bishop Gray, even in darkest days, if he could have foreseen the loyalty with which his own principles of ecclesiastical policy, in true devotion to the spiritual interests of the Church and to her Divine Head, have been firmly and consistently, and yet wisely and considerately maintained by his successor, and by the Provincial Synods, which have followed that of 1870. It has been a great strength to the cause of faith and true religion, that, through all the changes and troubles of more than fifty years, the Church of the Province has kept on her way, strengthening her stakes and lengthening her cords, holding fast her trust and yet keeping in touch with the life and thought of a new

Preface.

age, winning the hearts and minds of all sorts and conditions of men. She stands to-day strong in the devotion of a largely multiplied staff of clergy, and rooted in the affection, as well as dependent upon the support, of an increasing body of intelligent laity.

ALLAN B. WEBB,
BISHOP.

DEANERY, SALISBURY,
Epiphany 1905.

Author's Preface.

THIRTY years have passed since the valuable "Life of Bishop Gray," edited by his son, was written. To personal friends and to serious students that work remains monumental. But ere the last of those who knew him have passed away, a wish has been expressed in many quarters for a more popular picture of the Bishop, "in his habit as he lived." Hence this work has been attempted. It may also serve to direct fresh attention to the land for which he lived and worked, and to the Church whose foundations he so surely laid. The "Mission of Help" has aroused a keener interest among Churchmen in "things African," so that they may care to look back to the pioneer work of half a century ago. It is as a great missionary and shepherd of his flock that we have tried to depict Bishop Gray, rather than as a "triumphant leader in the war." Yet modern misconception of his acts has led to a somewhat stronger statement of this last phase than would otherwise have appeared.

—§ Author's Preface.

The book is entirely a new one, and in no sense a reproduction of the "Life," which has been used for little more than a work of reference. All the reminiscences have been sent to the author for this work. Much of the later history happened within the author's personal recollection.

Thanks are offered to the kind friends who have helped in the work ; above all to the Right Rev. Bishop Webb, Dean of Salisbury, for the preface and for some revision ; to the Most Rev. the Archbishop of Cape Town for permission to have one important document photographed ; to the Right Rev. Bishop Macrorie, to the Right Rev. the late Bishop of St. Helena, the Very Rev. the Dean of Maritzburg, the Rev. Canon Espin, D.D., and the Rev. W. Breach. Much gratitude is due to the Rev. J. Eedes for his generous permission to use his "Reminiscences," published in the *Cape Monthly* ; to Mrs. Hugh Frere, and to members of the Merriman and Maclear families ; to the late Venble. Archdeacon Thomas ; to the late Rev. Prebendary Tucker, Secretary of S.P.G., for leave to quote the Bishop's Journals (a leave very sparingly used) ; to R. Trimen, Esq., and to many others for notes on their recollections of personal intercourse with Bishop Gray.

The work, begun many years ago in collaboration

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with a friend, and long delayed, may serve to show the children of the generations that are past something of those famous and merciful men "whose righteousness hath not been forgotten."

A. E. M. ANDERSON-MORSHEAD.

Feast of the Epiphany, 1905.

Schedule of Marks used for Reference.


- A The Author's Personal Recollections, written at the time of the Bishop's death, numbered I. to XXIV.
- B Sermon by Dean Green, preached in 1898 in Cape Town Cathedral.
- C Contemporary Newspaper slips, lettered A to R.
- D Recollections of Miss Moir.
- E "Recollections of the Life and Work of Bishop Gray in South Africa," published in the *Cape Monthly*, 1892-3, by Rev. J. Eedes. (Chapters A to K).
- F Recollections by Miss Fair, afterwards Mrs. Seymour, in four books and various scraps of paper :—Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon.
- G The Bishop's Journals, the property of S.P.G.
- H Classified Digest of S.P.G. Records.
- I Statement by Bishop Macrorie.
- J Letter of the Bishop of St. Helena.
- K Recollections of the Rev. J. Espin, D.D., Canon of Grahams-town.
- L Unpublished Letters addressed to Mrs. Seymour, or the Author, for use in this work.
- M Various Recollections, told to Mrs. Seymour or the Author, and at once written down.
- N "Life of Robert Gray."
- O Miss Ainger's Diary.

A Pioneer and Founder.

Chapter I.

THE EARLY YEARS.

“Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought.”

 HERE is a Spanish proverb which says that “he who chooses for shelter a goodly tree, shall find a goodly shade.” The proverb is applied often to Don Rodrigo di Bivar, the great Cid; and in all ages and in all Churches there is a Cid, one to whom the lowlier souls look up, and under whose shadow they may find help. Such an one to those who knew him well was Robert Gray, who became the first South African Bishop of our Church.

He was the twelfth child of Robert Gray, Rector of Bishop Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, and of his wife, Elizabeth Camplin. He was born on October 3rd, 1809. An elder brother who died

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

young had borne the same name. When quite young he was sent to the Durham Grammar School, with the brothers on each side of himself, and then to Hanwell. It must have been while here that Robert became very fond of attending theatres, for at the age of fourteen he gave them up of his own accord, on conscientious grounds,¹ and in the same year he entered Eton.

There does not seem to have been anything very remarkable about his childhood and youth. A good boy he always was, and perhaps more duteous than brilliant in his studies; one perceives a bright seriousness, and an emphatic contradiction of the idea that wild oats must be sown. Not only his knowledge, but his whole nature grew slowly, always "from more to more."

His course at Eton was short—an accident lamed him for a long time; and his education henceforth proceeded at home, while under a sister's influence he began that habit of daily Scripture reading which he consistently kept up through life, and impressed on others. For a long time he was on crutches; and once when his father took the family to the sea² chiefly on his account, the interesting-looking young fellow, drawn about in a Bath chair, aroused much kindly feeling among the visitors.

The sister (Fanny), who had been so much to him all through his illness, now fell into a decline, and with him was at the end of 1826 despatched

¹ A.

² M.

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to Barbadoes in the care of their eldest brother, Edward. Barbadoes had two years before been made our fifth Colonial See, and W. H. Coleridge was the Bishop. This was Robert Gray's first experience of a voyage, and heartily tired he was of it before the five weeks were over. Here the Grays spent a few months, and here Fanny died very peacefully. Her death made a deep impression on her younger brother, the more so that his own chest was delicate. From this time he seemed to become more deeply religious, and to look forward more fixedly to Holy Orders as his vocation, though he had never known the time when he did not desire this.

The ship in which they returned to England had no priest on board, and on the first Sunday there was no service. After that this boy of seventeen himself said prayers, an act needing much courage. But he always spoke thankfully of the change in our merchant service since Henry Martyn was nearly thrown into the sea for insisting on saying prayers; and added that no difficulty had ever been placed in his way through a somewhat long and varied experience.¹

Just before leaving Barbadoes they had heard that their father was appointed Bishop of Bristol, which See he held from 1827 till his death in 1834. During a short tour on the Continent in 1827, Robert was much delighted at finding Lady Jane Grey's original letters to Bullinger, at Zurich;

¹ A.

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

auguring from her Latinized signature, *Joana Graia*, that she spelt her name Gray and not Grey!¹

There was a sad return, when the grave faces of the family circle showed that the brother (Augustus), whom they had left in a decline, had passed away. Delicate health pursued Robert Gray to Oxford, where he entered at University College, then a college with a gay reputation; but he formed quiet friendships, and passed unscathed through the ordeal; the Rev. Ashton Oxenden, long afterwards second Bishop of Montreal, was one of his University friends. He did not go in for honours, but for a pass; and took, according to an ephemeral custom, an Honorary Fourth Class.²

In 1831 came a long tour abroad, first to France, where he did not admire the Parisian Sunday, and contrasted the state of things under the Bourbons with that under the Orleans dynasty, to the disadvantage of the latter. Switzerland, to one so keenly alive to the beauty of Nature, was a perpetual joy; and here he met with that Unitarianizing tendency of modern Calvinism, of which he was to hear so much in later years. Geneva at that time was full of the great memories of an older generation, and the Theology Professor at Lausanne had been the friend of Neckar and his greater daughter, and of our own Gibbon, Kemble, and many more. Thence the traveller proceeded to

¹ N.

² N.

The Early Years. 50

Milan, where he was struck with the devout worshippers in the Cathedral; and so to Rome, where he spent what he afterwards thought was the pleasantest winter in his life. The Carnival disappointed him, however; though with the bright spirit of fun, which lasted through life, he managed to drive along the streets, armed with plenty of sugar plums, and seemed to have enjoyed equally pelting his friends and being pelted in return! They reached Naples in time to share that Carnival, and rejoiced in seeing the King, "a good sort of fellow and up to any sort of fun."

Graver thoughts came with the tidings of the death of his eldest sister, Harriet; and he wished to return to his parents. They, however, decided that he should continue the tour, and to Sicily he went with his friend, Mr. Robertson. An April of drenching rain, flooded rivers, and such wind and snow on Etna that they could not climb it, led Robert to rejoice in seeing the last of it, and to say he should consider himself a madman if he ever landed in Sicily again.

Naples and Rome were revisited, and a visit paid to Subiaco, the cradle of the Benedictine Order; and another to Vallombrosa, where San Giovanni Gualberto retired to found his Reformed Order. It is characteristic, if a little disappointing, that the magnificence of the scenery is the subject of the traveller's remarks, and that the antiquity and history were minor considerations. In Rome they met "one of the cleverest young men of the

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

day," namely, the future Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln, who persuaded Mr. Robertson to go to Greece with him, an expedition which had much fascination for Robert Gray; but he left them, and finally came home viâ Lausanne, Basle, Heidelberg, Frankfort, and so by the Rhine and Holland, reaching home in October, 1832.¹

Whilst he was abroad, the riots ensuing on the passing of the Reform Bill had taken place, which in Bristol culminated in the burning down of the Episcopal Palace, where from 1737 the great Bishop Butler, author of the "Analogy of Religion," had resided till he became Bishop of Durham. It is this incident which shows us whence Robert of Cape Town inherited the staunch spirit of resistance to wrong which shone so brightly in another continent. The Bishop of Bristol had, like most of his Order, voted against the Reform Bill in 1831. It was then defeated by a majority of forty-one, of whom twenty-one were Bishops. The most violent speeches in and out of Parliament denounced the Bishops; Lord Grey, the Premier, did not hesitate to tell them to "set their houses in order." Things darkly hinted at in so august an assembly were soon put in action in more riotous gatherings. The Bishops were publicly insulted in the streets; and at Bristol, partly owing to an unpopular Recorder, and partly to the temporising of those who should have acted with vigour, the mob made an unsuccessful attack on the

¹ N.

The Early Years. 50

Cathedral, and burnt the Palace to the ground.¹ The Bishop was to preach in the Cathedral that very morning, being Sunday, October 30th. The clergy besought him to desist; but like another Thomas à Becket, he thanked them and said: "I am to regard my duty to God, and not to fear men," and turning to a young minor canon he added, "These are times in which it is necessary not to shrink from danger. Where can I die better than in my own Cathedral?" He preached² accordingly, and being houseless before night, drove his wife and daughters out to Almondsbury. This living he held *in commendam* with the See, as the Bishopric of Bristol was a very poor one. And here Henry, his son, was curate-in-charge.

On the 3rd of the following March, the Bishop of Bristol had the happiness of ordaining his well-loved son Robert. He took Deacon's Orders in the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster; and the year, or rather ten months, of Diaconate, was spent chiefly with the Bishop, apparently as his chaplain. He was ordained Priest by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, under letters dimissory from the Bishop of Bristol. This took place in the Chapel of the Palace at Wells, January 17th, 1834, being Tuesday in the second week after the Epiphany. There could hardly be a more perfect description of the future Bishop than the Epistle for that week. Very

¹ Perry's "Church History," and "Memoir of Henry Bishop of Exeter."

² "Life and Correspondence of Southey."

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

careful had been his own preparation of his heart, as various devotions in his own hand testify. He was always a very wide reader—of theology before all things—but travels (he had lately been reading Lander's African journeys), history, poetry, biography, and stories, never came amiss.

Mr. Gray remained in pretty close attendance on his father until his death, on September 28th, in the first year of his son's priesthood. But before this, Mr. Gray had been presented to the perpetual curacy of Whitworth, a parish of about one hundred souls near Durham, and at Christmas he entered on his duties there. It was inconvenient that, as there was no parsonage house, he had to live in Durham and walk out to his parish. Soon, not being content with his little flock, his activity led him to undertake Byers Green, with a population of three hundred persons, situate in a neighbouring parish, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from their parish church. These walks to and from Whitworth had some results—for as they were in some weathers nearly impossible, they threw him much on the friendship and hospitality of the Myddletons of Old Park. As he grew to know them better, he was deeply struck by the great goodness and strength of mind of the second daughter, Miss Sophia Wharton Myddleton, generally called 'Sophy.'

Not in any light mood, or swayed merely by sudden feeling, he watched her character as it developed, noted her strong sense of duty and her kindness to the poor people at Byers Green, and

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becoming engaged to her, was married in 1836, refusing the better living of Hughenden to remain in the north.¹

One or two anecdotes of this period of his ministry here have been handed down. He was one day walking across the moors to dine with friends when, hearing a woman scream, he turned back to find a man insulting her. Mr. Gray desired him to let the woman alone. The man replied, "It's no business of yours;" but the clergyman insisted till the man inquired if he would fight him. "I don't mind at all," responded Mr. Gray, and, pulling off his coat, set to work, with the result of a victory to the clerical champion; but when all was over his appearance and dress left so much to be desired, that he could not dine with his friends that night.²

The other story might be told of a mediæval saint. One Sunday morning, walking from Durham to Whitworth, he looked up and saw on the edge of a wood a solitary deer, and remembering to have heard of the creature's great shyness, the young priest resolved to try the alleged power of the human eye and voice in taming it. He therefore called it in tender tones. It looked up, nibbled a leaf on the right side, and moved a step nearer; persisting in looking at it and calling it, it responded by nibbling another leaf on the left and advancing, and so gradually it crossed the meadow and stood by his side, rubbing its head against him and letting him stroke it.

¹ N.

² M.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

But he had to hurry on, and to his great pleasure it followed him, till he passed through a stile, where it hesitated, dreading a trap. After watching him through, however, it thought better of it, and leapt over, following him to the church gate, where the bells warned him to hasten in, and he saw it no more, though he had wished to keep and tame it.¹

The married life on which he now entered was as perfect a union as could be on earth. From a child Sophy Myddleton's earnest desire, like the Queen's, had been "to be good."

Her sister relates a very pretty story of the little girl, told by herself in later years to her husband, when the hand of death was on her. "She had seen a vision of an angel in a dark passage of our old home in Yorkshire, Grinklepark . . . and it told her to be sure to do her duty. . . . It seemed to give the key to her whole life, and her marvellous perseverance in reading to our father before she was twenty. Owing to this she was able to pronounce favourably of his spiritual state, more than others could do. . . . She had never mentioned this to anyone until she knew she was dying, but our elder sister perfectly remembered its being talked of at the time."

Their wedding tour was through the most beautiful scenery of their native region, the scenery of Rokeby and Rievaulx. Returning to Old Park, the young couple began their wedded life as they

¹ A. (I.)

The Early Years. 50

ever continued it. They daily read the Bible and prayed together, an act which he always regarded as of the first importance. What a helpmeet she proved must have appeared more plainly every year of a difficult and anxious life.

From this time until 1845 they lived at Whitworth. Three daughters and a son were given to them; and one or two offers of other livings were declined—so fond of the place had Mr. Gray become. Yet it did not entirely suit him, as troubles to eyes and throat are mentioned, necessitating change of air. Throughout life he was a great reader, and any subject that came before him was attacked with energy and thoroughness. For example, we find him in 1837 looking up all he could find on Baptismal Regeneration, and forming his opinion on the lines of Catholic teaching—doing so after reading all sides of the question.

Again, hearing the Tractarians attacked, he quietly read through the Oxford Tracts in 1839, and found himself “much pleased with them, and able to assent to most of their positions.” The Early Fathers, the Anglican Fathers, Collier’s and Hallam’s Histories, Wellington’s despatches, were all eagerly read and commented on.¹

In 1840 he became S.P.G. Secretary for the Diocese, his first work expressly for missions. From this time Foreign Missions occupied much of his time and thoughts. At first, though himself pledged to S.P.G., he permitted meetings in his parish for

¹ N.

as A Pioneer and Founder.

C.M.S., but in his next parish we find him declining to allow these.

This new living was the Vicarage of Stockton-on-Tees, to which he was presented by the Bishop of Durham in 1845.

Almost his first work here, among his population of six thousand, was to improve the schools; applying to St. Mark's for a schoolmaster (whom Mr. Coleridge could not spare to him), and sending his schoolmistress to be trained at Whitelands.

The holiday he enjoyed most at this time was that famous Week of Grace, the Octave of the Consecration of St. Saviour's, Leeds. Here Churchmen from all parts of England met for what was almost a retreat. Mr. Gray writes to his sister:—"We met, two hundred and fifty clergy, and I shall not easily forget the glorious services of that day. The earnest burst of prayer from that whole congregation was such as I never heard before, and perhaps never shall on this side the grave. . . . Dr. Pusey preached in the evening a most touching discourse upon Mary Magdalene, a model of penitence and love. . . . I think a strong *Church* (not Roman) feeling pervaded most minds."

In due time one of the schools Mr. Gray desired was built and opened. It was a ragged school for little ones, and the Bishop's early friend, the Rev. H. Badnall (afterwards Archdeacon of the Cape), told the story of how, on the opening day, the Vicar of Stockton was there watching the little things tumbling one over another. After a little while

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they began to cry; the Vicar ran out, and in a little while returned with his hands full of goodies, and distributed them among the little ones, who then went to work.¹

The Bishop of Durham, noticing the "exemplary manner" in which he discharged his duties, offered him an honorary Canonry in Durham Cathedral, which was accepted with pleasure.

One wonders whether a portion of his Diocesan's admiration was bestowed on his trenchant manner of recovering for the parish some alms-houses which had been illegally seized by the Poor Law Board. The Vicar was advised by an eminent solicitor to break open the locks, but the advice was accompanied by the remark that probably the Vicar lacked the courage thus to solve the difficulty; but, with a spirit worthy of Alexander, he cut the Gordian knot by fetching the nearest blacksmith, and personally assisted in the breaking open of the locks—thus recovering the alms-houses for the Parish.²

In this full tide of usefulness came the offer which was to change the course of his life. Years afterwards Archdeacon Badnall told the story of how he entered Stockton Vicarage one morning and found his Vicar sitting near the fire in deep thought, and sitting opposite to him was his wife. Mr. Gray told him that he had been called to a Bishopric in the Colonies, and was meditating what to do. He had been scarcely more than a year at Stockton, and was deep in plans for the good of the parish

¹ C (B).

² C (B).

as A Pioneer and Founder.

on which he had set his heart and soul. Mr. Badnall, like many others, advised him to remain in a sphere of great influence. He was much looked up to by the younger clergy, and it seemed likely that one of the wealthiest parishes in England would shortly be offered to him, where, owing to neglect, there were grand openings for good work. The offer of the Bishopric had come through the Rev. Ernest Hawkins, Secretary of S.P.G., whom the Archbishop of Canterbury (Howley) had asked to recommend men suited for Colonial Bishops. Practically the choice offered him lay between the Cape, Adelaide, and Newcastle (Australia). It was the wife, who always helped him to choose the harder path, who persuaded him to word his willingness to go, if needed, more strongly than he at first put it, and his brother-in-law, Dr. Williamson's, deep and wise advice helped much. Canon Gray wrote to Mr. Hawkins:—"I hold it as a principle that the ministers of Christ are bound to place themselves at the disposal of the Church, to be sent where the Church most requires their services." This exactly expressed his attitude, and finally he was duly appointed first Bishop of Cape Town.

Lord Grey made a remarkable and prophetic speech when handing him his Letters Patent: "I think, my Lord, you had better accept them, though I am afraid you will find they convey to you no powers."¹

The Consecration took place in Westminster

¹ B.

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Abbey on St. Peter's Day, 1847. With him were consecrated the proto-Bishops of Newcastle (W. Tyrell), Melbourne (C. Perry), and Adelaide (A. Short). The Archbishop of Canterbury consecrated them, assisted by ten other prelates. The attitude of the Bishop's mind was that mentioned by his friend, the Rev. James Green, Dean of Maritzburg, viz :—

“That in his consecration to the Episcopate he heard the blast of one of those trumpets St. John heard when called up to receive a revelation of things to come ; the trumpet sounding out of heaven a call to him and to the Church he should build on those shores, to preach with loud voice the Gospel to the native races of South Africa, and with strong hand to tear down the veil which had so long enwrap them.”

From this time until he sailed in the “Persia,” on December 20th, the Bishop was incessantly employed in gathering recruits and funds for his new Diocese, preaching and interviewing in all directions, and calling on high officials, and, amid all, sitting to Mr. Richmond for that portrait which expresses so well the sweetness of his disposition, but perhaps hardly gives promise of the strength and firmness of the great Bishop.

Finally, in December, the Cape party sailed from Portsmouth, consisting of the Bishop, Mrs. Gray, four children, the Rev. the Honourable H. Douglas, the Rev. H. Badnall, some catechists, and others.

Voyages to and from England were henceforth

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

to be a part of the Bishop's life, and there was a family likeness in the voyages—the daily saying the Church prayers for those who cared to attend; the Sunday services and sermons; the walks on deck; and the great amount of books devoured, including always study and helping others to study. Generally the Bishop was a capital sailor, but on this voyage the Bay was too much for him and for almost all, except "Bessy," Mrs. Gray's north-country maid, who was in her element when others were prostrate, and was now and always quite invaluable.

At Madeira anxiety awaited the Bishop, who had been asked by the Bishop of London to settle some disputes which were causing a strained condition between the English Churchmen there, ranged, as they were, into parties for and against the Chaplain appointed by the Bishop of London. The dispute proved, however, beyond even his conciliatory power. Lord Palmerston unhappily perpetuated the dispute by appointing, of his own accord, a Chaplain over the head of the Bishop of London.

The Dowager Queen Adelaide was then in Funchal, and she invited the Bishop to dine with her on the last day of the year. The Bishop describes first a confirmation of seventeen candidates. The Queen was present and greatly admired the charge. In the evening a procession started to the Royal abode, consisting of Mrs. Lowe, Mrs. Gray, in palanquins, and the Bishop, Mr. Lowe,

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and Mr. Douglas on the rough Madeira ponies—torch-bearers lighting the way. Another day of “unhappy division” followed, with interviews on all sides, without (as he judged) much result. But after a sermon on Christian Charity one hundred remained to receive Holy Communion; and so highly did they value the efforts for peace, that nearly the whole congregation, clergy, merchants, ladies, and others, repeated the action of the Ephesians at Miletus, and accompanying him to the beach, asked his parting blessing, for which they knelt, much to the edification of the Portuguese, some of whom knelt too.

The rest of the voyage was eventless. They touched at St. Helena, where Bishop Gray for the first time saw part of his diocese; and at last, on February 20th, 1848, the “Persia” sailed into Table Bay, and the splendid pile of Table Mountain came into sight. The flat top peculiar to many South African mountains, but of which Table Mountain is the type, is caused by the formation of sandstone on the top of the granite. Like a mighty bulwark, it towers over Cape Town; its foot on the sea level, it rises at once its full height a few feet higher than Snowdon. Towards the west lies a hill like a couchant lion, and across the bay is seen sparkling in the sun the blue range of the Hottentot Hollands, *i.e.*, Hooglands or Highlands. These mountains, which came to be dearly loved by the Bishop, first greeted his eyes on February 20th, being Septuagesima Sunday, which,

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

with his love of the "Christian Year," must have brought a thought of

"The works of God above, below,
Within us and around."

Much honour was shown by the Governor. A salute was offered, but declined on account of the day. Mr. Montagu, Colonial Secretary, fetched them ashore, and that evening the party worshipped at Evensong in St. George's Church, now to be the Cathedral; a building well placed, at the top of one of the chief streets, with the trees of the Botanic Gardens behind and the mountain beyond as a setting. But it is a cross between a Pagoda and a Greek Temple, built from patterns supplied by the good nature of a sea captain, who, being asked to furnish plans for a church, could recollect only St. Pancras. Thus Bishop Gray entered his adopted country, that sunny land which has become more interesting and important with every decade that has since passed.

Chapter II.

SOUTH AFRICA AS IT WAS.

“ Thou did'st come Thy fire to kindle,
Fain would we Thy torches prove,
Far and wide Thy beacons lighting
With the undying spark of Love ;
Only feed our flames, we pray Thee,
With Thy breathings from above.”



EVER since, in 1486, Bartolomé Diaz, the Portuguese navigator, sighted amid tremendous south-easters the long nose of land which marks the parting of the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, the importance of the discovery has been well understood. Three nations have, since then, had to do with the development of that Land of the Sun. (1) The Portuguese, mere discoverers, and, after a sort, traders ; who coasted still further, and on Christmas Day, 1497, under Vasco de Gama, discovered Natal, and afterwards reached India by the new route. Here and there they made coast settlements, but never colonised or went far inland. (2) Next came the Dutch—a nation of settlers—who came and took possession in 1652, chiefly as

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

a station midway to India for their commerce. Their first care was to plant gardens and grow vegetables for the ships' crews, thus mitigating the terrible effects of scurvy. The "Gardens" in and above the present city recall this phase. The Dutch were rather settlers than colonisers; for the latter term includes the full development of the resources and races of a country. The Dutch of those days only partially developed the former, and they have never attempted the latter. In those days the Boer trekked, under encouragement from his government, to get better pasture and perhaps less restraint; but even so, in a century and a half he had occupied little more than the South-Western part of the old Cape Colony. (3) The English, a nation of rulers, colonisers, and traders. They ought, perhaps, to be put chronologically second, for two English captains took formal possession of the Cape for England, hoisting our flag in 1620. But as it was not followed by immediate settlement, the Dutch were able to disregard it; and taking advantage of the weakness of a country divided against itself, sent out their Colony in 1652. Governors were, of course, sent by Holland, and they have scored their names deeply over the Western districts.

In 1795 the French Revolutionary Army drove the Prince of Orange an exile to England; and as the only question now lay between the Cape of Good Hope falling into French or English hands, the dying Stadtholder bequeathed it to England, who thus obtained her first right over the country—

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the right of cession. The question has since been idly asked: "Can a ruler grant away his subjects as well as the land?" and answer must be made that all nations, the Dutch included, follow this custom in acquiring territory. Who rules the land, rules the people; and very little liberty would the Boers have had under the French Flag, their only real alternative. We took possession, and ruled till 1802, when, at the peace of Amiens, we restored it, not to independence, but to Holland. Again, war having broken out in 1806, we landed troops in Simon's Bay, under Sir David Baird and Sir Horne Popham, met the Dutch colonial forces at Blaauw-berg, who fled, leaving their guns, and marching on to Salt River, close to Cape Town, we there received the surrender of the city and colony, thus establishing over the country the second right of conquest, a right also acknowledged by all nations. Since then we have colonised the whole land, including Natal, far to the north and the east of the old Dutch occupation, thus acquiring the third right—the right of settlers.

In 1807 we abolished the slave trade, and in 1833 slaves were emancipated all over our possessions; and we have since waged that incessant war against slavery, which Lecky calls one of the three perfectly virtuous acts of nations. No doubt this is the root of all our troubles with the rebellious Dutch. No one remembers that the loyal Dutch, who remained under our rule in the old Colony, found that rule tolerable; and that they far outnumbered those who

—§ A Pioneer and Founder.

went. Perfect toleration in religion was granted from the first; and in civil matters we ruled by the old Roman-Dutch law of the Colony—and even still it is the basis of our code there.

Mistakes there were on both sides; but the right claimed by the Boer to flog his slave to death was at the bottom of the Great Trek in 1837. No one pretends that the Cape was worse used than other colonies. The enormous sum, freely voted by the British Government, to wipe out that terrible blot on Christendom, could not represent what slave-owners believed to be the worth of their slaves; but the Cape received a fair share of it. English and Dutch owners alike grumbled at what they got, and, as many of the officials were Dutch, the blame of unfair division—if it were unfair—must be shared. The English and loyal Dutch survived the crisis; but the ancestors of the Boer Republics trekked again and again, flying ever before British law, order, and civilisation; carrying a bitter hatred of England, and still bitterer hatred and contempt for the coloured races, who, in their eyes, had no more rights than cattle.

The land is a good land, rising gradually from the sea shore in three terraces of mountains, running parallel with the coast, and fertile wherever water is found or falls. The climate is clear, bright, and healthy.

Though the Colony is bounded on the north by the Orange River, and on the east by the Kei (then, by the Keiskama), there is no doubt, from subsequent

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history, that the new Bishop was meant to bear rule over all missions to the south of the Zambesi.

Of the native tribes inhabiting this land, the Hottentots (Damara, Namaqua, &c.) and the Bushmen are aborigines, dwelling in the north and west. The Kafir¹-Zulu races in the east had migrated there in pre-historic times (*i.e.*, before Dutch occupation), having some Arab customs and characteristics ; while Mozambiquers, negroes from Guinea, and Malays had all been imported as slaves, and formed the greater part of the population of the towns, and these were of all shades of colour, from mixed alliances with white races.

The Europeans, at the date of Bishop Gray's landing, consisted of Dutch of more or less unmixed race, largely outnumbering all other white races in the Western Division, mainly belonging to the Dutch Reformed denomination. Mixed with these, separated only by their names, but Dutch-speaking, were the descendants of French refugees from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. These had introduced the vine, and were chiefly found in the wine-growing districts. The English were everywhere, but only made a majority of white inhabitants in the Eastern Division ; there were also to be found German colonists, a few Portuguese, and others. Sir Harry Smith was now the Governor, and in this year, with a policy which at length, half a century later, is justified, annexed the Free State under the name of the Sovereignty.

¹ This spelling is considered in South Africa more correct than "Kaffir."

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

This was the Diocese which Bishop Gray came out to make. All the land up to the Zambesi was practically put into his spiritual care, as it still rests under the Metropolitan Jurisdiction of his successor. The state of ecclesiastical affairs at this time and the political status may be gathered from a few reminiscences of Canon Judge, the oldest priest in the Diocese at the time of Bishop Gray's death :—

“When I arrived in South Africa in May, 1825, there were in all the Colony six of our clergy, besides two at St. Helena. When the Bishop came, twenty-three years afterwards, the six had increased to eleven, besides the two at St. Helena, making altogether thirteen for the whole province of South Africa. The eleven within the Colony were scattered far apart, with no opportunities of mutual counsel, such as might produce sympathy and united action. Our young folks were growing up with no opportunities of Confirmation, and were thus tempted to be indifferent, or were gathered into other religious communions. Our better-educated youth, who might have been disposed to seek service in the Church, found no way of entrance opened to them. It was an exotic Church. But with the Bishop a new spirit came. It was a spirit of life. The eleven who were already here, like another eleven of old, were awakened to a new activity.”¹

The Rev. J. Eedes remarks that Bishop Wilson (Calcutta) had to confirm in a Wesleyan Chapel at

¹ C.

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Simon's Town for want of a good church building, while in Cape Town the cathedral arrangements may be predicated from the remark, "I do so like that Cathedral," said the College groom one day upon his return to work after a holiday. "Why so, Williams?" "Well, sir, it do so remind me of our meeting-house at home!" Mr. Eedes also says:—"The old Rondebosch Church was a white-washed building. It was the quaint old-fashioned parson-and-clerk service. . . . The worthy clergyman himself was a great lover of natural history, and kept in his garden on the camp ground live specimens of many of the wild animals. These he shipped to England as occasion served Parson Fry was as fond of his caged wolves and leopards as —— is of his snakes and tarantulas now."¹

A weightier matter is touched on by Dean Green:—"But small as it was, the Bishop soon discovered the little band was only partially prepared to acknowledge him as its head. Some of that small number had been sent out by Missionary Societies, from which they received their stipends and directions as to their work. . . . This was a great difficulty. The Bishop realised how strong is the spirit of allegiance to a Society or an Order. . . . Others, again, were Colonial chaplains appointed by the Crown, paid from the Colonial Treasury, and over whom the Government had hitherto exercised the office of Ordinary. . . . Thus both halves of his clergy were subject to an authority other than his own,

¹ E (B).

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

which authority in both cases had for long years exercised its powers, and still claimed to do so.

It was difficult to walk without stumbling, and demanded of him the utmost prudence, meekness, gentleness, and patient waiting ; at the same time, as the commissioned Apostle of our Lord, he dared not be too weak."¹

On these various difficulties the Bishop set to work at once. In about five weeks' time the family settled into Protea, a beautiful old Dutch house seven or eight miles from Cape Town, which had been the country house of Sir Lowry Cole when Governor of the Cape. Its name, derived from the *Protea*, or sugar-bush, several species of which, bearing handsome red-and-white or yellow flowers, abound in the bush, was later on exchanged for Bishop's Court. It was a convenient and large house, just made for those who were so "given to hospitality."

It was time indeed for the English Church to awake to her responsibility, for already even new-comers from England were joining the ranks of Mahometans. The Bishop wrote for a missionary for them who should know Arabic. He had fourteen clergy and catechists engaged to come ; a college was needed for the sons of English and Dutch settlers ; churches and schools were to be built ; and in the midst of this came the first warning that all this work was to be done at a great cost to himself. Quite suddenly in May violent brain neuralgia seized and prostrated him. Struggling against it, he rode to Cape Town, and

¹ B.

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one account says he fell from his horse. So acute was the agony, that at length Dr. Bickersteth took him into his own house for a fortnight. The devout bent of his mind and his great weakness are seen in the fact told to his chaplain, that during those days it took him from morning until four in the afternoon to say the Lord's Prayer. He recovered, but from that time the power to sleep was gone, and all his life he suffered from insomnia.¹

On his recovery he had the happiness of hearing that the first Principal for his College was found, the Rev. Henry Master White, a first-class man and a Fellow of New. He was great-nephew to the distinguished naturalist of Selborne, and offered to come for five years at his own expense.

A little informal Synod of the Bishop and nine clergy was held, when certain Injunctions regarding proper administration of the Sacraments were issued, and counsel taken on the legal ownership of church buildings, on education and other points. This was the seed from which sprang the statelier Synods of later days, and it was held even before the Synod of Exeter had given a pattern for such assemblies.

The first Visitation followed. The Bishop started alone in a waggon with eight horses. Mr. Green, afterwards Dean of Maritzburg, arrived a day too late by the "Oriental," and followed him to act as chaplain. Everywhere old threads were gathered up, and faithful laity encouraged, such as Captain Rainier, near Caledon, who read with his workpeople

¹ B.

➤ A Pioneer and Founder.

daily, and held service on Sunday. Visits were paid to Missions—not of our Church—notably to Genadendal, the great Moravian Mission Station, formerly called Valley of Apes, till renamed Valley of Grace. The Bishop was deeply interested in these Brethren, who had their farms in good order, with three thousand souls in the place and six hundred children in the schools.

Of this Visitation Dean Green says :—"Bishop Gray, during that long journey of four months' duration, came for the first time in actual conflict with many of the difficulties with which his work was to be environed, and he found relief in speaking freely to me. . . . I listened, and was struck by observing what comfort he derived from feeling that he had been called as David, not as Jeroboam. I do not mean that the comparison was his, but it was mine. The prophet said to Jeroboam, 'Thou shalt reign *according to all that thy soul desireth*.' Not so with David, not so with Bishop Gray—the one had no thoughts of the kingdom, the other of the episcopate before God called him. Each knew himself to be absolutely the 'called of God.'"

The Bishop's route took him by Mossel Bay, George, Plettenberg Bay, and Uitenhage, to Port Elizabeth. Here, though there was a church, he could not consecrate it owing to unhappy circumstances.

Whilst at Grahamstown the Bishop heard great news. Sir Harry Smith was about to hold a conference of Kafir chiefs at King William's Town, nearly

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ninety miles further. He at once determined to be there, and starting at four next morning, covered the whole distance by seven p.m. The Bishop notes, by the way, the beauty of the Kafir boom, a large tree, covered with rich red flowers, the large-flowered jasmine, *Strelitzia Regina*, and wild asparagus. Next day trains of chiefs and their followers poured in from all quarters, clad in dirty but picturesque blankets and brass armlets. Umhalla, ablest of the Amaxosa, Sandilli, paramount Chief of the Gaika, and his brother Maqomo were there, and altogether thirty chiefs and three chieftainesses. Sir H. Smith introduced the Bishop as a man of God, chief of the religion of the Queen, who had come to teach him and them the way to Heaven. The Governor illustrated the Bishop's superiority to all other teachers by holding a long and a short stick in his hand. Kreli, paramount Chief of the Gcalekas, came next day and interviewed the Bishop. He asked about England. The Bishop advised him to go there, but he said he was afraid of the sea. He also told the Bishop he was not good enough to be a Christian; but the chiefs agreed that they would like Christian teachers in the land. What a change half a century has wrought in Kafirland, and all dates back to that 7th of October, 1848.¹

The Bishop returned to Cape Town viâ Fort Beaufort, Somerset, Graaf Reinet, the Karoo, George again, Swellendam, Worcester, and the Paarl.

In four months he had now surveyed the whole

¹ G. and H.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

Colony of the Cape of Good Hope and had crossed into Kaffraria, had travelled three thousand miles, and kept every engagement ; he had confirmed nine hundred candidates, and could now write, "I have seen with my own eyes the condition of the greater portion of the diocese, and have been convinced that our day of grace as a Church has not yet passed away ; but that God has still a great work for us to do in South Africa, if we have but the heart and the faith to enter upon it."

Fresh workers awaited his gladdened eyes on his return, chief among whom was his great friend, Archdeacon Merriman, who was at once sent to Grahamstown. He appeared, wearing a pair of boots he had himself made, each of the little party having provided himself with a handicraft.

Chapter III.

EARLY VISITATIONS.

“ Yet at the bidding of his Lord
He casts that net again,—
His strength, the warrant of His Word ;
His prize, the souls of men.
The teeming net which yields at length,
For labour long and hard,
For broken health and vanished strength
More than its full reward.”

Dr. Monsell.

BEFORE all things Bishop Gray was a missionary. Some account of his missionary journeys must therefore precede any record of other work.

Two months only after his primary Visitation the Bishop started once more, this time in a Queen's ship for St. Helena. This island was so named by its Portuguese discoverer, Castella, on St. Helena's Day, May 21st, 1501. Its five thousand inhabitants were a curious mixture of Africans from the coast, with Indian and Malay slaves, and there were also English and other European races. It had belonged

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

to the East India Company, and many of its English inhabitants were descendants of those families, who, after the great fire of London, came here as to a field where they might begin life again.¹

This voyage to St. Helena was rather costly, for they did the Bishop the honour of looking on him as a General Officer, and rating him accordingly, and a bill for £70 was the result. No doubt the Bishop considered the good effected was worth the outlay.

He was received with much honour by Sir Patrick Ross, the Governor, who was desirous of firing a salute, which the Bishop declined.

From the time the Bishop landed on March 7th, until he left the island some six weeks later, there was much to be done. The church and cemeteries had to be consecrated, the schools to be examined, and the young people prepared for Confirmation. The Bishop took his share in the latter work, for, except a Military Chaplain, there were but two clergy in the island, the Rev. R. Kempthorne and the Rev. W. Bousfield, while about five hundred persons of all ages came forward as candidates. The Bishop arranged that all the Church property, hitherto held by Government, should be transferred to the See of Cape Town. He had to speak out, too, on many points of Church doctrine and order, for St. Helena was as yet unused to full Church privileges. On the other hand, for 150 years there had been no dissent in the island; but just at this time Anabaptists had

¹ H.

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arrived there. All the Bishop said was taken in very good part by his flock.

But beside the permanent inhabitants there was a floating population of released slaves, discharged from the ships of war which had captured them. For these there was a sort of village in Rupert's Valley, rather a dreary gorge, with scanty bamboo trees. Here they were kept till they could be returned home or sent off as free labourers to Demerara. It was a grand opportunity for the Church, and the Bishop, deeply affected by seeing a wretched load brought up from a ship, at once instructed his clergy to begin mission work among them, and to prepare some for Holy Baptism. From this time forth released slaves were well attended to by the Church—sometimes nearly half the slaves being baptized after a few months on the island, before being sent away as possible missionaries to their friends.¹

The Bishop was much alive to the great beauty of the lovely little island. Longwood, where Napoleon had resided, is on the barer side of the country. Here his billiard-room was at that time used as a church. He had only been allowed to ride one mile in any direction from Longwood, and Geranium Valley, where he chose his burying-place, was almost the only pretty bit attainable in his daily rides. The Bishop's rides were more extended, and he speaks of the grandeur of the towering mountains, softened by many lovely little valleys with aloes, datura, and all manner of tropical trees and plants.

¹ G.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

As the work of the clergy was much increased by the Bishop's visit, he ordained as a deacon Mr. Frey, a German Missionary, who was strongly recommended to him

Finally, when the Bishop departed, he was sent on his way by most of the inhabitants, and received an address, ending with the words :—

“We heartily pray that the Almighty Giver of all good things may grant to your Lordship length of days and every good gift for the continual exercise of your high office, and with all affectionate reverence we would say, ‘Father, farewell!’”

Troubles awaited him on his return, the most notable of which was that at this moment the idea had occurred to the Colonial Secretary that the Cape was a suitable place for the exportation of convicts. A more undesirable plan could hardly have been formed. South Africa has always had complications enough, and a mixture of races and interests quite sufficient to require careful handling, without such a wilful complication.

The Cape was naturally and righteously indignant. The convict ship “Neptune,” arriving in Simon's Bay in May, 1849, such strong memorials were sent to the Governor that he stayed the landing of convicts for six months.

Some of the measures taken by the colonists to intimidate Government were, however, disloyal, and included the declining to fulfil Government contracts for feeding the Army and Navy. This caused Sir Harry Smith, who was very ill, much trouble; and

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when invitations to a ball at Government House on the Accession Day were rudely refused, the spirit of the Bishop arose within him. He did not approve of the clergy attending balls, and never before or after did he appear in a ball-room. But on this occasion, to show his disapproval of disloyalty, even when sympathising with the annoyance felt by the whole Cape, he went in state with his Chaplains to the ball, and waited to hear "God Save the Queen" played, and "See the Conquering Hero Comes" in honour of the Governor's first appearance after his illness.¹

In the October of the same year the Bishop undertook a short two months' Visitation, the Knysna with its beautiful forest scenery being the limit. This time the Bishop rode almost the whole way, and Mrs. Gray and the Chaplain (the Rev. H. Badnall) accompanied him, sometimes riding and sometimes in a waggon with four horses. In order that the Bishop might keep his appointments, in spite of flooded rivers and the bad travelling we have since heard so much of in connection with war difficulties, they frequently swam rivers. In one day they rode sixty miles, and crossed five deep rivers, and another time swam and forded a lake.

On these Visitations, when there was no friendly Civil Commissioner or English clergyman to show hospitality, the Dutch farmhouses served as hotels. Kind though the Boer hosts were, and beautifully clean as were the beds provided, yet some things were left to be desired. To require washing arrange-

¹ E. (C).

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

ments was looked on as an admission of premeditated dirtiness, while other arrangements were not always according to English custom.

Probably to this Visitation belongs the anecdote related by the Rev. J. Eedes in his interesting "Recollections of Bishop Gray," published in the *Church Monthly* (1893):—

"On one occasion the whole party had arrived on a cold winter evening at a very distant Dutch farmhouse in the Karoo, where they were compelled to remain for the night. The chief anxiety was about the horses, and they were invariably attended to before anything else. All then sat down to the frugal country fare, which consisted often of mutton, fowls and potatoes, and after a few English prayers together they made signs that they felt tired and would like to retire to rest. They were shown into a small dark room, where preparations had been made for three, including Mr. Badnall. Upon seeing the position of things, the latter at once seized his portion of the bedding and placed it outside the inner door, anticipating some rest upon the mud floor; but the Dutch vrouw became aware of the arrangement, and rushing into the room, gave Mrs. Gray a good blowing-up for turning the poor man out! There was some advantage after all in not being able to comprehend the taal."

The Bishop, indeed, was the only one of the party who could speak any Dutch, and he declared his was a separate language known as "Bishop's Dutch."

Early Visitations. 56

But the great Visitation was that of 1850, and included the whole of the Colony except Clanwilliam, and beyond the Colony the Bishop visited the Sovereignty (afterwards Orange River Free State), Natal, and Kaffraria. His Journal is still to be had at the S.P.G. Office.¹

In the Orange River Sovereignty he found besides the Dutch Reformed only foreign Protestants and English Dissenters. The Lutherans complained to him of the very unsound views of Holy Baptism taught by English Dissenters, who spoke as if it were no more than a mark upon cattle. At Boomplats, on May 1st, was held the first English Church service in the Sovereignty—for the Bishop read the Burial Service over the soldiers' graves, the resting-places of those who had fallen in Sir Harry Smith's victory over the Boers.²

The Bishop was able to start some Church work in the Sovereignty, placing the Rev. W. A. Steabler at Bloemfontein, and visiting Morokko, chief of the Baralong, at Thaba 'Nchu; but the extreme difficulty of mission work here may be gathered from the fact that the Dutch were not only extremely discontented under British rule, but were so far disobedient to it that just at this time Potgieter had killed some chiefs and many of their people, and sold three hundred children into captivity to Portuguese slave merchants from Delagoa Bay.

Crossing the Drakenberg into Natal by a route so

¹ What follows is mostly given on the authority of this Journal.

² H.

as A Pioneer and Founder.

dangerous that his cart-pole broke, the Bishop out-spanned night after night in places where they were in danger of lions in the cold nights. The beauty of Natal struck him, after the dried-up country he had left behind, and, as ever, it led his mind upwards. "I have seldom enjoyed a two-hour walk more. During the whole of the time I was enabled to maintain an almost uninterrupted communion with God."

By Whit Sunday he was at Maritzburg. Here he found our Church's daily service in a town where a year before there was no clergyman. There was a confirmation, when forty-four were confirmed; and the Dutch who were present freely expressed their wonder and horror at observing several coloured people confirmed among the rest. Here the Rev. J. Green had begun that faithful ministry which was to last for more than half a century.

Passing through Independent Kaffraria (now the diocese of St. John's), the Bishop visited the Wesleyan stations, and mourned that so far the Church had done nothing for this very hopeful race. He had a long interview with Umhalla, and gave him a much-coveted blanket with red stripes. Umhalla, with great penetration, said he should like Archdeacon Merriman for a teacher. No doubt this conversation was the reason why, four years later, the first of our Kafir Missions was opened at Umhalla's request, and dedicated to St. Luke, on whose day the foundation was laid,¹

¹ H.

Early Visitations. 50

The Bishop returned through the Cape Colony by very much the same route as he had trod two years before. But how different was his reception now—faithful priests, scattered at long intervals indeed, but with churches beginning to arise. “It is delightful to find our old English Churches repeated in this land,” he writes from George. Here, too, he received into the Church Mr. Niepoth and his coloured flock of three hundred. His reason for leaving the Dutch communion was their scorn for the native races; in life they might not worship with the white man, and in death their bodies might not rest near his. Nearly all the coloured people in the Colony spoke Dutch, and very few even understood English; it was thus very difficult for our clergy to do mission work among them as yet.

At George, Bishop Gray much enjoyed the society of Mr. Welby, and they seem to have exchanged experiences. One of Mr. Welby’s was amusing. He had noticed at dinner at an out-of-the-way house where he put up, a large patch of mustard spilt on the tablecloth. In the night he awoke with a strong sensation of mustard poultice on his hand. Striking a match, he found that with much economy the tablecloth was serving in another capacity. This was exceptional, for the linen was usually scrupulously clean.¹

On Christmas Eve he returned to Bishop’s Court, none the worse for his four thousand miles on horseback, in cart, and on foot. As the Rev. E.

¹ O.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

Judge said, "He had spent nine months in a Visitation tour over the western and eastern parts of the Colony and Natal, passing through an atmosphere which often for days together ranged from 108 to 114 degrees, in his travelling wagon, until at last, in crossing the mountains south of Natal, the wagon itself was broken and useless, and he had to travel on foot to the nearest Missionary Station in Kafirland. His letters to me at that time described the destitute condition to which he and his party were reduced, with only a morsel of cheese to be shared among four of them."¹

It was this Visitation which showed him that the work was too great for him, that the Diocese must be divided.

But perhaps the Visitation which attracted most attention was that of 1855. This being only a three months' Visitation, within Cape Colony, Mrs. Gray was once more able to accompany her husband, and her pretty sketches of the various stations illustrate the published diary. Almost everywhere progress was very marked, and the country now assumed the appearance of being mapped out into parishes, which were co-terminous with the civil divisions of the Colony. Each parish would have made a fair-sized diocese, it is true, but still, there they were. Many churches had been designed by Mrs. Gray ; as one who knew her well said of her, "She was like an architect's handbook ; whenever the dear Bishop referred to her for information, her memory was equal to it ;

¹ In his sermon on the Bishop's death.

Early Visitations. 50

the price of materials, building in stone or brick, plastering, roofing, thatching; she seemed at home in it all; her ready pencil soon had plans and drawings for the new church or chapel prepared for the workmen."

Archdeacon Welby and the Bishop pushed on together beyond George for a few days. It was probably on this occasion that they encountered the small difficulties related by the Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop of St. Helena), and which were met so characteristically by the Bishop. "In order to shorten the distance, we rode through a pass in the Zwarte Berg Mountains by a wild and rugged path; a small but very rapid river, swollen by heavy rains, had to be crossed many times, and our way to be forced through thickets of thorny mimosa along the banks. The ride was very tiring and the day extremely hot; but the Bishop made light of the roughness and fatigue of the way, and talked and laughed as if he were taking a pleasant ride. We occupied the same room after our arrival at the house of a Dutch farmer, who received us very kindly. At night the Bishop sat up to repair with needle and thread the many rents made in his clothes by the mimosa thorns, amused rather than vexed."¹

About fifteen hundred miles west of the Cape and twelve hundred miles south of St. Helena, rises almost perpendicularly out of the sea a rock, some eight thousand feet high and about five miles long

¹ J.

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

and broad. Its name is Tristan d'Acunha. During Napoleon's exile at St. Helena it was occupied by British troops for one year; then, finding that no attack need be feared from so far-distant a base of operations, they were withdrawn, all but one married Scotch Corporal, named Glass, who received permission to remain behind, and whose only companions were some men wrecked from H.M.S. "Julia." Later on, these imported wives from St. Helena, and by 1848 there were nine families and eighty children on the island. This was the most distant part of the Diocese of Cape Town, and, early in 1851, the Rev. W. F. Taylor, a voluntary exile, landed on this barren islet, where little save potatoes will grow. Except the rare visit of a Queen's ship, its only means of communication with the outer world were the whaling fleets sailing once a year, and even then the ship which had the letters for Tristan might find whales in another direction, and the letters would go after the whales.

Mr. Taylor found that good old Corporal Glass, who was still alive, had daily said the Prayer Book Service on that lonely island, at a time when three-quarters of our English churches were closed from Sunday to Sunday. Heart and soul Mr. Taylor devoted himself to his flock, keeping school, holding services, teaching, singing, and preparing all for possible Confirmation. Five years later, in the Holy Week of 1856, the Bishop of Cape Town was able to get a voyage to the island in H.M.S. "Frolic." He was delighted with the simple people and their

Early Visitations. 36

faithful pastor. The duties of religion formed the chief consideration in the day's work. Mr. Taylor's whole interest was centred in his flock and their needs. The Bishop and Captain Nolloth brought news of the peace after the Crimean War; he listened politely, and said, "Come and see my potato crop." Important Church news was set aside with the remark, "I should like you to hear my people sing their hymns."

The chief work of the Bishop and Captain Nolloth was to arrange for the removal to Cape Colony of the whole population and their priest, as they were reduced very nearly to subsisting on penguin's eggs and potatoes—the land being poor and worked out. The Rev. E. Dodgson, who in later times spent several years on the island, had sometimes recourse to rat soup. Later in the year, therefore, nearly all the islanders came over under Mr. Taylor's care, and there is a wicked story that when he walked up the Heerengracht, and saw for the first time a hansom cab, he took refuge in a shop from what he took for an enraged elephant. Never, however, was there truer or better pastor of his island flock, or of Mossel Bay and the other parishes of which he has had charge.¹

In 1857 the Bishop was able to visit St. Helena Bay and Saldanha Bay, North of Table Bay, and also Clanwilliam, thus at length completing the entire survey of his vast Diocese as far as the Orange and Vaal Rivers. At Clanwilliam he found

¹ Mainly from G. I. H.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

English families who for thirty-three years had not seen the face of a clergyman, and who wept for joy at his coming.

Another Visitation in 1860 brings to an end all that can be called "earlier."

The Bishop's great affection for his horses was quite a feature of his Visitations. "He had a splendid seat on horseback," writes one; "I can see him now on his fine chestnut, 'Napoleon,' riding back from Cape Town after, perhaps, a very anxious day."¹

"He was very fond of his horses," writes another, "and tried to spare them as much as possible. It was a pleasing sight to watch him pluck the leaves and gather tit-bits to feed them on the way."² Often his voice—walking before them up a steep hill—was the only incentive to make the faithful creatures struggle up a mountain. Many a time I have seen him take a pear from dessert, and go down to the paddock to give it to a favourite horse; while if a horse were very ill or dying, the sympathetic master lost his sleep.

Thus far we have seen the Bishop's personal work in developing the Church in South Africa. We must now turn to his organisation of the Province.


¹ E.

² L.

Chapter IV.

THE DIOCESE BECOMES A PROVINCE.

“Yea, West and East the companies go forth ;
‘ We come ! ’ is sounding to the South and North.
The fishermen of Jesus far away
Seek in new waters an immortal prey.”

HE Bishop of Cape Town used to say that some of his most important work for his Diocese was done when away from it. His first visit to England was an instance of this.

In January, 1852, he paid a month's visit to St. Helena and then sailed for England, landing at Falmouth on March 31st, and enjoying the drive by mail-coach thence to Plymouth, with the hedges brilliant with primroses and sweet with white violets.

At once he plunged into work, interviewing public men, seeing candidates for his own work—preaching, speaking, and writing. We now trace the beginning of the warm friendship between him and Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford, whose advice he sought on all points. He also visited Dr. Pusey and discussed with him many things to be carried out in the far future. During this visit home we see the beginning of the

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

Zulu Mission, Sisterhoods, Synods, special services for the heathen. The great Duke of Wellington, with whom he had an interview on the Kafir War and future arrangements for Kafirland, being much struck with him, "saw in a moment that he knew all about it."

It was the year of the third jubilee of S.P.G., but on the very day of the great service in Westminster Abbey, when there were a thousand communicants, he was relegated to a dark room for a month, on account of neglected inflammation of the eyes. There was a temporary improvement, but anxiety about his Diocese, public affairs, and above all the endeavour to divide the See, brought on ill-health and a return of the eye-mischief. He would not send for his wife, feeling she could ill be spared, but on the very day (August 1st) when he was visiting her mother and longing more than ever for her presence, she was making up her mind to come to him, and two days later she sailed. From the moment she reached him he could take up work again, and after a year more of incessant work and occasional illness, he succeeded in getting the Diocese divided by the formation of the See of Grahamstown, to include the eastern districts of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, with supervision of Kafir Missions; and that of Natal to coincide with the Colony of Natal, and the Bishop to have at present the oversight of all Zulu Missions. The Bishop cherished a plan of next founding a Zulu Bishopric, but this had to tarry for many years.

The Diocese becomes a Province. 50

To facilitate the division of the Diocese, the Bishop resigned his See and accepted fresh Letters Patent, re-appointing him to the now diminished Diocese and naming him Metropolitan. The new Bishops also received separate Letters Patent for their respective jurisdictions. Thus the See became a Province. As the titles "Metropolitan" and "Archbishop" puzzle some persons, it may be stated that the important one for purposes of jurisdiction is Metropolitan. He has all the powers that an Archbishop has, and is addressed as "Most Reverend." The more dignified title adds nothing to the powers. There was a little shrinking among the earliest Colonial Metropolitans from accepting the title Archbishop. But as this led to misapprehension, and people thought that a Metropolitan must be subject to some Archbishop, the title has of late years been adopted.

The S.P.G. had granted £5,000 to endow the Grahamstown See, and £1,500 for Natal, and the Colonial Bishops' Fund completed the latter. It now remained to find men for these posts.

The Rev. J. Armstrong, of Tidenham, had long been forward in good works, and in his drawing-room had been held the first meeting of those interested in founding penitentiary work in our Church. To him Bishop Gray now offered the See of Grahamstown. "Instead of being riches, it was so decidedly poverty that he felt it to be a direct call."

Just at this time several Churchmen were earnestly commending to the Bishop of Cape Town the ability and undoubted missionary zeal of the Rev. J. W.

— A Pioneer and Founder.

Colenso. The Bishop had wished for Dr. Hills, Vicar of Great Yarmouth, who answered by recommending Colenso. It has since been remarked that he ought to have known the bent of Colenso's opinions, which were pretty well known at the Fellows' table at St. John's, Cambridge; but a Colonial Bishop, living afar from the table-talk of this country, is entirely dependent on what others tell him *at the time*, and cannot foresee what they will afterwards say they *could* have told. On St. Andrew's Day, 1853, the Consecration took place, the Bishop of Oxford assisting in it, and preaching on the burden laid on a Bishop, and the sustaining power.

Alas! how different were the future lots of the two new Bishops. To one a short saintly life of labour and love for his divine Lord, his view of the Christian Ministry being shown in his devout hymn for Ember days, "Oh Thou Who makest souls to shine." He went to his distant Diocese, and his "faithful course" ended on May 16th, 1856. "In a short time he fulfilled a long time."

Of the other the career was long and far otherwise, but for the present none discerned the difference, least of all Bishop Gray, who travelled about England with Colenso, and was once nursed by him when ill. "My dear brother," he used to call him. "Both are noble-hearted men," he wrote.

It is as a missionary to the heathen that Bishop Gray accomplished a work men are in danger of forgetting. "It has been the fashion," writes one, "to represent him as one who spent time and energy

The Diocese becomes a Province. &c.

on public controversies which should have been given to the work of his Diocese and to the Missions immediately connected with his flock. No charge could be more unjust. His missionary undertakings were numerous and of lasting value ; his vast Diocese was divided and sub-divided by his skill, and the whole work of the Church within its borders carried to a point which, at the beginning of his Episcopate, it would have seemed altogether visionary to expect.¹

Soon after the landing of the Bishop of Grahams-town a grand opportunity was put before him and his Metropolitan. The Kafir wars, which had again and again desolated the Colony, had been obstinate and costly. Sir George Grey, who had come out as Governor in 1854, was one of the ablest men who ever held that office ; his opinion deserves to be written in letters of gold, and is a complete answer to those wrong-headed modern politicians who undervalue missions to the heathen, and think the native unimprovable.²

He stated his plans quite clearly. Kafir wars had already cost too much in valuable lives and in money. At present Great Britain was at war with Russia ; if now another Kafir war broke out, it might be difficult to find men enough to quell it. " Mission Stations were," he said, " less costly than armies." Education and industry would do more to ward off fresh rebellions than European troops. He estimated the cost of such a work at £45,000 a year, and was prepared to draw

¹ C. (A).

² C. (A).

— § — A Pioneer and Founder.

on the Imperial Treasury for four-fifths of that sum. He expected the Colonial Government to find the rest. He spoke to the Metropolitan, calling on the Church to co-operate and to find the workers. "*The Church*," he said, "*has now an opportunity of retrieving her character, of recovering lost ground. She will greatly embarrass my Government if she does not rise up to her duty.*"

Bishops Gray and Armstrong did rise to their duty ; in a little over a year four Mission Stations rose among the Kafirs on both sides of the Kei. They were named from the four Evangelists, and comprised St. Matthew's, Keiskamma Hoek, among the Fingoes ; St. Mark's, Transkei, among Krelis's people, the Gcalekas ; St. Luke's, among Umhalla's Tslambie branch of the Amaxosas ; St. John's, among Sandilli's Gaikas. Of these, St. Luke's alone had been begun as we saw in a small way before.¹

Towards this, S.P.G. made a liberal grant ; and, in addition to this, Bishop Armstrong opened a Kafir Institution for educating young promising Kafirs. It was as yet only a humble "school," but developed into a more "dignified college" in 1860, which has a long record of good work. In 1858, Bishop Gray took the sons and daughters of Kafir Chiefs into his own house ; and Government built, in 1860, the more stately College of Zonnebloem, whose work must be described at length in its place.

Thus began the work. And have the hopes of Governor and Bishop been justified ? No Kafir war

¹ II.

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worthy of the name broke out till the Gcaleka war of 1877-8, twenty years later, and then a hundred to one of native Christians remained loyal. Since the Pondomisi Rebellion in 1880 Kafirland has been at peace. The Communicants among the native races are numbered at thousands, and there are several native clergy. As Dr. Dale, Superintendent-General of Education, said at Bishop Gray's death, "The Kafirs have the ball of education in their own hands now. I visited lately schools of Kafirs, taught entirely by Kafir teachers who owed their own training to Kafir masters." Thus you have the third generation of pupils—and this was not seventeen years after Sir George's call and the reply of the Church.

Bishop Gray was never unmindful of the many Mahometans in his Diocese. Chief among these were the Malays, who form to-day a conspicuous feature in Cape Town. These are the descendants of slaves, many of them the property of Government, who in old days were sometimes, for their crimes, sold into captivity from their own land. It is a standing reproach to both the Dutch and ourselves that when we could have taught Christianity to these people, we did not. Literally Mahometan Missionaries came shortly before the emancipation, and these slaves used to escape by night into the Kloofs of Table Mountain to listen to the men who could give them back their lost religion. So the whole multitude of them became gradually strict Mahometans. Among them, in 1849, the Bishop appointed the

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

Rev. M. A. Camilleri ; and, at a later time, the Rev. J. M. Arnold worked among them, and so have many others. Cheering individual successes there have been, but for the general conversion from the one and only false religion which was established after Christianity, and can therefore *not* be looked on as a "Schoolmaster to bring men to Christ," the time is not yet.

But for the coloured people throughout the Diocese so much was done that, twenty years after the Bishop landed, work for the mixed native population in many parishes had become more pastoral than missionary, and was simply part of the ordinary parochial machinery. These people, some Mozambiquers, some few pure Hottentots, as the Namaquas, and here and there Bushmen, were mostly of more or less mixed race—the Dutch in old times having pretty freely intermingled with the natives, in spite of their excessive horror of such missionaries (mainly L.M.S.) as had taken coloured wives. The character of these—as of so many African races—is indolent, sweet-tempered, unless strongly worked up, merry, and unreliable. But when all the nations bring their glory and honour into the Heavenly City, surely, above all others, these races will be distinguished for their wonderful generosity. As soon as the African has learnt anything he desires to teach it to others ; as long as he has a roof or a little food, he will freely share it with his friends. Many a native congregation gives an offertory in money and kind annually that would somewhat startle an English parish.

The Diocese becomes a Province. 50

At the time when the Bishop went to England to divide the diocese, he had it in his heart to take the Natal See himself and "devote the remainder of his life to preaching the Gospel to the Zulu race." Had he been allowed to do this, how different would have been the future of the Church? But, though obliged to remain at Cape Town, his missionary ardour found a field of work. The uplifting of the coloured races was a pressing necessity, for, living in the presence of so vast a population with scarcely the rudiments of a moral code, the white races had sunk to a low level.

"You cannot know," says Dean Green, "nor I describe, how low had sunk, under the pressure of the powers of darkness, the standard of morality in this land. It rose at once when that power was thrust back. The power flowing from the simple presence of the Church, with its prayers and intercessions and Eucharists, was manifest."

Mission schools, however poor, he established as soon as possible, and preferred making the children pay something, if only a halfpenny a week, as he held that without compulsory education, people don't value what costs them nothing. He thoroughly enjoyed meeting the mission children when on Visitation, and scrambles for sweets and nuts were a delight to him. Once, at Burghersdorp, where the farmers' families, mainly Dutch, were "sinking into practical heathenism," the Bishop proposed to build a school chapel, where, "besides educating the children in the week, the Church Service might be

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said on Sunday. Towards this the first subscriber was a Hottentot, baptized in Cape Town, who offered £5, and said he would be able to worship without fear of being turned out as a coloured man, the Dutch not permitting him to enter their Church."¹ This anecdote, showing greater appreciation of education than among Boers, reminds one of Livingstone, when, in the early days of his mission work, the Boers told him he might as well teach baboons as Bechuanas; and he retorted, that he would like to see which would pass the best examination—a Boer or a Bechuana!

On May 16th, died the saintly Bishop of Grahamstown. His last year had been troubled by a priest whom he had inhibited for gross neglect, and who defied his authority, though the Bishop had the moral support of all his other clergy. It is unnecessary now to trace the course of vexation which befel the Metropolitan in the appointment of a successor. Of course, as long as Letters Patent were believed in, the appointment was not as now by direct election, or commission from the Diocese itself—and a strong effort to hamper the Metropolitan and place a thorn in his side, was over-ruled in the good providence of God by the consecration of the Rev. H. Cotterill, who, though sent out thus in the evangelical interest, became the Metropolitan's true friend and wisest counsellor in the troubled times which were approaching too surely.

One more sub-division of the diocese was effected

¹ H.

The Diocese becomes a Province. 30

in these earlier years. The Bishop had long felt that the Island of St. Helena, though small, required a Bishop, for a visit there at that time cost him at least three months. During a visit to England in 1859, he assisted at the consecration of the Rev. Piers Claughton, on June 14th, being Whitsun Tuesday. His diocese was to be St. Helena, Ascension Island, and the dreary Tristan d'Acunha; "Bishop of the Atlantic Isles," would have been a good title. At one time it was intended that he should have the oversight of the English congregations in South America; but this proved a geographical impossibility.

Another effort of Bishop Gray's to reach the heathen was the purchase of a mission farm a few miles from Malmesbury, north of Cape Town. Here, in 1858, a number of native families were established in plots, for which they paid rent until they had made up the purchase-money, when it was given over to them in possession. In 1860 the Rev. William Eveleigh Belson was sent there to take charge of the parish of Malmesbury, a small Diocese in itself, with the fair-sized town of Malmesbury, the mission farm on which he lived and which is known as Abbotsdale, and a large tract of country including St. Helena Bay and Saldanha Bay.

Mr. Belson held the most definite Church views of any priest in the Diocese at this time, and probably he and his Bishop were not far apart. On one occasion the Bishop, when invited to dine at Government House in Lent, excused himself in

plain terms. "On one special occasion he steadily declined to allow a person in high social position, and who had married his deceased wife's sister, to be admitted to Holy Communion."¹

This will show the Metropolitan's views at this time, and to these views he steadily adhered.

There was one portion of his work which the Bishop never willingly missed, and that was adult baptism. It seems often forgotten in these days that in early times this was a Bishop's prerogative. On the eves of high festivals in the little dioceses of Asia Minor or North Africa, the Bishop would pass from parish to parish, baptizing all presented by the clergy, Confirmation probably following immediately. Our own Church, mindful of primitive practice, still orders that when adults "are to be baptized, timely notice shall be given to the Bishop," who has thus the chance of exercising his rights.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight to see Bishop Gray on the steps of the Cathedral font on a Christmas Day or Whit Sunday, with candidates of every colour around, one after another stepping up to receive the "illumination" of baptism from Africa's chief Pastor. I remember one special occasion, when thirty-seven stood around, each little group with its Godfather or Godmother—English, Kafir, Mozambique, Australian, Malay, Hottentot and Negro, were represented among the thirty-seven, and the earnest words and tones of the Bishop

¹ E.

The Diocese becomes a Province. &c

made a deep impression, and some at least remained faithful to the end.

It is well to remember that the work of the Bishop for the colonists and for the heathen was not the least part of his life, and that he was the truest of missionaries ere he was called to be a Confessor for the Faith.

Chapter V.

BISHOP'S COURT.

“The primal duties shine aloft like stars,
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.”



NO life of the Bishop would be complete without an account of his beautiful home, and of the kindly life led there. To those who ever had the privilege of visiting him there, the very name, "Bishop's Court," is redolent of happiness and rest amid perplexity or hard work. Shady walks, bright views of stream and mountain ; refreshment for soul and mind and body within, and all the beauty of Africa at her best without. Nothing but Nature was grand. One drove into a shady quadrangle formed by the house with the school, on the right, and a wing of servants' rooms on the left—tall oak trees planted all around. Entering the house and passing through the large hall to the verandah-covered stoep beyond, one found oneself in another world. Flanked by two wings, the drawing-room on one hand and the study on the other, a succession of little terraces

Bishop's Court. 50

ran down to the grassy lawn below ; on these terraces were all the most treasured plants, among which the beautiful scarlet euphorbia or Christ thorn might be seen. Looking up from the foot of the steps one saw the picture in a setting of pink oleander, blue plumbago, the starry white Natal plum, and other plants of African brilliance. Crossing the grass one reached the river-walk under stone pines ; the river itself being nothing more than a brook, never dry, which descended from Table Mountain. That mountain dominated the view from Bishop's Court. The changing colours of the sunlight and shadows on its bare, craggy heights ; the intensely blue setting of the sky behind it, where, in summer, one could see the throbbing of the heated air around its outline ; the beautiful woods of silver-tree, pine, and oak, made up a charming picture. To those who walked in the bush around the foot of the mountain were revealed the glory of the African flora in fullest measure ; for there are said to be several thousand plants indigenous to the Table Mountain Peninsula, and to no other place in the world. Everywhere one loses oneself among tall flowering pelargoniums with deliciously scented leaves, growing as shrubs of nine or ten feet high ; and at various seasons the ground is gay with ixias of every shade, including the rare and delicate green ixia, heaths with great bells of white, scarlet, and pink, arums as common as blue-bells, butterbulbs and entjes, ornithogalums, mimosa, dianthus, bright scarlet

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

sedums or crassula, and a wealth of blue flowers; and, higher up, the pride of Table Mountain, *Disa grandiflora*—queen of orchids; while above all, the ferns make a paradise for a botanist. The loveliest glen of all contains the fairy waterfall which feeds the Bishop's Court river, overhung by a very curtain of creeping fern, scented and myrtle ferns, and nearer its source tree ferns abound.

Such lovers of Nature as the Bishop and Mrs. Gray might well love their fair home. The house itself was very simple, comfortable and roomy. The chapel and library were on either side of the great hall, and the reception rooms to the left through the further end, the Bishop's and Mrs. Gray's to the right. An upstairs hall had several guest-rooms opening out of it, besides the rooms for the daughters of the family.

If the Bishop was the moving principle of the Diocese, Mrs. Gray was the centre of the home. Her enormous labours for the Diocese never hindered her attention to the smooth and wise guidance of her large household. Mrs. Gray was tall and dignified, with blue eyes, looking keenly interested in all that went on; her mind was of a very high order, and great was her firmness and decision. Her son-in-law testified of her that if she saw her husband's course lay straight up the hill of difficulty, she would urge him to go up, and not point the way round. Her decision of character was well known to all about her, and on one occasion when Miss Moir, the governess, found

Bishop's Court. 50

a Hottentot on the estate refusing to take his medicine, she said first, "The doctor knows best;" but on the reply, "No, no drink," she rejoined, "But if Mrs. Gray says you must?" And the answer was, "Oh, if the Missis says 'must'—*must*." A message from her shortly after caused the medicine to be promptly taken!¹

She was a very good reader, and constantly read to her husband. A lady living in the house said: "Mrs. Gray, now that we are alone, reads aloud to the Bishop in the evenings. Week-days it is the *Guardian*; four coming at once take some time to get through. On Sundays she has begun Neale's 'History of the Jansenists,' a pleasant sequel, to me, of Port Royal."

The same pen describes their starting on Visitation thus:—

"Early breakfast, as the Bishop and Mrs. Gray started at nine for a month's Visitation. The start would have made a capital picture. In the centre of the wide, gravelled court, stood the cart with two horses in, having finishing touches put to the packing of the luggage. Two other horses were being held on one side, ready to fasten to, as soon as all should be ready. The servants had gathered in one corner. Mr. B—— stood near his room, my girls near theirs, a group of Kafir boys near the cart, and we all round it. So soon as the leaders were put in, the Bishop and Mrs. Gray took their places, the driver gathered up the reins, and the

¹ D.

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

two leaders stood upright on their hind legs. Three out of the four horses had never been in harness before; but Ludwig, who always drives the Bishop on these occasions, seemed to have perfect confidence in himself, and they in him, and after a few plunges they went off at a gallop, all straight. A good deal of sunshine seems to have gone away with the Bishop.”¹

Mrs. Gray was one of the most indefatigable workers possible. Her powers of writing were very great, and she never did a line of slipshod writing, or lost her beautiful, clear, firm hand. It was characteristic that the last line of a long document was copied as beautifully as the first. In their two little studies, side by side, the doors generally open, how hard the Bishop and his faithful wife worked. The Rev. J. Eedes says, speaking of her twenty years' work as Diocesan Secretary:—"All the Diocesan correspondence was arranged and copied by her into certain books. Every morning for many years she retired quietly to her private room for the purpose of copying out the business letters and Diocesan accounts of the previous day. More than half of the clerical correspondence went forth in her handwriting, and that in no dictatorial style, but in the humble way all concerned appreciated. At one of the Diocesan Synods the Bishop begged the Diocese to appoint a commission to take over the accounts, but the Synod prayed the Bishop to allow things for the present to remain as they were."

¹ O.

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The strict self-denial practised by this noble-minded pair, the large secret charities, accomplished only by going without some personal expense, will never be known; but many a story is told by those benefitted, which not only obviously cannot be quoted, but which was never meant to be known.

Before passing from the subject of Mrs. Gray, we should mention her talent as a draughtswoman and architect. Her ready pencil sketched illustrations for the Bishop's Journals, and she drew the designs for most of the new churches in the Colony. It was commonly believed that she had not only drawn the plans for Claremont, their Parish Church, but seen every stone in its place, occasionally lending a helping hand.

The cottage or school at Bishop's Court has been more than once referred to. This was a long range of buildings on the right of the Court, and here, in 1849, the Bishop began a Collegiate School with the Rev. Henry Master White as Principal. The Rev. J. Eedes was one of the earliest scholars, and thus gives his first interview with the Bishop:—"On a certain day I recollect a tall person in black, rather stout, and with blue spectacles, suddenly clasping his arms round my shoulders, after coming out of Church, and exclaiming, 'So you are going some day to be one of my clergy!' It was Bishop Gray. He knew something of my friends in England, and had been on the look-out for me."

After a year the College was removed to more commodious premises at Woodlands, Rondebosch,

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

still under Mr. White, who returned to England on account of health in 1856, and afterwards came out to Grahamstown. He was a most saintly man and a good scholar, and probably much of the successful planting of the Church in South Africa is due to him. He had always an answer ready for those who attacked the Church. The Bishop, who was much attached to him, often rode up the Fir Avenue to consult him, perhaps bringing him or one of his tutors back to dine at Bishop's Court. At Grahams-town he did a good work till his death. He was a most tender-hearted man, and when "the Bishop alluded in Synod to his gratuitous services for so many years, he fairly laid his head on the table and sobbed."

Meantime the cottage at Bishop's Court became a Kafir College until Zonnebloem was ready for them; and latterly it was a day-school for the children on the estate.

The poor people on the estate often called the Bishop their father; and such he proved to them. One of these—a Christian—had married Ada, a beautiful Malay girl, for whose sake he professed Mahometanism under the name of Abdiel. The wife died of decline, and the husband, having taken the infection, lay dying, when the Bishop visited him almost daily, reasoning, praying and reading with him, made him conscious of sin, and won him back. It is an instance of the bitterness of Malay hatred for a lapsed convert, that though the Bishop offered a Christian funeral at his own expense, yet as he

Bishop's Court. 50

was absent on Visitation, the Malays denied the conversion, and, assembling in large numbers, waving the Koran in the face of a lady who went to carry out the Bishop's wishes, they, *vi et armis*, carried the body off for Mahometan burial. On another occasion, when a better-class Malay girl had become a Christian, and dreaded the wrath of her parents and priest, the Bishop drove into Cape Town and interviewed both, congratulating the parents on their daughter's courage and faith, and perfectly fascinating them and even the priest by his earnest and genial manner. A poor Hottentot and his wife, who had wept over the dead body of their Christian daughter because they could not hope to meet her again, wished to become Christians, but lived too far from their parish priest to walk over after a hard day's work. "Send them to me after dinner," said the Bishop. "But, Bishop, you are giving yourself only half an hour's rest." "I know it," was the reply, "but these need their rest more than I." And the hard-worked Metropolitan of South Africa often spent an evening in instructing such simple folk in the A B C of the Christian Faith.

It was a rich reward to him when they proposed to put up a pontoc chapel in the bush near Bishop's Court. Early one fine morning the poor people assembled, and, after a short service, the Bishop placed the first pole and promised them a door, a window, and a white cross. In early morning and late evening the poor people worked hard and finished their chapel, and then the Bishop, in full

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

robes, dedicated and opened it. It was at first arranged that the Claremont Catechist should say service on Sundays, alternately in English and Dutch. But a petition soon arrived that it might be always in English, which they understood better than *his* Dutch. He indeed, poor man, spoke Holland Dutch, and they the "Taal" of the country. The Bishop often took visitors to see his "Cathedral in the bush."¹

Once a year all the tenants and their families had a feast at Bishop's Court, and carried away in handkerchiefs, or anything handy, the remains. "On one occasion," says Mr. Eedes, "I remember assisting the Bishop in conveying a whole dish of Irish stew, gravy and all, into an old fellow's black felt hat, for want of a better place. As he did not wish to go empty away, it was done on his own suggestion."

This feast brings to mind the very characteristic school feasts at Bishop's Court. The following account is from a private diary of December 22nd, 1859:—²

"On coming from morning school, I found them (the Gray family) all very busy filling everything available with flowers. Directly luncheon was over we all went down into the garden, and worked hard, putting up tables, laying cloths, bringing the food, and all was ready by three o'clock. The Claremont and Newlands children made a very imposing appearance with their banners and singing; our little sober group, which I had mustered in the school-

¹ D.

² O.

Bishop's Court. So

room, the Kafir girls, joining modestly in at the end of the procession. Grace having been sung, tea went on fast and furious, when, just as they had concluded, the fire-bell rang for the second time that day. Away rushed all the gentlemen, and we had some difficulty in keeping back the children, till Mr. Eedes came back, saying that the forty Kafirs were at it, and it would be out directly. The children sung a good deal, and at last a benevolent gentleman proposed games. For some time it seemed hopeless work to make anything of the girls, but at last we persuaded them to play a little. It was worth seeing, when the Bishop, seated on a chair, gave handfuls of sugar-plums to the girls who were too little to scramble; he was perfectly encased with them, only the top of his hat being visible. About half-past six there was a distribution of prizes. Then they all came into the hall to see the magic lantern. But the darkness proved too much for them, and the shrieking and crying that ensued were something awful. The front door was got open and the disaffected got away. The Bishop asked one boy what he was roaring for; 'It was only made dark that you might see the pretty pictures.' 'Ugh!' says the boy, 'the Kafirs will kill us,' which his Lordship repeated afterwards to the Glovers with great glee." "The Kafirs" were the boys of the newly-formed Kafir College, and Mrs. Glover, the Bishop's daughter, and her husband had charge of them, and doubtless appreciated the idea!

The magic lantern seems not to have been re-

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

peated, but ten years later the writer remembers that the girls, now swelled by the orphans from Miss Arthur's Orphanage, played, at her instigation, with great zest, such games as "Hen and Chicken," "Nuts in May," and "Oranges and Lemons;" "Round the Mulberrybush," with many impromptu additions, was the favourite, for there was nothing to lose, and no African will play out a losing game. The Bishop used to be supplied by Mrs. Gray on these occasions with a bag stuffed full of threepenny bits, as prizes for the races, which he always started himself, carefully matching the children, and taking care all had a chance. Even at school feasts given in other places, the Bishop never was happy unless he saw that the children were well amused; if he thought them neglected, he would rush to the rescue, and set them racing or playing.¹

Morning and evening prayer were always said in the chapel. Generally at 9 p.m. the Bishop would retire from the drawing-room and enter the library, Mrs. Gray or one of the daughters following him to help him to robe, generally in a simple surplice and stole. He would then cross the hall and enter the chapel, the household following immediately. When there was no resident chaplain, the Bishop took the service, and none who ever heard it could forget the tender ring of his voice as he added the petition, "especially for the far-distant son of this house." The Bishop and Mrs. Gray were unmusical, and at first there was no singing in chapel. But latterly

¹ A. XXII.

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"Hymns Ancient and Modern" came into daily use.¹

Bishop's Court was truly a hostel for the weary. Perhaps the most striking instance of this was the case of Miss Ainger. Mary Adelaide Ainger was the first English lady outside the actual families of the Bishop and clergy who came out to devote herself to the work of the Church in South Africa. It is a great privilege to read of the beautiful home-life in which she, in her soon failing health, was so often allowed to share. That journal is far too sacred for publication, but a few fragments of it can be given. It helps one to realise how the great Bishop, in her words, "fulfils that new commandment of love more completely than anyone I have ever seen."

At first Miss Ainger taught the native children in the Protea School, and lived at Bishop's Court. Then when Kafir girls were sent to the new Kafir College she had the charge of them, and moved with them to Zonnebloem ; but all too soon her strength gave way, and she was removed to Bishop's Court, where her last days were soothed and helped by the most truly parental care of the Bishop and Mrs. Gray.

After service at the Cathedral, the Bishop would often drive up to lunch at Zonnebloem with his daughter and her husband, and would always have a little talk with Miss Ainger, drawing her out in his kind way to tell her difficulties. Those who only knew the Metropolitan in hours of care and business

¹ E (D).

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

would hardly realise the bright temper, showing itself in merry speeches, as the light flashes brightest on the deepest waters. "Let me introduce you to Miss Ainger; she's a Kafir," he would say. "Oh, not quite!" says Mrs. Gray. "Oh, no, I remember, she is partly Hottentot," referring to a little amiable feud about the Bishop's Hottentots, and the Glovers' Kafirs.

But as soon as Adelaide Ainger's health quite gave way she was taken to Bishop's Court, where "the first morning the Bishop brought me out an easy chair and a footstool on to this lovely stoep, looking over the garden and Table Mountain, and told me I was to spend my days here and eat what he told me. I have obeyed implicitly—I eat, sleep, read, rest, ride on the donkey, and get waited on by everybody."

This was the time when Bishop Mackenzie and the first Zambesi party were waiting at Bishop's Court for his Consecration, and Miss Ainger was deeply interested in them, making friends with Anne Mackenzie, the Bishop's help-meet sister, who tenderly nursed the dying girl. The Bishop would carry her up and down stairs, and seldom went away towards the end, ministering to her till she passed away on May 23rd, 1861, her last hours, as she said, "so full of blessings." She was buried on the scene of her labours, in a kloof beyond Zonnebloem, where a burial-ground was fenced off and consecrated by the Bishop just before he laid her there. As the funeral procession wound its way up

Bishop's Court. 50

to the lovely spot, with a view over the Bay, a double rainbow seemed to span their path, surely an emblem of promise that women's work for women, begun by Adelaide Ainger, should never cease in the land. A cross marks her grave, and a brass tablet in Chapel records the work of the first lady Missionary of our Church in the land. Her photograph always stood in the Bishop's study.

But others, too, bear testimony to the hospitality of Bishop's Court. A scientific layman writes:—"At Bishop's Court no one was ever overlooked or left unnoticed, but every guest from the highest to the lowest was by the finest courtesy shown that he was really welcome and truly borne in mind by his host. It was pleasant, indeed, to see how the less affluent guests from the remoter stations seemed actually to *bask* in the genial surroundings at Bishop's Court—surroundings which could not fail to aid largely in sending them back encouraged and invigorated to their distant work."

A lady who has now gone to her rest gave the following particulars for publication:—"I can only describe dear Bishop and Mrs. Gray as two of the most unselfish and unworldly people I have ever met." She describes then a terrible fire which laid half Rondebosch low on April 22nd, 1856, when most of the gentlemen were in their offices in Cape Town on the other side of the mountain.

"In our house we had six young children, my brother's wife ill in bed, and my old father and mother to be cared for, so all we could think of was to save life,

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

and put the river between us and the flames. Our dear Bishop was taking an afternoon ride, when he came upon the scene. . . . I can almost feel his kind hand on my shoulder as he said, 'Keep the children in readiness, and I will go home and send the carriage for you.' When we reached Bishop's Court, Mrs. Gray and her eldest daughter were waiting for us. The servants had gone to see the great fire, and the ladies had themselves prepared the rooms for us, and they put the little ones to bed. These are little details, but how else can I describe what that dear family was like !

"Next morning I found a dozen handkerchiefs on my table, hemmed the night before in the drawing-room ; then a maid came to take my measure for a dress, for the only garment I had left had been backwards and forwards through the river, carrying the children over. Dear Mrs. Gray, who was always helping the Bishop in Church and school work, and who hated needle-work, was using her needle as fast as any of the others in making that dress, and it was ready next day. Next day Mrs. Gray drove into Cape Town, and came back with the carriage laden with necessary articles for the children and me. The Synod was sitting at the time, and the dear Bishop, with his mind full of important work, actually went to a toy shop and filled his pockets with marbles and balls, 'for fear the children should be dull.' We were there for a month, and I can never forget the tender consideration shown to me in every way, for which we could never make the smallest return.

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"When my brother-in-law was in England, and my sister's house was found to be in a bad state, the Bishop at once insisted that they should all come to him till J.'s return. News came to my sister that her husband was very ill in England, and Mrs. Gray looked like an angel of pity kneeling at her side, and strengthening her for the task of leaving her children at a day's notice and starting for England. I could never understand how, in the midst of his arduous work, when he had the new Diocese to create, he could still find time to sympathise and care for all the troubles of those around them." ¹

¹ L.

Chapter VI.

TROUBLED TIMES.

“For love’s strength standeth in love’s sacrifice,
And he who suffers most has most to give.”



WHEN in the history of the Church we approach times of sore trouble and conflict, where the hand of man is the immediate agent, we should always try, in depicting the scenes of suffering, to forget as far as possible the human part, and see only the over-ruling Hand of God working His conquering will amid all the strife. It has been beautifully said of the old Italian painters that, by a God-given instinct, they leave out the mocking blaspheming crowd round the Cross, and depict only the quiet devout watching of the blessed Saints on either side. So in what follows, though a true record must be given, let us try to banish bitterness and wrath, and think of the gain to the Church in the end, and the immense gain through much tribulation to him who bore the brunt of the warfare, and to those faithful few who stood by him.

On the 15th of November, 1856, the Bishop put forth a Pastoral to the clergy and laity of his

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Diocese, stating that the time had come for a formal deliberative assembly to consider the needs of the Church, and to give effect to its resolutions. There was now no reasonable doubt, he said, of the lawfulness of such Synods. The smaller Synods which had gone before formed the precedent for this, the first fully constituted assembly. Time has abundantly proved the use and wisdom of restoring to the Church this pearl rent for so long from her diadem.

But then men's minds were disturbed by the dread of injuring the supposed privileges of the Crown. Some vague recollection of the Reformation Terror, the extreme application of *Praemunire*, made even lawyers dread lest the principles by which Henry VIII. ruined Wolsey and held all the clergy *in terrorem*, might be revived in the case of the Colonial Churches. But the Bishop, though still over-estimating the powers of his Letters Patent, knew better.

Mindful that in the earliest pattern of a Synod which is set before us, "it pleased" not only "the Apostles and elders" but "*the whole Church*," and taking moreover the precedent set by St. Cyprian in North Africa, the Bishop ordered the election of a lay representative of the Church in each parish, these delegates to be communicants, the electors naturally to be members of the Church and of no other religious body. All duly licensed priests of the Diocese were to be summoned. The deacons might be there and speak, but not vote. Questions of faith and doctrine were not to come before a Diocesan Synod. The

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

agenda included the position, support and discipline of the Clergy ; the formation of Parishes, Marriage, Mission Work, and Education.¹

The Synod met on January 21st, 1857, in the Cathedral Church ; but five parishes had refused to elect lay delegates, one thinking it a violation of statute law, another not liking the idea of discipline, while a third acted only on the principle *quieta non movere*.

Not extreme to mark what was done amiss, Bishop Gray let the offenders alone, and valuable work was done towards deepening the Pastoral work of the Church by setting up as much of the parochial system of the home land as was suitable. Ecclesiastical Courts were provided, and a resolution passed concerning the appointment of Bishops, to prevent the scandal of such a method of appointment as had been used in the case of Grahamstown. A vote of thanks was sent to the Rev. J. Keble, who had presented a very valuable library to the Diocese. This library in later times was supplemented by Dr. Pusey, Canon Liddon, the Metropolitan himself, and others, so that ignorance on theological matters in Cape Town is without excuse.

But the malcontents were not satisfied with being severely let alone. In October, 1860, the Bishop again required the clergy to give notice of an approaching Synod and to cause lay delegates to be elected. On this the Rev. W. Long, who had been removed from Graaf-Reinet to the parish of Mowbray

¹ M.

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near Cape Town, not only declined to give the notice, but accused the Bishop and all the members of the former Synod with having seceded from the English Church. This letter he published ;¹ and it now became the Bishop's duty to cite Mr. Long before him, and with five priests as assessors, he suspended him for three months from all ministrations, but with his gentle consideration for the wife and children, ordered that his emoluments should not be touched.

Mr. Long next applied to the Supreme Court of the Colony for protection against his Bishop. The whole question of Episcopal jurisdiction and so of clerical discipline in the Colonies was at stake. The Court was called on only to give a legal judgment, not to make any decision of faith or morals.

The Bishop decided to plead his own cause, for there were few Counsel at the time who were even Englishmen, and none who had special experience in ecclesiastical law.

Mr. Long claimed that as he was in the Colony, in Deacon's Orders, before the Bishop came, therefore the Bishop's Licence was unnecessary, and that he was not under his authority, nor could the Letters Patent give this authority. The Bishop contended that Mr. Long's canonical oath of obedience bound him *in foro conscientiæ*, and that the Letters Patent gave him authority to administer discipline. Also he maintained the great principle laid down by Henry Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, that *there is no such thing*

¹ What follows is mainly based on Wirgman's "English Church in South Africa."

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

as the Church of England anywhere but in England, so that the Royal Supremacy did not enter the question.¹ It is strange how slow people were to receive this axiom, as though it involved some disloyalty to the mother Church. The Bishop's speech compelled admiration on all hands, and the Court decided that, though no coercive jurisdiction was given by Letters Patent, yet that Mr. Long's oath bound him to obey his Bishop in all reasonable orders.

"Be the judgment what it may, his manner of conducting his case has won for him golden opinions," a friend wrote. The Chief Justice, Sir William Hodges, said that his speech in the Supreme Court was "the best sermon he had ever preached." Yet that speech was prepared amid anxieties which for the time took from him the power to sleep. Arch-deacon Merriman wrote :—"If this was the culminating point of your life, I think it worth all the trouble and all the vexation to be conscious that you will leave behind you that which is a pillar and bulwark to the true status of the Church in all unestablished lands."²

It has been wisely remarked how short-sighted it was in members of the evangelical party, as these men were, to resist a man who stood up for the doctrines at the root of evangelical teaching. "Had they," says Dr. Espin, of Grahamstown, "like

¹ This, of course, only means that *legally* "there is no such thing," &c., just as geographically Africa, Canada, Australia, though English possessions and under English rule, are not "England," so the Church of those Colonies cannot officially be "the Church of England." See also p. 178.

² E. (F)

Troubled Times. So

their brethren in the Grahamstown Diocese, come to our Synods and frankly accepted the only organisation possible for the Church in this country, the Evangelicals might have had due influence in our Councils, instead of remaining outside and then finding fault with us, as the Church of a party."

That no root of personal bitterness remained in the Bishop's mind is witnessed by one who in after years saw some letters handed to the Bishop and heard him look up and say to his wife in happy accents, "Oh, my dear, I forgot to tell you, I have heard from dear Brother Lamb and dear Brother Long," the two chief opponents.

But the Supreme Court's decision was appealed against to the Privy Council, as a Civil Court, and the judgment practically reversed in June, 1863. The important point which came out of this judgment was, in strict accordance with Lord Campbell's decision in *Regina* versus Eton College, some years before, that the Church, in places where there is no Church established by law, is in no better and no worse position than any other religious body, and therefore is free to make her own laws and establish her own courts. It passed over the obligations entered into by Mr. Long, because it did not, as a Civil Court, deal with matters of conscience.

Mr. Long, therefore, was reinstated, and though he and Mr. Lamb never accepted Synodical action, yet they came to value the character of the Bishop; and curiously enough, appeared in the Synodically

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appointed Elective Assembly to choose his successor. Thus the Bishop's death ended all opposition to the Government by Synods in Africa.

But this episode was but the harbinger of a far bitterer trial to the Metropolitan. "The Colenso case," as it was called, was doomed to harass the last ten years of his life. Already the unbalanced mind of his suffragan, the Bishop of Natal, had caused anxiety to him and to the clergy of that Diocese.

Dr. Colenso was a man, bred up in the narrowest school of theology, one which pressed the verbal inspiration of Holy Scripture beyond due limits. To ask even "why" or "how" of any Bible incident, was considered in that circle wrong. The consequence was that when he found his way to less narrow teaching and perceived that Bible investigation, and a freer inquiry were deemed allowable, that want of balance showed itself by his acting and speaking as if he alone had ever inquired into these things, and as if his (to him) new discoveries made him the best teacher of a benighted world. This is a frequent hallucination of beginners; it seldom lasts long. He has been called vain and arrogant, and his words and acts might seem to deserve the term; but the fact seems to be that he never got beyond the narrowness of his upbringing, and had little sense of proportion. The very arithmetical turn of his mind seemed to make him illogical. "His idea of history is that it is a branch of arithmetic," was said of him at the time

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by his friend, the Rev. F. D. Maurice; and much the same might be said of his theology. It was chiefly concerned about minutiae. Probably few Broad Churchmen now would claim Colenso as a fellow-worker, or as one who had really advanced the cause of free inquiry and higher criticism.

In June, 1861, came out his "Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans." But some months previous to this, at the consecration of Bishop Mackenzie when Dr. Colenso was at Bishop's Court, the Metropolitan and some others earnestly besought him to reconsider the statements it contained which were heretical. He had, at this time, parted with the Church's doctrines of the priesthood and of the Sacraments. He had, as his correspondence with Maurice shows, entirely gone to the Dissenting view of the ministry, and had adopted the extremest Zwinglianism on the Sacraments. There was, he taught, no virtue in the Holy Eucharist, which a Christian could not obtain for himself at any time. Dean Green and Canon Jenkins had already presented him to the Metropolitan on these grounds—and it is seldom remembered that, so unwilling was Bishop Gray to proceed against his brother that he had already refused to judge him on these grounds, hoping against hope that his language might still be construed in an orthodox sense, and that his "fine, generous, noble character," would guide him aright.

Alas! the finest character will not save one who has let go humility. Asking no counsel, taking no

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

advice from his ecclesiastical superiors or his own friends,—for Maurice had with bitter sorrow to withdraw from his friendship,—the unhappy Bishop pursued his course. At this time in the view of most Churchmen the honest course was to resign his Bishopric. His position would have been enormously strengthened, but he did not scorn to retain the endowment of a Church whose teaching he controverted.¹

And then came his work on the Pentateuch—a work of which he himself says that he had arrived at the conclusion that the Books of Moses were full of old wives' fables, in which he includes the Bible stories of the Creation, Fall and Deluge—"with comparatively little study." In 1862 the Parts I. and II. were published. That the conclusions in this were crude and hasty may be gathered from the many mistakes with which the First Edition abounded, *e.g.* in trying to prove the arithmetical impossibility of four priests getting through the necessary sacrifices *during the forty years' wanderings*, he includes among the Feasts to be observed, "the Feast of Firstfruits" and the "Feast of Ingathering."

Bishop Gray had observed the Gospel rule, he had told his brother his fault alone—he had taken "two or three more"—the other South African Bishops and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Colenso had declined to be guided by them; it remained to "tell it to the Church." It is necessary to note these stages,

¹ Wirgman.

We the undersigned Bishops declare our
acceptance of the sentence pronounced upon Dr.
Colenso by the Metropolitan of South Africa
with his Suffragans, as being spiritually a valid
sentence.

Edgworth
Richd. (Dutton)

J. Litchfield
A. Handaff
Mrs Foster S. H. H. H.
W. O. W.

W. L. Larnum
J. L. Rochester

J. L. Bangor
J. L. Bangor
J. L. Bangor

J. A. Mearns, Bishop
Metropolitan of Scotland

Thos. S. Mearns, Bishop of Toronto
a Bp. of Toronto

Charles Wadsworth Bp. of N.Y.
Bp. of N.Y.

Wm. W. Mearns, Bp. of Aberdeen

Wm. S. Mearns, Bishop of Glasgow & Galloway

Thomas Baker Moore, Conf. Bp.
of Edinburgh.

J. B. B. B.

W. D. D. D.

J. T. C. C.
W. D. D. D.

H. W. Antiques
Edinburgh

J. W. W. W.

John J. J. J.

W. W. W. W.

W. W. W. W.

J. Chapman, Bp.

J. B. B. B.

H. C. C. C.

W. W. W. W.

A. J. J. J.

J. J. J. J.

W. H. Kelly, Conductor of
of Massachusetts

W. H. Kelly, Bp. of N.Y.

W. H. Kelly, Bp. of N.Y.
Bp. of N.Y.

W. H. Kelly, Bp. of N.Y.
Bp. of N.Y.

Chas. Todd, Bp. of N.Y.

W. H. Kelly, Bp. of N.Y.

W. H. Kelly, Bp. of N.Y.

W. H. Kelly, Bp. of N.Y.

Chas. R. H. Sturges
Chas. R. H. Sturges
Bishop of Ohio
Mason Garrison
Bishop of Massachusetts

W. C. Cushman
Bishop of New Jersey

G. S. C. Hill
Bishop of Ohio
Bishop of Ohio
Bishop of Ohio

Mary C. Hill
Bishop of Ohio

G. S. Hill
Bishop of Ohio
Bishop of Ohio

Henry H. Lee, Bishop of Ohio
Bishop of Ohio

L. C. C. Hill
Bishop of Ohio

W. C. C. Hill
Bishop of Ohio
George Smith - late Bishop of Ohio

Edward H. Hill
Bishop

late of Ohio

Bentley

Feb. 11, 1854



as recent literature represents the great Metropolitan as self-willed, arbitrary, and hasty. It is quite impossible to support this view of him by evidence.

The Anglican Bishops now met in Council on the teaching of the Bishop of Natal (February 4th, 1863), and all but four agreed that till he had retracted his errors, viz., "that the Bible is false and fictitious," and "stamped with conscious falsehood," he should not minister in their Dioceses. A few days later the four Archbishops and some forty Bishops assembled to draw up a letter to Bishop Colenso. So hot waxed the strife, that the venerable Bishop of St. Asaph rose and reminded them that they were in danger of losing the Holy Spirit's guidance, and proposed that they should "fall to prayer." Finally a letter was signed by all the Bishops present but one, calling on him to resign his Diocese, since he owned himself unable to use the formularies and teach the doctrines of the Church of which he was a professed minister. They affectionately recommended prayer and a deeper study of the Word, that he might be restored to a state of belief. This letter, it should be remembered, was signed, among others, by the Bishop of London—afterwards Archbishop Tait.

The answer of Bishop Colenso was curt, and practically a refusal to take the advice given him. It is well to note that this advice was the opinion of the well-nigh united Bishops—that he ought no longer to retain his office—because this is, after all, exactly the sentence of the Metropolitan of South Africa a year later.

as A Pioneer and Founder.

Another point should clearly be noted. The offence of the Bishop of Natal had been committed in the Diocese of London, by the publication there of his work. The presentation of the Bishop for trial in the Archbishop's Court might then have been undertaken by the Bishop of London, who was known to feel a certain sympathy with Colenso, and might, therefore, be trusted to give him fair play. The Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce) said : "He did not say it *ought* to be done, but merely that it could." And which Church might seem the most fitted to deal with the question, the Church of England with all her prestige and learning, or the still infant Church of South Africa ?

But it was not to be ; and the Metropolitan returned to his Diocese, prepared to take up the heaviest Cross of his life. Those who knew him intimately have always wondered how a man so gentle and loving, and, moreover, a man who was yielding almost to a fault, could so firmly and unwaveringly go through with the terrible task, and earn for himself the title, "Athanasius of the South."

The answer is not far to seek. With a deeper love than any other, he loved his Master, and the perception that His honour was attacked, gave strength and firmness to his arm. For be it recollected, the practical outcome of all the Colenso heresy was Socinianism. If the Old Testament were a fable, and full of "conscious lies," Christ, who read it, taught and quoted it, was not free from sin or ignorance. The unhappy Bishop accordingly put

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forth a hymnal from which every address of prayer to our Blessed Lord and the Holy Spirit was eliminated.

The Metropolitan could hesitate no longer. Bishop Tait urged him to take action himself, and not worry the home Episcopate. The Metropolitan replied that he thought it best in so weighty a matter to consult with the Archbishops and Bishops, but that now, though he could not be at the same time the judge and the accuser of his brother, he would proceed against him whenever he should be presented to him.

(The rest of the story should be read at length in the "Life of Bishop Gray," edited by his son. It is a remarkable chapter of Church history.)

The Bishop of Natal was summoned before the Metropolitan and the Bishops of the Province, November 17th, 1863. There had come forth, as it has been said, from the sheepfolds of South Africa, a David and his three mighty men, for the Dean of Cape Town (Douglas), the Archdeacon of Grahams-town (Merriman), and the Archdeacon of George-(Badnall), solemnly presented him to the Court on the ground of having denied the Atonement, and Justification by Faith; Sacramental Grace and eternal punishment; and maintained that though the Pentateuch contained the Word of God, it was not the Word of God; that Holy Scripture is only inspired as human books are, and that our Lord was ignorant or in error; also that Dr. Colenso had depraved the Baptismal Service and the Ordinal.

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With his usual consideration Bishop Gray offered Dr. Colenso the use of his own cottage at Kalk Bay, a seaside resort in False Bay, but the Bishop did not choose to appear.

The trial took place in St. George's Cathedral, the Bishops of Grahamstown and the Orange Free State sitting with the Metropolitan. Eminent legal opinions had been obtained, including Sir Robert Phillimore's, that this was the right course to adopt. Bishop Welby, of St. Helena, was unable to come, and Bishop Tozer, having just reached Central Africa, could not possibly return.

The Bishop of Natal had selected as his representative Dr. Bleek, Curator of the Grey Library, a learned and amiable German, well known as an agnostic. The Archdeacons of Grahamstown and George commented on the fact that he was not a Churchman, but he was allowed to fulfil his purpose. He handed in a protest from Dr. Colenso, that the Metropolitan had no right to try him, and he read a letter. The Dean of Cape Town then, in a masterly speech, set forth the errors fallen into by the Bishop of Natal, and represented that many of them were an honest recoil from a School of Theology which represented God as an arbitrary and hard Judge, having pleasure in the suffering of His Son. He noted the want of "patient investigation and quiet self-restraint of mind." He proved clearly all the articles of the presentment, and prayed the Metropolitan to put in force the sacred laws against one who regarded the "belief

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which we weave into our solemn prayers as 'fictions, transparent fictions.'"

Archdeacon Merriman made a noble address, specially adverting to Colenso's threat to carry his "enquiries" into the domain of the New Testament, and he prayed that "God might defend the right."

The Archdeacon of George next elaborated many of the points. The letter of Colenso was carefully considered, as it represented his defence; and on December 16th the Metropolitan's sentence was delivered. The judgment, which is very moderate, clear, and weighty, should be read at length in the "Life." He showed that Dr. Colenso had denied the vicarious sacrifice, thereby contravening the office of Holy Communion and the Thirty-nine Articles. For it is a curious point that whereas doctrines that are contained in the Prayer Book are hedged round by law, and to contravene them is forbidden, the Bible is not thus protected in law—possibly because no one ever imagined any Christian attacking it. And so the Metropolitan went through all the charges, and held them proved. His judgment was the lengthier because he desired to be fair to the persistently absent Bishop; in the end he proceeded to depose the Bishop of Natal, as unfit to bear rule in the Church of Christ, and to forbid him to minister in any part of the province. Time for repentance was granted, as the sentence was not to take effect for four months.¹

¹ Perry's and Wirgman's Histories.

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Dr. Bleek then handed in a protest and notice of appeal. An eye-witness writes of this as follows:—"In that troublous time of his Episcopate, when it became his hard and most painful duty to proceed against the erroneous teaching of the Bishop of Natal, it was wonderful to witness with what dignity, power, and capacity he presided in the Metropolitan Court. I well remember with what pain he found that Dr. Colenso, his trusted friend and suffragan for years, had deliberately selected as his representative (for the purpose of protesting against the jurisdiction of the court) a foreign layman of pronounced and avowed agnostic views. The protest on Colenso's part was almost brutally curt and quite unchristian in tone; and it was a relief when Bishop Gray, after a brief pause, calmly, but with the utmost impressiveness, stated that any appeal from the judgment of the Court could only lie to the Archbishopate of Canterbury, and must be served within a certain short period."¹

Another eye-witness mentions that, as he delivered judgment, he grew pale and his voice trembled with emotion. Never did he, then or during the hard trials which followed, allow himself to speak angrily or scornfully of Dr. Colenso. "Poor Colenso!" the writer heard him say sorrowfully, in answer to a severe speech, "I used to call him my dear brother."

It is well known how Dr. Colenso appealed to

¹ L.

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the Privy Council to declare the sentence null and void in law; and how the Privy Council judgment did this good, that it again declared the Letters Patent of both Bishop Gray and Dr. Colenso null and void, and that his oath to his Metropolitan had no legal force—though of its moral force they formed no opinion; therefore the Metropolitan's sentence was civilly null and void, and Colenso's position in the eyes of the law remained what it was; though how he ever got into any legal position at all, without either Letters Patent, or jurisdiction from his Metropolitan, it seems hard to say.

Bishop Gray meantime, as soon as the four months had elapsed, had not left the worse than widowed Diocese untended. He had gone up, in 1864, and strengthened the hands of Dean Green and the orthodox, who included with scarcely any exceptions the whole clergy of Natal. With some, especially among the laity, there was an uneducated dislike to "Table Mountain Government." With others, as with Henry Callaway, afterwards first Bishop of Kaffraria, there was, with a certain personal attraction towards the deposed Bishop, a feeling that the missionary work was of supreme importance, and that a priest should simply obey his Bishop.

A few words on this great and gifted missionary seem appropriate here. He was the son of a shoemaker, who became a very valuable exciseman, and sent young Henry to a good school at Heavitree, where he became a Quaker, drawn to the Society

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

of Friends by what was best in the spirituality of their teaching. Through many difficulties Henry Callaway became a successful doctor in London. His great desire had been for the ministry, and Maurice's writings had convinced him of the teaching of the Church; so that when Bishop Colenso appealed in 1854 for missionaries, he offered himself, and was ordained by him for Natal. Springvale, with which his name will always be connected, in the south of Natal, was his station, and here, with 3,000 acres of land granted by Government, he started work. None who desire to do Mission work can afford to neglect the history of Bishop Callaway. With a splendid gift of languages, he worked hard for the natives, bodies and souls alike benefitting by his skill and labour.

It will be easily understood that his was not the mind to balance theological difficulties, and few things are clearer in reading his "Life," and letters therein contained, than that wishing to be fair, but having little theological training, he could not make up his mind. Admiring Colenso, yet disapproving much of his teaching, he seems surprised when Bishop Gray disapproved too, and in his position, had to act on the disapproval. Then come disapproving letters of the Metropolitan's action, and yet again he is compelled to admire him. Understand him, Dr. Callaway never did, or he could not have thought him tyrannical. But it is probable that the letters in the "Life" do not quite do justice to Dr. Callaway, who loyally accepted Bishop

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Macrorie, and afterwards gave his adhesion to the Constitution of the Church of South Africa. From theological problems, which were beyond him, he turned to the work in which he stood *facile princeps*, having that insight into the Kafir mind and love of the Kafir race in which none have ever excelled him.¹

It was on this visit to Natal that Bishop Gray and Mr. Robertson interviewed Colenso's "Intelligent Zulu," whose innocent questions were credited by him with sowing the seeds of doubt of the Pentateuch in his mind. William said that he only wished to teach what the Church taught, but that he thought so learned a man as his master could not be wrong !

Mission work had flagged in the late troubles, but all hearts were warmed anew by the charge and visitation of Bishop Gray.

The Privy Council judgment, mentioned above, followed in March, 1865. The annoyance to the faithful was not so much in the judgment itself, though by an anomaly, Lord Westbury first decided that there was *no* legal Court possible to be held by Bishop Gray, and then accepted an appeal from what in his opinion did not exist ; but the trouble lay in the general idea that the sentence of deposition was *spiritually* void and that Colenso remained Bishop of Natal, whereas the only result of the Privy Council judgment was that Dr. Colenso retained till his death the emoluments of his See, contrary to the expressed

¹ " Henry Callaway, M.A., D.D." A Memoir,

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

opinions of the Bishop of London (Tait) and his best friends.

Yet Bishop Gray was calm. He could write (May 9th), "I feel, in the words of to-day's Psalm, 'The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.'" But the excitement of many can hardly be imagined. People thought Bishop Gray was crushed and would give all up and return to England. But many real leaders of English Church thought wrote to urge the election of another Bishop for the vacant See. The Archbishop also more mildly recommended it.

On November 17th Dr. Colenso, who had returned to Natal, forced his way into the Cathedral of Maritzburg against the very dignified protest of the Dean and Churchwardens, read Matins and the Litany, and preached. This act of disobedience to the sentence of the Metropolitan could not be passed over, and a letter was sent admonishing him that unless he repented the formal sentence of excommunication must follow, according to the teaching of our blessed Lord that if any would not "hear the Church" he should be to the faithful "as a heathen man and a publican." Even now the great Bishop offered to waive his own and his province's right, and to allow an appeal to lie to the Archbishop of Canterbury or to a Synod of English Bishops, or to a Pan-Anglican Synod. He reminded him that many Anglican Churches had already spoken. Indeed, the American Episcopate and many others had written warmly thanking the men who had done and dared so much for the honour

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of our Lord. With this letter came a most touching private letter, which, while disregarding, Dr. Colenso nevertheless published. "As the time draws near in which I feel I must take the most painful step I have ever taken in my life, my heart yearns over you."¹ Then follows earnest and tender pleading, ending "with very deep sorrow that we should ever have been brought into the relationship in which we now stand," etc. The effort was quite fruitless, and on the 5th of January, 1866, the Dean of Maritzburg read the formal sentence of the Greater Excommunication at an early celebration in Maritzburg Cathedral, it having previously been read by the Metropolitan in Cape Town Cathedral on December 16th.

It should here be noticed, in the face of accusation still brought against Bishop Gray, and therefore still requiring an answer, that he persecuted Bishop Colenso and cast him out, thereby driving him into schism,—that Colenso himself thought persecution of those who did not agree with him praiseworthy. For, instituting a suit in the Natal Courts, he got transferred to him all property standing in the name of the "Church of England" in Natal. He aroused patriotic feeling in unecclesiastical minds by asserting that he was a "Church of England man" and "the Queen's Bishop," and that all others had "left their dear mother Church of England." As soon as he could, he turned out the orthodox from the Churches, and

¹ Exception was taken to this letter as discourteous, because there is no name at the beginning. It accompanied the other, and probably the Bishop thought it a mere continuation.

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Bishop Gray learnt with the deepest pain that that true Confessor, Dean Green, was with his family turned out of his home and his Cathedral.

A Pastoral was issued to the faithful in Natal by the Metropolitan, who urged them, while refraining from the company of their former Bishop, to pray earnestly for his restoration, and to endure patiently. "A storm is passing over the Church ; but the Lord, though to some He may appear to slumber, is in the ship. Ere long He will say to the winds and waves, ' Peace be still.' . . . Satan does not shoot out all his fiery darts against a dead and lifeless body. His malice is the token of our life."

The end was not yet by any means ; but the story of consecration of a new Bishop and of the quieting of the Church must be told in a later chapter.

Now that the deed was done, the Church, with few important exceptions, saw that it was right, and from nearly all Churches of the Anglican Communion came thanks to the great Metropolitan. And not alone from the Church, testimonies arrived from other Christian bodies and individuals, among others from Dr. Duff, a Free-Kirk minister, thanking him for his charge in Natal, " Worthy of any of the Fathers in ancient, or any of the Reformers in modern times."

So universal was the feeling that the Bishop had made a stand for the fundamental verities of our common faith against Socinianism and Agnos-

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ticism, that years after (1879), when a clergyman came out, intending to act under Colenso as Bishop, and claiming to have come with the sanction of eminent personages in the Home Church, the Governor of the Cape Colony answered his inquiry as to which of the clergy would value a call from him. "If you have come out to Colenso, I may tell you at once that not only not one clergyman in the Colony would acknowledge you, but neither would the Dutch Reformed, or Nonconformists."

Nevertheless, so great are the misunderstandings still prevalent, as evidenced in recent biography, either representing Bishop Gray as a self-willed tyrant, or else calling him and Colenso two good men who now understand each other, that it has been necessary to give this chapter at somewhat greater length than is otherwise desirable. Not a tenth part of what the Metropolitan had to endure has been mentioned. He has forgiven all and would wish all forgotten. "The Athanasius of the South," he is called, and some look on that as a term of reproach. But only those who have studied the true character of Athanasius the Great, with his burning zeal for his Lord, tempered by intense desire of conciliating the misguided, his yielding disposition in minor matters, and his meekness under personal insult and suffering, can understand how well the name becomes him, who, fifteen hundred years later, stood up for nearly the same truths in South Africa, and who realised the aspiration of a Christian poet of his own day:

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“When shall our northern Church her champion see
 Raised by divine decree,
To shield the ancient truth at his own harm?
 Like him who stayed the arm
Of tyrannous power, and learning’s sophist-tone,
 Keen-visioned Seer, alone.”—*Lyra Apostolica*.

Chapter VII.

VISITS TO ENGLAND.

“Awake, and give the blind their sight, teach praises to the dumb,
Oh, Mother Church, arise and shine, for lo ! thine hour is come ;
Till all the faithful through the world, God’s one elected host,
Shall welcome the outpouring of a brighter Pentecost.”



HE busiest times in Bishop Gray’s busy life were the visits to England.

In February, 1858, he returned to England to beg for men and means for mission work pure and simple. He remained in England till August, 1859. In that eighteen months he visited most parts of England, preaching repeatedly in the metropolis and incessantly in the country, till quite a hundred places must have been visited. This serves to show the enormous work undertaken by the Bishop, with health constantly giving way, as when he had to leave off preaching and go out and lie down faint on a tombstone till he could resume his sermon. His sight, too, was weak, and worries from Natal and elsewhere pursued him ; but, through all, he collected funds, and succeeded in founding the Diocese of St. Helena, and getting his missionary

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

schemes warmly supported, including the newly-established Kafir College, and obtaining legal and ecclesiastical opinions on the possibility of consecrating, either in England or abroad, missionary bishops for heathen lands outside Her Majesty's dominions. It has been computed that during those visits to England he raised altogether £130,000, spent with the utmost prudence, and much of it still surviving in buildings and endowments.

Three things greatly cheered the overworked man. One was the great and growing friendship of Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, who gave him advice on the Natal difficulties, and, on the mission questions, went about with him, and constantly entertained him, both at Cuddesdon and in London.

A second source of help was visiting Hursley Vicarage more than once, to breathe in the atmosphere of the "Christian Year," and to ask advice from Mr. Keble. Amid the rush and wear and tear of his English work, how like a glimpse of Paradise must have been those short visits, a walk with Mr. Keble, a talk over the troubles, and a meeting with Miss Charlotte Yonge, never forgotten on either side, helped to brighten the darkening sky of the Bishop's public life. Miss Yonge remembered years afterwards how much the Bishop made of the Hursley Vicarage cat on this occasion.

The reverence in which these two great men held one another was very touching. One day the Bishop asked the writer to repeat to him the verses on the "Dangers of Praise" in "Lyra Innocentium ;"

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and then said, "Dear Keble! I don't think any amount of praise would have spoilt his humility;" and he went on to tell the story of his having heard one morning early that he must leave Hursley almost at once, and having sent to tell Mr. Keble. He presently heard a knock at his dressing-room door, and there stood the author of the "Christian Year," bringing the Bishop's boots, and saying apologetically, "I knew there would be no one to clean them for you so early," Mr. Keble probably feeling it as great an honour to serve such a Bishop, as he felt it to receive the service of a saint.¹ Among the books provided for a voyage by Mrs. Gray was always the "Christian Year," and on Sundays it duly appeared.²

The third happiness of this visit was the founding of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa.

David Livingstone, the great explorer, had come home to England in 1857, and had gone again, after stirring the Church of England to her heart by recommending her to evangelise the coloured races of the Nyassa and the Shiré; but it was Bishop Gray who, on this visit, fanned the flame. Not pursuing his well-considered scheme of a missionary Bishop for Zululand, with Natal as a base, he took up and utilised the popular feeling awakened by Livingstone.

At the end of October, 1858, he attended some

¹ A. XIX.

² Mr. Keble used to say that Bishop Gray's struggle for the Church read "like a bit out of the fourth century."

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meetings and preached at Cambridge, and on All Saints' Day suggested the formation of a Universities' Mission, to take up the work proposed by Livingstone. Thus was founded that noblest of all single Missions, which in forty-four years has successfully, though amid many dangers and losses, laid hold of even more than its great founder foresaw; for not only the Nyasa country, but Yaoland, and the tribes along the Rovuma, the hill country to the north in Usambara, and the coast line, are worked from the second basis of the Mission, the famous island and city of Zanzibar,¹ Nyasa now having its own Bishop.

Bishop Gray then returned to his Diocese, and the Committee worked on in hope and faith for a year, when again came round All Saints' Day, 1859, with another "great Zambesi meeting" in the Senate House at Cambridge; and Charles Frederick Mackenzie, who for four and a half years had been Archdeacon of Natal, attended it, and was offered the Bishopric. He was a Cambridge man, and Second Wrangler of his year, while his work among African natives seemed to point him out as a fit leader for this new "war of the Lord." The fear and dread of violating the Royal supremacy still lay heavy on English statesmen; a fear which Bishop Gray had striven both before and during his visit home to combat. One Bishop in very high place had denounced missionary

¹ See "History of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa." 1s. 9, Dartmouth Street, S.W.

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Bishops as "unscriptural;" though what authority the Apostles had from the Roman or any other state for their missionary journeys it would be hard to say; and to send a Bishop as pioneer seemed a desecration of the office, as if subalterns ought first to head our armies, and Generals only to be called in when the way was paved for them.

Convocation considered the whole question in June, 1860, and arrived at the same conclusion as Bishop Gray—viz., that Archdeacon Mackenzie should be consecrated in Africa, and there take the oath to the Metropolitan.

The party who went out, including the Bishop-designate and his sister Anne, two clergymen, and Mr. Waller, the lay superintendent, were most kindly received at Bishop's Court until the consecration could take place, a period of over two months. The descriptions of this visit are charming, and include Portuguese lessons, generally given on the stoep, looking towards the mountain; quiet, grave discussions of the Mission; a big missionary meeting, and business preparation of stores; and, above all, a bright, gentle display of fancy, as of those who had counted the cost, and were not afraid of it.¹

On the Feast of the Circumcision, 1861, in Cape Town Cathedral, the first Missionary Bishop of our Church in modern times received consecration at the hands of the Metropolitan, assisted by the Bishop of Natal and the recently consecrated Bishop of St. Helena (Claughton). The Bishop of Grahams-

¹ O.

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town could not arrive till later. All the Bishops wrote their names in Bishop Mackenzie's Consecration Bible, and each added a text. This Bible is now one of the treasures of the Museum in the Crypt at St. Augustine's, Canterbury.

The story has been told elsewhere of that gallant but unprosperous attempt to evangelise Central Africa from the side of the Zambesi. War, famine, and fever pursued the party, and in thirteen months the hero Bishop was in his grave in a river island, to serve as the lode-star of missionary effort.

It was partly to find a successor that Bishop Gray hurried home in June, 1862 ; he also had to consult the English Bishops (as mentioned before) about Bishop Colenso. This visit took nine months. Of course he did ordinary work of meetings and preaching. One, then a schoolboy, recalled the Bishop's "winning, loving manner" at a meeting to which he was taken, and of a few words spoken to the schoolboys especially. Another, now a clergyman in his Diocese, mentions the kind fatherly manner of his private interview when he resolved to work under the Bishop. "You will perhaps have to catch your own horse and saddle him up," he was told, with a smile.

During this visit the Metropolitan succeeded in securing a Bishop for the Orange River Free State, the S.P.G. finding the salary for him, and for two Missionaries to accompany him.

The Rev. William George Tozer, an Oxford man, Vicar of Burgh, in Lincolnshire, was selected as

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Bishop Mackenzie's successor. He and the Rev. Edward Twells were consecrated together in Westminster Abbey on February 2nd, 1863, for Central Africa and the Free State respectively; the Archbishop of Canterbury consecrated, assisted by the Metropolitan of South Africa, the Bishops of Oxford, Lincoln, and Montreal. After some difficulty the Bishops were allowed to take the oath to their own Metropolitan.

It is as well here to note that the two first Bishops of the Universities' Mission thus took the oath to Cape Town as suffragans. But on the removal of the seat of this Mission from the Shiré country to Zanzibar, it became practically impossible for a Metropolitan at Cape Town to exercise oversight at such a distance, communication being very rare. Bishop Tozer consulted Bishop Gray by letter, and with the Metropolitan's full sanction, the Mission ceased to be a part of the Province. Bishop Tozer, no doubt, was practically auto-cephalous, and the Mission then fell under the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury, under whom it remains till the Mission is strong enough for provincial organisation. At the Provincial Synod of 1870, in Cape Town, on a question being asked why Bishop Tozer was not enumerated among Bishops of the Province, the Metropolitan replied that the Diocese was now out of his jurisdiction.

When the Bishop sailed again in March, 1863, not only Bishop Tozer sailed with him, but some recruits for the Cape Diocese, among whom was the Rev. J.

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H. Thomas, leaving his Bedfordshire parish to become for five years the much-loved Archdeacon of the Cape. He speaks of the comfort of hearing the service on Sunday on board the "Cambrian," even though many only heard from their cabins. "The Bishop [Gray] firmly established himself as king of the ship at once. On the Monday he began early prayers, which were kept up through the voyage, and there was always a congregation of from fifteen to thirty. His kindness and unselfishness give him a great influence for good; no one can ever lose the consciousness that he is Bishop in the highest and best way, a real "Father in God," and he contrived to keep up at the same time a most genial feeling with the very mixed elements of our ship's company. He has quite lost that harassed look which overwork and sleepless nights gave him in England."¹ Another fellow-passenger spoke of Mrs. Gray's goodness in sitting up with a sick lady on board.

But the visit to England in 1867-8 was perhaps the most important of all for the whole Church. For now that the South African Church had spoken with no uncertain trumpet in the condemnation of false doctrine, while that judgment had been accepted by many daughter Churches of the Anglican Communion, it was necessary to the well-being of South Africa that her action should be recognised by the Mother Church.

But if this was desirable for the daughter, it was

¹ The Rev. J. H. Thomas' "Recollections" in Hillingdon Parish Magazine.

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necessary for the very being of the Church of England that she should definitely range herself on the side of the Faith, and there were many of her truest sons who feared greatly lest there should be any temporizing between truth and falsehood, any halting between two opinions in very high places. The question resolved itself into the practical issue—would the Mother Church accept the spiritual sentences of deposition and excommunication passed by the South African Episcopate on Dr. Colenso? If so, would they recognise a duly appointed successor or not? There was no evading this issue, which was awaited with some anxiety in Africa.

And at this moment there was a chance of a fuller consideration and a more world-wide acceptance of the truths for which the great Metropolitan had fought, than at any time in the history of the English Church. For, moved partly by the state of things in Africa, and at the desire of the American and Canadian Episcopate, Archbishop Longley decided on a conference of the United Anglican Bishops throughout the world.

It was scarcely more than a dozen years since the Church of England, gagged ever since the accession of the House of Hanover, had recovered her voice, and spoken in Convocation. But, with the great increase of our Empire during a century and a half, and the still wider diffusion of our Missions, this was felt to be inadequate to present needs; and therefore the nearest approach to a general council of the Anglican Church then

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possible occurred most providentially to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who in February, 1867, invited the first Pan-Anglican Synod to meet at Lambeth on September 24th.

The American Bishops were strongly represented, and certainly understood that the whole Colenso matter was intended by the Archbishop to come before the Conference; and came mainly on that account. A few Bishops, and among them Dr. Tait, Bishop of London, were strongly averse to the discussion, saying that they foresaw all sorts of legal difficulties, as *e.g.* that the law *might* say Colenso was in legal communion with the Church, and if so, what *could* they do?

So there came on that grand meeting of some eighty Bishops from the ends of the earth in Lambeth Palace Chapel for Holy Communion on September 24th. Verily it was to them the "corn of the Mighty," for the bread used was made of corn which had waved on the hills of Bethlehem—House of Bread; and the wine was brought from Jerusalem.

The next day the subject of a Declaration on the Colenso question was brought forward by the Bishops of New Zealand and Montreal. It now appeared that the Archbishop had promised the Bishop of St. David's that the subject should not come up at all. Very great indignation was expressed by several Bishops, and if Bishop Gray had made one of his strong speeches, urging the matter vigorously, probably the Archbishop would have

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had to consider himself implicitly bound by his understanding with the Colonial and American Bishops; as, however, to the disappointment of many, Bishop Gray possessed his soul in patience, quietly leaving all in the Archbishop's hands, the latter announced that his more explicit promise to St. David's and others must stand. Against this we may set the fact that not a voice had been raised in the Synod when the Archbishop had announced that he had not sent an invitation to Dr. Colenso. After the session, Bishop Gray was thanked for his forbearance, though the Bishop of Salisbury (Hamilton) and others wished he had not yielded. It is well to remember that at this juncture, if he erred, it was on the side of gentleness and conciliation.

But so ill-content were a very large majority of Bishops with the Archbishop's decision that they forthwith met in the Library at Lambeth, and drew up a short, but highly important document which should be noticed. The text is as follows:—

“We, the undersigned Bishops, declare our acceptance of the sentence pronounced upon Dr. Colenso by the Metropolitan of South Africa with his suffragans, as being spiritually a valid sentence.”

This was signed by the two Irish Archbishops, the Bishops of Lichfield, Llandaff, Oxford, Salisbury, Rochester and Bangor; other Irish and Scottish Bishops, including the Primus; the Metropolitan and other Canadian Bishops; the Metropolitan and other New Zealand Bishops; by all the American

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

Bishops present; and by Bishops from India, the West Indies, Nova Scotia, Gibraltar, Australia, Honolulu, Newfoundland, West Africa, China, Central Africa, and two or three retired Bishops, among whom dear old Bishop Hobhouse, who had lately resigned Nelson, desired so earnestly to add his signature that it was pasted on at the end, the next year. His name made fifty-six Bishops signatory. The names of Bishops Gray, Cotterill, Twells, and Welby are of course absent, as the document is addressed to them. Thus sixty Bishops out of eighty were in full accord on the subject.¹

This document of course belonged to the Metropolitan of South Africa, and is now among the archives of the Archiepiscopal See of Cape Town. By the courtesy of the Archbishop of Capetown we are able to give a photograph of both sides of the large sheet of paper on which it is written. The signatures are on the same sheet, thirty-nine on one side, and the remaining seventeen on the other.²

This was a gleam of light on the darkened

¹ Much of this is taken from Perry's "Church History," verified by the "Life of Bishop Gray."

² It has seemed necessary to give this account at length, as there exists in the Lambeth Library, among the papers connected with the first Lambeth Conference (and intended to be accessible) a document without any signatures, but with pencil suggestions on it, which has been mistaken for the original. It is probably a rough draft. The author has been unable to obtain a sight of it, but she has seen a description. The original, however, is safe at the Cape.

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pathway of the Bishop. It needs but a glance at his picture by Richmond, with its grave but happy and unruffled face, and a comparison of that with the photographs taken at this time, to see how deeply he had suffered in the troubles of his Church. Again and again those who saw him now speak of his "look of pain, his harassed expression."

It is hardly possible to understand the acute worry of these years, 1867-8, when scarcely a day passed without bringing letters criticising and denouncing him; and that even from the Church's leaders. Articles more or less incorrect and intemperate appeared in the papers. It is said that Bishop Henry Philpotts of Exeter, could read newspaper attacks, and sit down with all the better appetite to his breakfast; but Robert Gray of Cape Town was more highly strung, and felt intensely the personal attacks, and the dishonour sometimes unintentionally done to his Lord and Master, by the defenders of Dr. Colenso. Through all, many trusty friends stuck to and helped him. Yet once there came a terrible hour when he seemed to stand all alone, when even those true friends the Bishops of Oxford and Salisbury thought it best to hang back. This was just before the Lambeth Conference on September 11th, when the three friends met in Salisbury Palace; and for an hour—as he told the writer—they walked up and down the Palace garden Bishop Gray combating the idea that the whole matter should be left alone at the Conference and

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

that Mr. Butler, the Elect of Natal, should not go out, but that later on a Colonial Priest should be consecrated in Cape Town, and sent home to receive virtual acknowledgment from such Bishops as would let him preach in their Dioceses.

This idea, based surely on mere expedience, was shown to be impossible, as all South African Clergy had taken part against Dr. Colenso, and the Natal Diocese would not elect any of the actual opponents. And, moreover, it was felt to be the duty of the Mother Church to speak and free herself from complicity with heresy. Above all things, the two good Bishops dreaded a schism among the Bishops; but whether explicit schism is worse than implicit heresy is a nice point. Anyhow, the Metropolitan pleaded so earnestly that for England's own honour she should express her opinion, that in the end he won them over. "That was the most dreadful hour of my whole life," he said afterwards.

Apparently this was the Bishop's first intimation that the matter was to be shelved in the Lambeth Conference. That night he spent in prayer. It was the Gethsemane of his life. The next day he was to speak at a great Missionary Meeting, but felt all unequal to the effort. "The Bishop of Salisbury persuaded him," writes an eye-witness, "and I shall never forget his expression of agonised suffering at that meeting, when every moment we feared he would break down. The next morning he walked with me in the garden, in order to talk the matter over; and I remember, as if were yesterday, his

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saying to me, 'They all accuse me of self-seeking, and love of power, and vindication of my own views ; but they do not understand that I personally would be willing to be thrown into the sea if only I could be sure that the Church would do her duty, and purge herself of complicity with heresy.'"¹

In contrast with this sad scene (which, however, never caused the least break in the friendship of these three saintly men), may be mentioned the Church Congress at Wolverhampton, immediately after the Conference at Lambeth. Here, on October 3rd—which was his fifty-ninth birthday—a meeting was held, at which he was presented with a beautiful Pastoral Staff, or rather a Metropolitan Cross of gold, set with jewels, on an ebony staff. An Agnus Dei on one side and a splendid carbuncle on the other. Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P., presented it in the name of the donors, reminding the Bishop that, "With the Cross in his hand and the Cross in his heart, the Metropolitan is strong in his weakness." The Bishop made a speech, breathing humility, and wondering what a primitive bishop would have felt at being thanked for doing merely his duty. Nevertheless, the appropriate gift was much prized ; he used it whenever and wherever he could, and left it to the Diocese for ever, and it is now the Cross of the Archbishop of Cape Town.

The abuse of the Bishop in some of the most prominent English papers did good. Men heard of him ; and their hearts were moved by the spectacle

¹ L.

as A Pioneer and Founder.

of a Bishop, who had stood up for the Truths of our religion, reviled in the secular press—more especially when the leading journal, feeling the weakness of its position, refused to publish the Bishop's answers, though continuing to publish the attacks.

The Mission cause was never forgotten amid all this unrest ; “and if without were fightings,” it was true also, even of the little band of fellow-labourers, that “within were fears,” and some even of these threw difficulties in the way and added to the trials of the Metropolitan—troubles which brought busy days and sleepless nights ; and probably he had never worked so hard for his Diocese. Little blows were dealt to him from hands he loved. Dear old “Henry of Exeter,” ever on the orthodox side, and never temporizing with Colenso, wished the subject not to be discussed in his Diocese. The Bishop, therefore, mostly confined himself to ordinary Missionary sermons and addresses until he reached Plymouth. But here the spirit of the Western men arose, and they wrung out of the Bishop of Exeter permission to set Bishop Gray free to speak on the great subject. The majesty of his manner, the intense earnestness of that address, can never be forgotten by those who heard them ; there were at least forty clergy present, and a dense throng of laity. At the moment of speaking of Dean Green's faithfulness, and of his being probably driven from his home, the Bishop nearly broke down. He spoke specially of his Kafir College, and invited help for

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it. The meeting was enthusiastic, and cheered him repeatedly. Men and women pressed up to shake hands with the Confessor for the Faith, and offers of help were made on all sides.¹

Everywhere he found the so-called "Ritualists" had grasped the truths for which he was contending, and were his best friends, and hence arose an idea that he was himself a Ritualist. This was a mistake; yet he had no repulsion from Ritual, and spoke warmly of the stately services in which he took part as a sign of an awakened life.

The Colenso question had several times been before the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, and in 1866 the Archdeacon of Westminster afterwards Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln, made the following weighty though impromptu answer to a defence of Dr. Colenso and an attack on Bishop Gray.

"By the declaration of the highest legal Court in this land, the Church of South Africa is no longer a political or legal institution. It has been placed in the condition of a Church existing before the time of Constantine. . . . But what are the principles which are to be applied to the government of such a Church severed from the State? Is it to have no principles at all, or is it not rather to be thrown back on those vital principles on which the Church of God exists? Is it . . . to have its existence crippled . . . by precarious judgments of a tribunal which declares it to be unknown to the law? . . . My very reverend friend has made

¹ Writer's personal recollection.

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a touching appeal for the Bishop of Natal. A touching appeal might also be made for the Bishop of Natal's Diocese, for the lambs and sheep of Christ's flock."¹

Finally, in the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury in 1868, the Metropolitan's action in the whole case was accepted, and Dr. Colenso was held to have received "substantial justice," and the Metropolitan's sentence accepted as valid, and thus the Church of England cleared herself of any appearance of complicity with heresy, and so immensely strengthened the hands of the South African Church.

The time had come indeed to set a faithful and true pastor over the desolate African Diocese. As far back as October 25th, 1866, the clergy and laity of Natal had elected as Bishop the Rev. William Butler, Vicar of Wantage. Exclusive of three clergy, either excommunicate or without credentials, there were seventeen accredited clergy now in Natal, and one of these openly sided with Dr. Colenso. Three others, among whom was Dr. Callaway, suffered from dread of the Royal Supremacy and Colenso's supposed powers under the exploded Letters Patent, and unwillingly said they could not acknowledge another Bishop. One was about to leave the Diocese, but the remaining twelve were of one heart and one mind in the election of Mr. Butler, who seemed the very man for the post. He put himself into the hands of his own Diocesan (Bishop Wilberforce) and the Archbishop; they advised him to discover if he would be

¹ "Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln," p. 189.

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acknowledged (1) in Africa, (2) in England ; and after many pros and cons and a correspondence of a year, the Archbishop of Canterbury felt unable to *recommend* Mr. Butler to accept the post, not on account of any legal difficulties in the way of consecration, for these seem to have evaporated, but because his very high Sacramental views might complicate matters in Natal.

Bishop Gray himself could see nothing in a paper signed by Mr. Butler and certain Priests exceeding the limits allowed by the Church of England, and he was urged still to consecrate Mr. Butler as his coadjutor to administer the vacant Diocese. But this was an undignified position for a man who had to take up a post in which authority was supremely needed. It would have intensified all the difficulties, and as it turned out, it would have been by no means a temporary arrangement as far as Natal was concerned, and yet at the death of the Metropolitan the coadjutor's power would legally have terminated.

No, as he said, the See was or was not vacant. Mr. Butler had been directly elected, and had now very justifiably withdrawn ; but the Natal Synod had foreseen this possibility and had delegated the election in this case to their own Metropolitan with the Bishop of Grahamstown, and with the concurrence of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

All had therefore to be gone over again. And what was there to tempt anyone to take that thorny mitre ? There was no endowment ; the faithful at home were doing what they could to strengthen the

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

hands of the Bishop of Cape Town, so that he might guarantee £600 a year to the Bishop, a sum which might at least cover his travelling expenses. The position carried with it much obloquy in the minds even of many good people. A tremendous resistance was promised to the Bishop's authority. Matters missionary and pastoral had gone back, and only "a very few sheep in the wilderness," few, but strong in faith, were prepared to welcome him. It is little wonder that one after another of the thirty the Metropolitan had on his list declined, many of them necessarily, others judiciously.¹

But the hand of God had never more decidedly closed certain doors and opened others; for the man who finally accepted the bishopric was most evidently called of God, as being endowed by Him with the very gifts and graces so much needed to heal the breaches of that distracted Church. Moreover, the doors leading to a consecration in England were also fortunately closed, and in Cape Town, where the fight had been waged, peace was to

¹ This See was not offered to *all* the thirty, and to correct some vagueness about men "who *refused* Natal," it may be as well to state that only on November 15th did he and his suffragans agree "to seek someone in the place of Mr. Butler." On the 23rd he wrote letters to enquire of another Bishop about two names, with the result that the first definite *offer* was made to the Rev. Walsham How on November 26th, who declined it on the 29th. The same day it was offered to Mr. Hamilton, of Bristol, who declined on December 13th. On the 14th "arranged to enquire more about Rev. W. K. Macrorie," and wrote to offer it to him on the 19th. On the 17th he had seen two other men whom he liked, but to whom no definite offer seems to have been made.

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be made, and the first step taken by the Metropolitan in his own Cathedral to recover lost ground in Natal.

This is best related by Bishop Macrorie himself; for it was the Rev. William Kenneth Macrorie, formerly of Brasenose College, Oxford, a Master of Radley College, and then Vicar of St. James', Accrington, a parish of 14,000 people, upon whom the choice fell.

"In October, 1867, I went to the Church Congress at Wolverhampton with Archdeacon White (at that time Vicar of Masborough). The Congress, following so quickly the assembly of Bishops at the first Lambeth Conference, was attended by several of the American and Colonial Bishops, and there was appropriately arranged a great Missionary evening, at which the attendance was large and the feeling enthusiastic, and at which Bishops Selwyn and Gray were the heroes. White and I, though present at the Missionary meeting, to our great regret never heard of the meeting held to present Bishop Gray with a crozier, till we saw the report of it in the papers, and read his speech, in which he announced his great disappointment in the withdrawal of Canon Butler, but stated that he had a list of good and true men, from which he hoped by God's help to find the right man for Natal. It was on reading this that I remarked to my companion, 'It will be a bold man that goes to Natal.'

"On December 21st I found on my table a letter, dated 19th, in an unknown handwriting, but bearing

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the signature, afterwards so well known, 'R., Capetown,' and proposing to me this post of difficulty. So great, so appalling did the difficulties appear to me, and so disturbing the thought of my being called to encounter them, that the mind instinctively caught at any suggestion of relief, and the fact that the letter itself did not bear my name, nor give the name of any of the 'several mutual friends' who had mentioned me as a fit person for the office, led to the hope that it had accidentally got into the wrong envelope. What did the Bishop of Capetown know of me? And who of my friends could have thought of me to fill a post which had been described as the most difficult in the Anglican Communion? It surely could not be for me; it might even be a hoax. So my first step was to send the letter to my friend, Mr. White, who knew the Bishop so well, with the request that he would tell me whether it were genuine, and if it were so, to give me his counsel upon its subject. His immediate reply was to vouch for the letter's authenticity, and beg me not to put it aside without having seen the Bishop.

"Hence it came to pass that, after medical opinions had been had, I went up to London, and the long conference with the two Bishops on the 28th, and on Monday 30th with Bishop Cotterill, took place, which threw on me the terrible responsibility of saying yes or no to these Bishops, of deciding whether it were indeed the call of God.

"I notice that Bishop Gray ("Life," Vol. ii. p. 381) speaks of my decision to accept, and again of my

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‘ finally accepting,’ *i.e.*, after my dear father, at the age of eighty, had withdrawn his touching appeal for re-consideration. But I have often denied that I accepted, for my letter to the Bishop was simply a statement of my feelings of utter unfitness, pleading with him to endeavour to find an abler man, and only expressing my readiness to go in the event of his failure to find such an one.

“ But time passed ; the Bishops of Grahamstown and the Free State were anxious to sail early in February ; and so prompt had Bishop Gray been that, on telegraphing for more time to consider my aged parent’s distress, the answer came, ‘ Your name has already gone to the Archbishop.’ This, and the letter that followed (January 4th) are characteristic of the harder and sterner side of the Bishop. I had many opportunities afterwards in private of seeing the gentler and more sympathetic side of his character.

“ ‘ My own view,’ wrote Bishop Gray, ‘ of this question is this : You have received a call or you have not. You have judged that you have received it. There is no drawing back. Your father’s change of view is not unnatural. Probably he will, on consideration, return to his first and better thoughts. We have all sacrifices to make ; you have yours ; your father has his. He will probably not see you again in the flesh after your departure. But it is but for a little while, and he will probably, when you are gone, find compensation in the new interests which your work will arouse in him. Anyhow, ‘ He

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.'”

This is a good specimen of the extreme directness of the Bishop's letters, expressing exactly what he meant, with a terseness that gives little indication of tenderness.

Bishop Macrorie proceeds:—“When once the decision was ratified by the Archbishop, I never was conscious of the temptation to draw back. When friends plied me with arguments against my leaving an important work where God had placed me, and going out at the call of ‘a party to head a schism,’ and when the *Times* and other papers denounced us day by day, and predicted only disaster as the result of Bishop Gray's policy—all this only served to strengthen my conviction of the truth and reality of the call, and the very sense of my own evident deficiencies and weakness brought to my mind with greater force the instances of God's calls in Holy Scripture, especially that to Jeremiah; and I recollect saying to someone that I knew not how I could ever dare to ask God's blessing on my work again if I were to shrink from carrying out in my own person the convictions which I had throughout the whole Colenso case held.

“Of the events between that day and January 25th, which was fixed for my consecration at St. Mary's, Oxford, Bishop Wilberforce and Archbishop Longley having originally sanctioned its being held there—those which stand out most vividly are: (a) the receipt on the 20th of a most kind but warning

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appeal to myself personally from the Bishop of London (Tait), urging me to decline consecration in England, as an offence against my Mother Church, illegal, and dangerously approximating to schism, and at the same time enclosing a correspondence between himself and the Primus of Scotland (Eden), with a view to showing how prejudicial to the interests of the Scottish Church,¹ and her relations with the Church of England, it must prove if she lent herself to a proceeding so offensive to many members of the Church; (b) the appearance in the *Times* the same day of Bishop Tait's letter to Bishop Gray, and a bitter leading article in support of it; (c) Mrs. Gray's letter to me, informing me of the formidable opposition to an English consecration: (d) a telegram from Bishop Cotterill, summoning me to breakfast with Bishop Wilberforce in Pall Mall on the 23rd. I accordingly went up to London on the 22nd, and next morning met Bishop Gray on the steps of Bishop Wilberforce's quarters in Pall Mall, and there, to my amazement, learned that Bishop Gray had not yet seen the letter of Bishop Tait addressed to himself in the *Times*, but had hastened up from Herefordshire, summoned, like myself, by telegraph.

"The anxious conference round that breakfast-table brought out some of Bishop Gray's most striking characteristics. Though met with the depressing intelligence that the Archbishop had

¹ Several Scottish Bishops had expressed desire to have the Consecration in Scotland.

withdrawn his sanction (under the advice of Travers Twiss, not Sir R. Palmer, as stated in the "Life"), the Bishop never for a moment wavered in his loyal determination to act entirely under the Archbishop's counsel in the matter, and though deferring, in all personal humility, to Bishop Wilberforce's judgment in most matters, he absolutely refused to take advantage of the brotherly offer of the Primus unless the Archbishop's distinct endorsement should clear the act of anything that might compromise the Scottish Church. He said: 'I will not be a party to throwing a burden upon a weak and struggling sister Church, however she may regard it as a privilege, without taking care that her action has the sanction of authority to shut the mouth of those who would make it an occasion to revile her.'

"The state of doubtfulness into which this immediate matter was thrown, as it delayed my letter to my parish, enabled me to go down and spend a quiet Sunday with my father and calm his mind, which the attacks of the Press had much disturbed. And thus I travelled on the same 25th with the Bishop and Mrs. Gray from Paddington to Swindon, where we parted.

"A few days later, Bishop Gray's decision to act upon the Archbishop's counsel and to wait was communicated to me, involving my silence and inaction towards my future work, until Convocation should have given some certain utterance. The Upper House of Convocation did not come to a

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resolution on the report of its Committee till July, and meantime I had a visit from Bishop and Mrs. Gray in March, and was with them in London to meet Dean Green, who had come to England on the judgment of the Natal Supreme Court having turned him out of his church and house in January, and thus brought fresh questions of difficulty to lay before the overburdened Metropolitan."

Thus far Bishop Macrorie. The whole matter shows how England lost an opportunity, not the last opportunity she has lost since in affairs African; and yet how Africa, firmly grasping the opportunity placed in her comparatively unskilled hands, gained for herself a place and a name among the Churches that she will never lose.¹

¹ I.

Chapter VIII.

DIOCESAN WORK.

“The Lord wants reapers : Oh, mount up
Before Night comes and says, ‘Too late !’
Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
The Master hungers while ye wait.”—*Lowell*.

AMID all these years of anxiety and long absence, the work in Cape Town Diocese went on, not only smoothly, but the very fight that was being waged turned the hearts of men to rally round the Confessor Bishop. We must go back a little to the time when the battle to come had hardly loomed in sight.

The Bishop's eldest daughter, Louisa, had been married to the Rev. Edward Glover in 1857. Very soon they were put in charge of the embryo Kafir College at Bishop's Court ; but in 1859 the Bishop, after consulting Sir George Grey, bought Zonnebloem, a nice estate on the spur of Table Mountain, overlooking the Bay. The buildings were roomy, and would have taken more pupils than could be got at first. The name means the Sunflower.

In 1856-7 an extraordinary wave of fanaticism

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had passed over Kaffraria. A girl called Nonganli professed to say that the Kafirs were to kill all their cattle and burn all their mealies; and that on a certain day they would rise again with *all* the dead Kafirs. Sandilli, paramount chief of the Gaikas, said he did not particularly wish his eldest brother to be included in the resurrection, as he himself would be nobody; and his chief wife had been a widow—he would prefer that her first husband should remain in his grave. But all the same, he and everyone obeyed the order, and a terrible famine was the result.¹

But there were other more far-reaching results. The missionaries, especially the Rev. H. T. Waters, a most devoted missionary at St. Mark's, on Kreli's side of the White Kei, gained much influence, and the mission schools began to fill again. Kreli himself was reduced to wandering about looking for food; and Government seized on this moment of humility to suggest their handing over some of their sons and daughters for education at Cape Town. The sons and daughters thus became hostages for good behaviour. At the same time, Sandilli's two brothers, Maqomo and Xoxo, with another lesser chief, Seyolo, were imprisoned on Robben Island, in Table Bay, at that time the dreary abode of lepers, lunatics, chronic sick, and convicts. The chiefs had a little location on the island, and they were allowed to have a few of their followers. Maqomo was the Ulysses of Kafirland, and once kept a British army at bay

¹ H.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

for three weeks, at a place called "Maqomo's Hole."

The Warden's house at Zonnebloem, simple as it was, was a comfortable and picturesque one, with a deep, shady stoep under a verandah running round two sides of the house, and reached by wooden, outside stairs.

It was here that Miss Ainger came to work with the Glovers ; and a few extracts from her diary will give some idea of it. She was to have the girls as her portion, and live in some of the rooms.

January 5th, 1860. "The Bishop's idea is this : that as much as possible it should be a community—'that's to be the spirit of it.'" [Apparently she means that it was to be collegiate—certainly not a community in the ordinary sense.] "The only two points he insists on at present are that there should be prayer morning and evening—the whole of us together ; not only masters and pupils, but all the people engaged in teaching the trades, &c. ; and a common dining-hall with upper and lower tables, so that Kafirs and all should learn civilised habits. . . . He wants us to feel a family, each trying to help the other in a noble work. . . . The girls should learn all industrial work, and even in time should do the entire work of the house . . . And then, in his own winning way, he said, 'You must promise me, if anything goes wrong or troubles you, you will tell me, and I will come directly to set it right.'"

At this time the Rev. W. Breach, not yet in

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Orders, was helping to teach the boys, and he writes:—"My life with Mr. and Mrs. Glover in the winter of 1859 was very bright and cheerful, and made happy by the anticipation of meeting the Bishop on his return from England, which great event the Kafir boys, too, looked forward to with great eagerness. It amused me to hear the Kafir boys speak of the Bishop as their 'Father,' and Sir George Grey as their 'Uncle.' . . . On Sundays, after the service in the Cathedral, I used to walk back to Zonnebloem, but whenever the cart with the Bishop overtook me I got a seat—generally at his feet. I am small, and can sit anywhere."

In 1860 Prince Alfred arrived at the Cape, on his first visit there. He took much interest in the Kafir race, both here and in the Eastern Province. His visit to Zonnebloem is recorded by Miss Ainger, under date Thursday, July 26th, 1860, Mrs. Gray and her daughter Agnes having come in one morning to say the Prince would come at half past twelve. "It must be confessed that both boys and girls received the tidings with most gloomy, not to say sulky faces. They didn't like having to tidy, they didn't like having to clean, and, most of all, they didn't like having to do those two most objectionable things to the Kafir mind in a hurry. However, we all set to work in earnest, everything was got into order, all dressed in Sunday suits, and practised in singing 'God save the Queen.' So soon as Mr. Glover gave notice that the cortège was approaching, they all went out on the stoep of the school-house.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

We awaited the arrival in the drawing-room, Mr. Glover at the bottom of the steps. The effect was decidedly picturesque as the Prince came up to the house. The boys struck up 'God save the Queen.' Mr. Glover, in cap and gown, advanced and held the Prince's horse while he dismounted. And then the Prince and Governor stood bare-headed towards the boys till the verse was over. The Prince was invited into the house, and the little, pleasant, serious, modest-faced sailor walked alone into the drawing-room, soon followed by our Governor, Sir George, and his Governor, Major Cowell, and Captain Tarleton of the 'Euryalus.' They sat talking a few minutes, and then went to admire the view from the stoep; from thence to the school-room, where the bashful Michael presented his drawing, which was graciously accepted and approved. Then the dinner bell rang, and they went to hear grace sung. Thence to inspect the dormitory; back to the dining-hall, where Jeremiah, son of Moshesh (to whose country the Prince is going), and Emma and George Sandilli were presented—and they all sang a Kafir hymn. The ostriches were duly exhibited, and then they mounted and rode away, *en route* to Constantia."¹

The next excitement was the visit of Sandilli. This the boys considered a greater event than the Prince's visit. Also they hardly believed it. "They think Sandilli come," said one of them; "he not come, he knows better. The Queen of England

¹ O.

Diocesan Work. *So*

doesn't come, she sends her son ; and Sandilli sends *his* son." A Zulu and a Bechuana were overheard discussing the event in Cape Town, and agreeing he was too old a bird to be caught with chaff. It was a regular custom, the Zulu explained, of the English to catch great potentates who were her enemies, and shut them up in islands—Napoleon in St. Helena, Maqomo on Robben Island. However, he came at last ; and "there, at the bottom of the steps, stood a tall, decently-dressed Kafir, with his hand on Emma's head, and, by the side of him, a tall, bearded Englishman talking to Mr. Glover. They were, of course, Sandilli and Mr. Brownlee, who had come in a cab ; the councillors were *en route*, walking. It was very funny to see the great man send in Emma for a chair, and seat himself in front of the boys, and have those he knew pointed out to him. One little fellow, Dabane, a queer, sturdy little rogue, came forward on hearing that his father was among the coming councillors, and Sandilli took him very kindly by the hand and gave him a very affectionate and resounding kiss. We found he was his nephew. Meantime Emma stood with her hand on his shoulder, looking very happy indeed. They had a sort of dinner-tea at the same time as the boys."¹ On Sunday the Chief and councillors all went to church twice.

Then Prince Alfred, returning from a six weeks' tour, began the Cape Town Breakwater by tipping the first truck load of stones into the sea ; a prayer was

¹ O.

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read by Dean Douglas, and a speech made to the Prince by Sir George Grey, expressing pleasure that "such a son of such a mother" should begin the great work of making that dangerous harbour safe. The Bishop gave the Prince a Bible and a Prayer Book, and Sir George Grey told him that if only he would marry Emma Sandilli he would have the merit of ending Kafir wars for ever.

Nine years later than this the Kafir chiefs imprisoned on Robben Island were released by Sir Philip Wodehouse. On asking the wily old Maqomo what he would do if released, his reply was, "On that point Maqomo has his own ideas." The three chiefs were invited by Mr. and Mrs. Glover to dine at the College, and a few friends assembled to meet them. The wives had not been included in the invitation, but the chiefs' answer had been dignified. "*The chiefs and their wives* have much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation." And they arrived; Maqomo not a big man, Xoxo gigantic, Seyolo a slim nonentity. They came late, and were first fed, and then sat in the drawing-room, conversing through the interpretation of the boys and being shown pictures. Several of the sons and daughters had already returned as Christians to their own land. The remainder were now claimed. Only two girls remained, and these had been removed to Miss Arthur's Orphanage; one of the two, Matilda Maqoma, was claimed by her father, and much against the grain the poor girl had to go, with a promise exacted that she should not be sold for cows—a promise faithfully kept. But what

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Maqomo had not promised he did not feel bound by, and "his own ideas" included another effort to stir up war, and poor old Maqomo was sent back, not as a chief, but put in a ward among the chronic sick on Robben Island, feeling much the degradation of waiting on himself, and there in a short time he died.

In September, 1869, Mr. and Mrs. Glover returned to England. The Bishop deeply felt parting with his dearly-loved and dutiful child, and tears were in his eyes as she went on board. In a few weeks came the sad news of her sudden death. Though she was ill, none had realized her peril. Yet not for an hour did the Bishop relax his work. With a house full of clergy preparing for Synod, he went straight to the chapel on hearing the news, and celebrated Holy Communion, afterwards holding the meeting. The next day he confirmed at a church in Cape Town, and though unable to speak to friends without breaking down, he never faltered in the service, except when, in speaking of the season of Advent, he said, "The young are taken from us as well as the old." To the end of his life he never spoke of his daughter without a softening of face and tone, and with some caressing epithet.¹

The Glovers' place at Zonnebloem was taken by the Rev. John Espin and his wife (since Canon and Chancellor of Grahamstown). Under their rule a very good work was done, and in the time of his successor, the Rev. T. H. Peters, a number of

¹ A. XXI.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

Basuto lads, including Alexander, grandson of Moshesh, came to the College. It was found, however, that Zonnebloem was too far from Basutoland, or Kaffraria, and that the Kafir Institution at Grahamstown was better suited for the work, while the students at Zonnebloem have chiefly consisted in promising pupils from the Mission Schools, black and white. It is one of the most hopeful institutions in Africa.¹

Several independent ladies came out soon after Miss Ainger for work in Cape Town. A cousin of Miss Ainger's did much work in a new mission district, St. Mark's, and was partly instrumental in getting the church built.

In 1861-2 came out to Cape Town one who for over thirty years remained a prominent figure in Church work. Mary Arthur, one of a highly-gifted and very musical family, placed herself in the Bishop's hands for work in Cape Town. He could give her no funds, but she set to work to found a much-needed Orphanage for the orphans of Europeans dying in Africa. With health never strong, and a sensitive, nervous organisation very highly strung, she worked far beyond her strength by giving music lessons, with the proceeds of which she supported her first orphans. Then she applied to the public for funds, which were readily contributed by English and Dutch alike, from the Bishop and Governor downwards. Soon a nice, cool, well-built house was taken,

¹ Zonnebloem has lately again received sons of chiefs and others from Basutoland, under Mr. Parkhurst.

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and some thirty orphans were able to be received. She was a first-rate organiser, and her orphans turned out well as good servants and good wives. But there was no good work anywhere in which Miss Arthur did not take an interest. One of her early orphans was a little Yao girl named Daoma, whom Bishop Mackenzie picked up on a battle-field and carried home himself. After his death the five-year-old child came to Cape Town, and Miss Arthur broke through her rule of colour and took her. She was baptized Anne Rebecca, after Miss Mackenzie and Miss Arthur's sister. In that happy home little Anne Daoma grew to womanhood.

A Mission Day School had been added by Miss Arthur, and Anne became Infant Mistress and at length Head Mistress, and has never left the Home which sheltered her infancy. To this Orphanage Bishop Gray would often ride up after a day in town, and pet the orphans and talk to Miss Arthur of all her varied plans ; and the children always figured in the school feasts at Bishop's Court. The Orphanage, called at first St. George's Orphanage, but now known as the Mary Arthur Orphanage, is still doing its good work.¹

From 1861 to 1866 a terrible drought, causing famine, prevailed all over South Africa. The unemployed emigrated to New Zealand and the United States. At length the country seemed under a curse. The roots went deeper and deeper to look for water ; the crops failed ; not a drop of rain fell. There was

¹ The Author's own recollections.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

no grass for the cattle, no corn for man. The rivers dried up ; food was dear ; the people starving. The Bishop's faith wavered not. Man, he said, had now done all he could, and failed ; with God nothing was impossible. At the Cape, January is a very dry, hot month at all times, and one may be pretty sure of unbroken fine weather. Nevertheless, after consulting the Roman Bishop and the Moderator of the Dutch Reformed body, the Bishop went to the Governor and asked him to co-operate in setting aside a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer. The 12th January, 1866, was appointed ; and the Bishop began the day with a 6 a.m. celebration at Claremont, his parish church, a mile and a half off. The sky had never been more intensely blue and burning. At 11 there was no change, except a deeper blue if possible, and all seemed to speak of the utter absence of moisture all over the Colony. The Church, and indeed all Christians, prayed earnestly that it might rain. The evening came ; still larger congregations assembled and besought the Lord to send rain, but, anxiously as they looked, there was not a cloud anywhere. A little later a small cloud came up, and it was like Elijah's of old ; the whole sky was covered, and those who had far to go were drenched before they got home. It poured all the night as if the flood-gates were broken up, and in the morning the rivers were overflowing their banks, the land was well watered, and the famine passed away entirely.

And so things moved on during those sad years

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of struggle for the Church's faith. And Bishop's Court was still a centre of light and rest and wisdom to the distant clergy and workers.

Even now little anecdotes are remembered. One clergyman's wife recollects his noticing how tired she was, and putting her on the sofa, and fetching first "the mother" and then an old servant to attend to her. Simple memories truly, but the manner of these little courtesies could never be forgotten.¹

A daughter of one of the Bishops of the province remembers coming out as a girl of sixteen, and waiting at Bishop's Court for an escort. The Metropolitan asked her one day some simple question, and, on hearing her answer, said, "Why do you think so?" She, feeling very shy, replied, "Because father thinks so;" and he said, in a pleased tone, "I hope you will always have as good a reason for what you think!" She recalls his favourite cat sitting by him at meals and eating only what he gave her, while he never began his meal till pussy had hers.²

And of the visitors at this time and rather earlier, the Rev. J. Eedes writes:—"The road from Claremont to Bishop's Court at this early time was well frequented. Sir Harry and Lady Smith knew it well. The British Commissioner, Mr. George Frere, was the ready counsellor; the Colonial Secretary, Mr. John Montagu, the wise and moderate Churchman; while the Auditor-General, Major

¹ L.

L.

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

Hope, proved the liberal but reserved supporter of all Christian effort. And who is that tall figure on horseback riding across the quadrangle to call on Bishop Gray? It is Attorney-General Porter, who, although no professed Churchman, is prepared with legal advice; and that person in a grey suit and upon the grey pony coming down the road near the stables is Parson Fry, of Rondebosch; while the carriage approaching slowly behind contains the venerated Judge Musgrave and certain members of his family. There stands the black butler James at the hall-door, awaiting fresh arrivals.

“The income of the See of Cape Town was at first far superior to what it is now, and this, together with other favourable circumstances, enabled the doors of Protea to remain open in the most hospitable fashion. And thus it went on for a quarter of a century, through evil report and good report, the welfare of the Church of Christ in South Africa being the Bishop’s single aim. While entertaining those in high authority almost sumptuously, the smallest cottages and very huts of the poorest around their African home saw the shadow of Bishop and Mrs. Gray passing by continually, there being a kind word and hearty ‘good day’ for all.”¹

¹ E. (A).

Chapter IX.

ST. GEORGE'S HOME.

“Voice of the fearless saint !

Ring like a trump where gentle hearts

Beat high for truth, but, doubting, cower and faint,

Tell them the hour is come, and they must take their parts.”

—*Keble.*



VER since the creation of the world, man, in all his labour, in his joys and sorrows, has needed the ministry of woman. And in the Gospel dispensation her rightful position has been defined by the attitude of the Blessed Virgin towards her Divine Son, “the handmaid of the Lord.” The name suggests two ideas—the Oriental notion of service as reverent, watchful, waiting; “as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress,” so the Church’s daughter must watch and wait for any indication of need, and fulfil it. But it includes also the Western ideal of active, willing service, with feet shod to run on the Church’s errands. And how far the prophetic office of the teacher may be entrusted to women’s lips is evident from the same example, “What

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He saith unto you, do it." To carry out into daily practical life the commands of Christ has been delivered to women from the earliest days of Christianity, as handmaids and helpmeets of the Church.

The great blessing which had followed the work of the few ladies who had as yet devoted themselves to the Church in his Diocese, led Bishop Gray to wish for something more definite. The families of the clergy, from his own downwards, had set many a noble example. Miss Ainger was now but a blessed memory, her cousin had returned to England, and Miss Arthur alone remained.

For some time the idea of a missionary community had been before the Bishop's mind. Scarcely any such attempt had been made, and one elsewhere, which barely merited the name, had failed. In the Synod of January, 1865, a resolution had been passed asking the Bishop to invite sisterhoods in England to send out sisters "as a first step towards establishing a penitentiary for fallen women." And during all the anxious and harassing work of 1867 and 1868 in England, he was interviewing wardens and superiors of English sisterhoods with a view to carry out this scheme, while he and Mrs. Gray selected the ladies, wrote the kindest letters on all manner of details, arranged the dress, and even some of the rules, of the community. The eight ladies who ultimately sailed with him were all disciples of men who were leaders of the Church in their various

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spheres : Mr. (afterwards Canon) Carter, of Clewer ; Mr. Randall, of All Saints', Clifton (afterwards Dean of Chichester) ; Mr. Prynne, of Plymouth ; Mr. Gutch, of St. Cyprian's ; and Dr. John Mason Neale, of East Grinstead, etc. Miss Fair, the lady who was ultimately chosen to be Superior, though she was the youngest but one, gives the following account of how she was moved to go :—¹

"In the spring of 1868 I was spending a little time at the House of Mercy, Clewer, as an associate, taking turns with two sisters in the kitchen department. I was much attracted by the religious life, without feeling called to it. A little manual had fallen into my hands containing a prayer that God would make known to us our vocation, and give us grace to follow it. I often said that prayer. One day the sister who should have relieved me after sext did not come till much later, and I chafed inwardly at the delay, though it led to my being just where I was wanted at an important moment of my life. As soon as I was free I went to the other side of the quadrangle to see to the storing of some wine, when the Mother Harriet came by in her leisurely way, portly and motherly in appearance, genial and observant. Instead of passing on as I expected, she remained by my side. When the door was locked she led me up the cloister, silently at first, whilst I, somewhat puzzled, began to cast in my mind what rules I had broken. When we were almost half-way up the cloister, my hand

¹ F. Beta.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

still in hers, she said, 'Now, dear, I want you to go to South Africa.' I excitedly protested that I could not, and, as the Mother quietly persisted, I struggled to get away; but she, with a little laugh, and a twinkle in her eye, held me the more firmly, saying that the Bishop of Cape Town was in her sitting-room, having come to ask her for workers, and I must come and see him. Before there was time for more, she opened the door, and my hand was in his, he looking down at me in a very amused way, for I was in a state of great perturbation. Mrs. Gray was there too, smiling and amused. I protested again, but it was of no use, with the Mother on one side and the Bishop on the other. 'Sit down,' she said, pointing to her own chair which was near him, 'and listen to what the Bishop has to say.' He told me that his Synod had requested him to seek out ladies who could undertake penitentiary work in his Diocese. He proposed that they should live together under a superior and a simple quasi-religious rule, each contributing a small yearly sum for her maintenance. It was not to be a regular sisterhood, as things were not ripe for it, but there was plenty of work of various kinds waiting to be done. I tried to listen quietly, but at the end I persisted that I could not be bound. Here the Mother Harriet interposed, saying that I need not be, but could go out for a year to help the Bishop to start the work. 'Oh, if that is all,' I replied, 'I might do it.' In about twenty minutes from the time the Mother found me it was virtually

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settled, and she could announce to the sisters at dinner that I was going to South Africa."

Writing at this time to his young daughter Florence who had been left at home at the Cape, one sees amid how many kinds of business this work of founding a community had its birth.

"BURY, *October 28th*, 1867.

"MY DEAREST CHILD,

". . . . The day the Congress closed we made a long journey down to Tenby in South Wales. Then we came up to Hereford, viâ Bridgenorth, and then over the manufacturing districts, and then to Durham, and then here. To-morrow we go up to Knaresboro', then to Ely, then back to the manufacturing districts, and so on for a long, long time. . . . I am collecting funds pretty well, and have got about £2,000 as yet. It is slow work collecting large sums by sermons, etc. If I can sleep, however, I do not much care."

"21, NORFOLK SQUARE,

"*May 4th*, 1868.

". . . . The last fortnight we have been traversing the Eastern Counties. . . . I had last week eight sermons and two meetings, so you see we are not idle. . . . This week will be a very busy one. I have several ladies to see about coming out and a great deal of anxious work. I had luncheon yesterday with your godmother, Miss Cole."

The farewell service was held at St. Lawrence,

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

Jewry, which, under the care of the Rev. B. M. Cowie, afterwards Dean of Exeter, was a centre for work on behalf of missions. It was a remarkable gathering of sympathisers with the South African Church for common prayer and Eucharist. The sermon was preached by Bishop Claughton, of Rochester, and was an outspoken vindication of Bishop Gray's action.¹

The Union Line s.s. "Saxon" sailed with most of the party from Southampton, but the Bishop and his family and one or two others joined it at Plymouth on October 10th. Here he took the whole large party under his wing, addressing them all playfully as his "daughters." We were a party of twenty, the Bishop and Mrs. Gray with their two daughters and a valued servant, the Rev. John Espin² and his wife, the Rev. Rice Thomas³ and the eight ladies, viz., Miss Fair (Superior), Miss H. Humphreys, Miss Alice Pocklington, Miss Fanny and Miss Georgie Handley, Miss Garfit, Miss Edith Crawley, and Miss Mary Anderson-Morshead. There was also Miss Peters, going to join her brother, a clergyman at the Cape; Nanno Byrne, an ardent missionary schoolmistress, who has laboured ever since in the Diocese, and two orphans brought out by one of the ladies. The "Saxon" was not large, and we took up one side of the ship with our cabins, and nearly occupied one table at meals. However early we got on deck in the morning, the Bishop was there before us, quite

¹ K.

² Now Canon and Chancellor of Grahamstown Diocese.

³ Since Chaplain of the Forces in Cape Town.

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ready to take us for a turn up and down the deck until eight o'clock, when we went to read in our deck chairs, and he repaired to the saloon for the same purpose. Dr. Espin recalls that he passed through the saloon early on the morning we reached Madeira, and found the Bishop in his shirt sleeves studying St. Cyprian, a Father whose difficulties in his North African See in the third century suggested many a parallel with his own troubles in South Africa. Urging the Bishop to come on deck and watch the glorious sunrise shining on the lovely little *desertas* we were passing, he received the reply that "he had seen it before," and St. Cyprian was not deserted.

A day on shore is a great joy on a voyage, but an expensive one, and the Bishop, feeling that some of the party could not well afford it, with ready thoughtfulness invited us all ashore as his guests. Mounted on ponies we rode up to the mountain shrine, where is the wonder-working Madonna invoked in shipwreck, and most of the party did what would now be called tobogganing in basket sledges to the foot of the hill again, while he, his wife, and one or two more rode round the Little Corrale. At the hotel in Funchal the English clergyman waited on the Bishop to request him to confirm some candidates. It had been understood that, owing to a quarrel in the little English community, there would be no Confirmation, but the quarrel being made up the Bishop agreed, and the Confirmation took place, though there was no time to fetch his robes.

As soon as the party were well enough, the Bishop

began short morning and evening prayer in the saloon, after which he gave us a Dutch lesson, though he warned us laughingly that people would say we spoke "Bishop's Dutch."

He was the pleasantest of companions, always ready to fetch chairs, or settle invalids, or carry them up on deck if required, and then to hold converse with one and all, converse through which the holiness of his mind shone unconsciously through. One night he spoke of the Communion of Saints, and quoting the words, "Seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses," said he could not understand anyone taking it to mean other than that the Saints of God still watch the progress of the Church Militant.

As usual, the Bishop petted any stray land bird that reached the ship and lived awhile in the rigging ; he would wile them to him by his voice, after having begged a few crumbs, and the little creatures would sit quietly in his hand and eat the crumbs. One day a grand albatross sailed into near view from the ship, and a gun was fetched, in hopes of shooting the creature, but the Bishop begged successfully for its life, and so averted from us the doom of the Ancient Mariner.

Every Sunday a full service was held on deck for all hands, the Bishop preaching ; and afterwards in the ladies' saloon a Celebration for any who desired it. On the last Sunday, as all were assembled there, a young officer who had missed his Confirmation in England stepped forward, and,

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kneeling at the entrance, was confirmed, and immediately the Bishop celebrated the blessed Eucharist, and he received his first Communion.

Important business awaited the Bishop at St. Helena. The venerable Bishop Welby, who ruled the Church in that tiny Diocese for so many years, had to hear the latest results of the Metropolitan's battle in the matter of Bishop Macrorie's Consecration, and give his full consent to the same. All the more necessary, because he had not been able to be present at the trial of Colenso. He now promised to come for the Consecration, extremely difficult though it was; for the island belonging to Government, the Bishop was reckoned as a Government servant, with very short periods of leave granted to him. The Bishops, therefore, remained in conference in Jamestown, while Mrs. Gray and many of the party rode up to Longwood, and round the beautiful island, returning to Dr. Fowler's (the Bishop of St. Helena's son-in-law) by five o'clock. As the Metropolitan had put his ladies on their horses in the morning, he had called out a farewell chaffing remark to one of the party. Hours later, after a conference important to the Church, he came out to welcome them back, and going straight to the same individual, he said as he lifted her from her horse, that he had felt sorry for what he had said, fearing she might be vexed. This was quite a characteristic instance of his simple, quiet humility, and an example of his belief in the efficacy of asking forgiveness in the smallest matters.¹

¹ A. VIII.

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It was on St. Martin's Day that we reached Table Bay, after a voyage of thirty-two days. One of the party thus described the landing: "Straight in front of us rose Table Mountain, but there was a heavy cloud resting upon it, (the 'table-cloth' brought by the south-easter which had been blowing), so that we could only see the base of it at first. It rises up behind the town much closer than I expected. A boatful of people came out to meet us, Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot, and Mrs. Glover (the Bishop's daughter). Mr. Lightfoot had engaged a sailing boat big enough to take us and all our luggage on shore, and as the bay was beautifully calm, it was quite enjoyable, though it would have been more so had it been light enough for us to see the country; we did not land until half-past eight. There was a crowd of people on the quay, and the bells of the Cathedral were set ringing; but the people were very much disappointed at our arriving so late, as they meant to have had grand doings in honour of the Bishop's return. We drove up to Bishop's Court (a distance of about eight miles) in a procession of five carriages, a party of twenty including the Glovers. We found Florence Gray and her governess, who had quite given up expecting us. This is a splendid old house, and they have managed to house us all very comfortably."¹

The triumphal arch was inspected next day. The coloured people had put it up themselves, with boughs of the beautiful silver tree, and arums,

¹ L.

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geraniums, and many pink-flowered bulbs, arranged with the taste that seems inherent in the natives at the Cape.

After a week's visit the Bishop's "ladies" were assembled in the library to hear the rule. They were to be a community supporting themselves; not under vows, but under a light rule, and under a promise to keep that rule as long as they remained in the Community. They were, in fact, to be something like the Beguines of the Low Countries. The dress was to be grey, with a simple cap and white apron indoors, and a cloak and bonnet and blue veil out of doors; and an ebony and ivory cross was worn on a dark blue ribbon.

A temporary house had been found in Plein Street, facing Government House, and the Kafirs at Zonnebloem had made some plain, strong furniture for it. It was to be called St. George's Home. On Thursday, November 19th, all assembled in the chapel at Bishop's Court for a celebration of the Holy Eucharist, and after the Nicene Creed the promise of obedience to the rules was given and the cross was given to each lady by the Bishop, with the words: "In remembrance that you are called to share the Cross and sufferings of Christ." An address of counsels for the inner life was delivered, and this was afterwards printed as the inner rule. It is very high and beautiful in spirit, and might well serve as the inspiration for the most devoted sisterhood.

It was in some respects a drawback that Dean

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

Douglas, who had first thought of a Home, had just been called to the See of Bombay ; but with the Bishop himself for Warden, and the Rev. T. F. Lightfoot (afterwards the Venerable Archdeacon), as our director in the outside mission work, there was no cause for regret. We were to attend all the Cathedral services, matins daily at 7.30, even-song at 5, and were to have "offices" in the oratory at 9, 12, and Compline.

We soon began work in the Cathedral Parish and others. The nucleus of a Penitentiary or "Refuge" was begun with three girls, while the Hospital was visited, and Miss Arthur's Orphans taught. The latter work was very delightful, and very different from the regularity and monotony of work under "codes." All ages from sixteen to a child in arms sat round the table, and all subjects had to be crowded into two or three hours. Miss Arthur would pop in, insisting on the lessons being practical, *e.g.*, proportion sums were not to take the form of labourers and hay to cut, but of puddings and their ingredients. All the sums had to be going on at once, from simple addition to the "logarithms" demanded, to the dismay of the teacher, by a Kafir girl of sixteen imported from Zonnebloem.

And ever as we went about our work in alleys and places where coloured people dwelt, and along the burning roads to hospital, prison, or school, we had time to lift up our eyes on the grand mountain, majestic in its strength, and beautiful in outline and colouring—a meet emblem it sometimes seemed of

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the great Bishop who was as a bulwark to his Church.

Ere three months had passed after his landing the Bishop was able to put the crown on his long battle for the afflicted Church in Natal by consecrating the new Bishop who was to take the place of him who had fallen from his high estate. There had been a little anxiety owing to delay of the mail steamer bringing the Bishop-elect and his family. The new Dean, the Rev. H. Alder, also arrived by it, and on Sunday, 24th, the Metropolitan himself installed him in the Cathedral, and preached on the words, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

At great cost of time and money the Bishops had assembled. Bishop Cotterill of Grahamstown, Bishop Welby of St. Helena, sacrificing his present chance of a visit to England, and the Bishop of the Orange River Free State, who took three weeks in an ox-waggon to do the journey. All preparations were made by Sunday evening. Bishop Gray, assisted by a more musical suffragan, had practised chanting the Litany. He seemed deeply moved at the thought of the Consecration at last. "We shall do a great work for Christ to-morrow, and wipe off a fearful stain from the Church," he said, as he bade farewell to a worker before driving home. There were still some fears of a protest during the service, and one fearful warning was penned anonymously, bidding the Bishops beware of a great catastrophe if they dared to proceed with the function. This hint at a sort of "Gunpowder

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

Treason" lost a good deal of its terror by only turning up next day.

¹Monday, St. Paul's Day, rose bright and beautiful, and an immense congregation was assembled in the ugly but convenient St. George's Cathedral long before 11.30. A processional hymn was used for the first time in Cape Town, and, as the strains of "The Son of God goes forth to war" were heard approaching, all felt that so dignified and solemn a service could not be interrupted, that there would be peace. The great distances to come, and the few clergy then in the Colony, made the sixteen Priests in the procession seem quite a host. There were the Bishops of the South African Church each in his place, each accompanied by a Chaplain bearing—by the Metropolitan's permission—his Pastoral Staff. The Metropolitan's Cross was borne before Bishop Gray. The scarlet doctor's hoods, worn over the robes, were an unfamiliar sight at that time, but when Bishop Gray was asked to consecrate in his mitre he refused, saying that it was proper to do so, but that he had had such a battle to fight for the Church's Faith, that he would not make this the occasion for a fight for Ritual, however correct.

The Metropolitan celebrated, with the old Bishop of St. Helena as deacon, and the Bishop of the Free State as sub-deacon. The Bishop of Grahamstown preached a grand sermon on "These things write I unto thee, hoping to come unto thee shortly; but if I

¹ The following account is condensed from a paper written by the author in the *Monthly Packet* the same year (1869).

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tarry long, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the House of God, which is the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." Very suitably, considering the main ground of the recently gained battle, the hymn sung during the first robing of the Bishop-elect was, "Christ is made the sure Foundation," while during the final robing the anthem, "O pray for the peace of Jerusalem," was rendered by the really beautiful choir of the Cathedral.

Peace and-not strife was the motto of that day, for at last, quietly in his own Cathedral, no mandate asked or required, the great Metropolitan consecrated the Rev. W. K. Macrorie, who had come so bravely out, in spite of warnings and persuasions, to take up his cross. He now took the oath of obedience to the See of Cape Town, designating himself as "chosen Bishop of the Church, in communion with the United Church of England and Ireland, in Natal." Then the Metropolitan sitting, the three others standing, the imposition of hands took place. In the Exhortation at those words of pathetic significance, "Be to the flock of Christ a shepherd, not a wolf," the Pastoral Staff was placed in the hands of the new Bishop, and he took his place among his brethren.¹

Bishop Macrorie had selected the hymn, "Oh, happy band of pilgrims," which was sung as a recessional, for in those simple days we did not know that this ought to be delayed till after evensong. The service

¹ His own Pastoral Staff was given by Radley friends, and bore the inscription, "One Fold, one Shepherd."

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

had taken just three hours, and the clergy and many friends joined in a luncheon in St. George's Schools that was a veritable love-feast.

“Ay, 'tis a glorious gathering! They are meeting face to face,
Who have fought the self-same battle, who have run the self-same
race.

By an evil generation for scorn and byword named,
They had set their faces like a flint, and would not be ashamed.
For once it was not warfare; there were naught but words of love,
And some faint foretaste of the joy of them that dwell above;
Let the strife wax hotter round us—but who shall know despair,
Remembering what true hearts, firm hands, and loving souls were
there?”

Perhaps nothing was more remarkable and encouraging than the way in which the great laymen of South Africa gathered round their Bishops and aided the cause, heart and soul. The offertory was nearly eighty pounds, and was given to the new Bishop for Natal. Dr. Ebden, a well-known name, doctor to the Bishop, gave proof of his kindness, for the new Bishop's eldest little girl was lying seriously ill at Bishop's Court, and Mrs. Macrorie had hardly liked leaving her for the Consecration; but Dr. Ebden left the Cathedral, to ride over the eight miles and see the child, and bring back a cheering account to her parents.

“This day will leave its mark on the Church to all generations,” were the Metropolitan's words to one of the “Sisters” ere returning home on that happy day. But it was in no exultant spirit over his erring and deposed brother. For the same evening, entertaining the Bishops and a party at dinner, someone rather

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naturally wished to propose the health of the Bishop of Maritzburg. Writing of this in later years, the latter says: "It is impossible to forget Bishop Gray's face, the moment he saw the intention. You can imagine the relief to myself to note that he would not permit anything of an ordinary congratulatory character to intrude itself on such an occasion. But what struck us all was the intense emotion with which he begged that nothing like a note of triumph might be heard, saying in such a humble way, 'No, no—I could not bear that—my dear brother knows that he has our prayers under the burden laid upon him to-day. But please let us have no toasts at such a time. My thoughts have been much with poor Colenso all day.'¹

A Synod of Bishops, sitting at Bishop's Court, decided that the new Bishop's title should be "Maritzburg," as ecclesiastically more correct than Natal, and as removing one ground of friction.

On the Feast of the Purification a goodly band of friends assembled at the Cathedral to give God-speed to the Bishop and those bound for Natal.

He said that the position he should take was as Bishop of those who would acknowledge him. Outsiders talked with enjoyment of "a fight between two Bishops." Graver men had told the Metropolitan that he was but adding to the troubles of Natal by the Consecration—but they were wrong. Natal ceased to be a trouble to the Church from that date. In a gentle and conciliatory manner the Bishop of

¹ Letter from Bishop Macrorie.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

Maritzburg carried out an uncompromising policy ; that he claimed those only who acknowledged his rule, but that for these there must be no fusion in things religious with those who acknowledged the deposed Bishop. This led to a clear path of duty, with the least possible friction. From the first, all the clergy except three or four adhered to the now lawfully appointed Bishop, and all Church people followed their example, except the few who were formally committed to Colenso—the remainder of his following consisting chiefly of those who had never been Churchmen at all. For some little time vexatious orders were issued to the Army and Navy to ignore the newly-consecrated Bishop, but these orders were never universally attended to, and were not long obeyed at all.

From the day of Consecration, a weight of care seemed to leave the shoulders of the Metropolitan, and his face became for a while less careworn. He now devoted his attention to the affairs of his Diocese.

Among other things he sought for and found a permanent home for his “Ladies”—but ere they took possession of it, fresh work was found for two of the eight. Partly for health, Miss Humphreys and Miss Pocklington went to stay at the Bishop's Cottage at Kalk Bay, the Brighton of Cape Town, a little fishing village in False Bay, whose snowy sands were largely composed of minute shells. The huts were mainly wattle and daub, with uprights occasionally of whale-ribs. Some of the better classes had built themselves

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tiny rough cottages, and came for bathing, and to get air and cool nights ; for the bay, facing south, had no land in one direction between it and the South Pole. The Muizenberg hills, a delight of scrubby aromatic shrubs, Cape everlastings, bulbs and parasitical plants, rose behind, while the graceful outline of the hills across the bay, ending in Cape Hanglip, were a continual joy. The mixed population of coloured people, Manilla men, Malays, Portuguese, Dutch, and English, were living with few religious helps. The school-chapel was served by a catechist, once a good schoolmaster, but now old and inclined to be content with twenty-five children, and to let the rest slip into the hands of the Roman Catholics, who had also built a chapel there. These ladies began with the parents, whom they stirred up, until the school quickly rose to sixty. Sunday schools were started, and the ladies gave their help chiefly at first by beginning an infant school. Later on they undertook the whole school on the retirement of the catechist ; built a house for themselves and a few orphans who lived with them, built a church, and began the endowment for an incumbent—and Kalk Bay has ever since been a regular parish. This little house formed a pleasant change for such of the Cape Town "Sisters" as were invited there from time to time. Another lady joined them, and the "Trio" did good work, which has lasted.

Meantime the party in Cape Town moved into the permanent home, close to the Cathedral, and St. George's Home, in Keerom Street, became at once

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

the centre of women's work for the Diocese. St. George's Home consisted of an old Dutch house, built round a square court, in the fashion the Dutch learned from their Spanish conquerors, and they from the Moors. A vine trellis ran round two sides ; and opposite the Mission House was the Refuge, with beds for twenty penitents, which was almost newly built. In every detail the Bishop had taken the greatest interest. A drying-ground behind the Refuge was bordered by a low-built wash-house on one side and by a strip of garden on the other. This ground opened on New Street, and formed the shortest way to the Cathedral.

A very characteristic incident occurred just before the dedication of the new Home. The Dean, wishing to shield the Bishop from the criticism of those who at that time thought candles "hypocrisy," ordered that at the dedication the Sisters should *not* light the candles on the altar, though they were accustomed to do so. The Superior sent a lady to Bishop's Court to ask the Bishop if they must give them up. The Bishop showed himself sorry the Dean had thus ruled it, but was quite firm in saying the order must be obeyed ; and then, as if to take out the sting, he took her to the garden and cut lovely flowers for the altar, sent fatherly messages and a special spray of orange blossom for the Superior.

The Home was dedicated on September 8th, 1869, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by the Bishop, in the presence of several clergy. From

St. George's Home. 50

that time he took great pleasure in showing people over the Home. One of the first visitors was Sir Philip Wodehouse, to whom he playfully remarked on Miss Fair's reckless extravagance in wanting a kitchen range. The next day came a cheque for twenty pounds from the Governor "for a range, or any other piece of desperate extravagance."

On November 19th, the first anniversary of our reception at Bishop's Court, the Bishop celebrated in our Oratory, and gave an address of gentle warning and encouragement.

Now and always, to the day of his death, the Bishop acted as not only Visitor, but as Warden, a combination hardly possible, except in the rare case of an Episcopal Founder. Father Waggett, in a paper contributed to the *Southern Cross*, on the "Relations of a Bishop with the Religious Communities in his Diocese," distinguishes carefully between the ecclesiastical obedience due by religious to the Bishop as Diocesan, a right descending to him from the Apostolic College, and the religious obedience due to the Superiors and Wardens of religious orders, by virtue of the voluntary submission and consent of the governed. The former has control *ab extra*; and in a lesser way, the parish priest has control over them *as* parishioners, but neither more nor less than the Bishop rules the clergy or the rector his parishioners. What is done within their houses concerns neither, unless they hold some official religious post over the community. The latter direct them *ab intra*, and control, within the limits of

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the rule, the inner life and work of the households. Thus, a rector can accept or decline their help as parish workers, and can direct that work. A bishop can license or not license, and visit or refuse to visit the churches of priests under religious vows, but cannot settle when they go to bed or how often they say offices, unless he is also Visitor of the Community. He adds, "When a Bishop like St. Francis de Sales has been as nearly a founder as man can be the founder of a community of women, it will surely be most desirable that he should be visitor, if he be not warden ; but let him be so as a kind of founder, and not *ex-officio* as ruler of the Diocese."

This explains why, when Dean Douglas being called to Bombay, and his successor being unwilling to undertake the office of Warden, the Bishop so naturally fell into the position, and ruled and directed the Community with good results. A third and yet a fourth Dean were appointed before his death, but the happy relations of the Bishop to the Home were not disturbed ; and a letter probably exists still in his letter-book, explaining to the present Dean why he could not now give up the office. Unfortunately, however, the Dean's name remained in the rules as originally drafted, and caused trouble later.

A happier state of things for the Community could not have come about. He was Warden, father, friend and counsellor in one. The sisters fell into their work. One visited the Hospital, and cared for the Cathedral altar and altar linen ; others had

St. George's Home. 50

large districts mapped out for them, where, owing to the scanty supply of clergy, their work was almost clerical; the clergy sometimes only having time to examine those already prepared for baptism and confirmation at the Home. One taught for two or three hours daily in Miss Arthur's Orphanage, and also visited the House of Correction four times a week, holding service in Dutch on Sundays, and on week-days acting as instructor under Government. Soon a child here and there was thrown on our hands, and the Bishop gave us leave to take them in, if we could support them. Two rooms on one side of the inner court were prepared for them; bits of material, begged, and joined up, were fashioned into brilliant patchwork garments, and if possible, a lilac print pinafore—not of patchwork—gave a respectable tone to their attire; bare feet, of course, were no hardship. As to their food, it was mostly scraps collected from the kindly Cape Town folk. Such was the beginning of St. Michael's Home for "Wrecklings." This was the Bishop's own name for our children, who were of a class that could not be taken by Miss Arthur. Among our first was a little girl of Indian blood "thrown away" by her mother, and sent with her brother to the House of Correction, as there were no workhouses. Here her motherly little ways caused her to be called "Mammetje" (little mother), and if ever a child was hurt or wanted comforting, out would come Mammetje's handkerchief, a very gaudy one, and comfort was administered. When

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she came to be baptized, we gave her the name of the world-famed mother, Monica.

One day the Bishop had seen a hideous little black object, and probably had spoken or looked kindly at her, and the next day as they came out from lunch at Bishop's Court, the Bishop's black page was found doubled up with laughter and pointing to a sofa in the drawing-room, where lay curled up one of the very ugliest little morsels of humanity, calling herself Eva. The child who thus claimed the Bishop's protection was handed over to us; and for some time she chiefly sat in the sun and ate the wall of the Home, a natural instinct leading her thus to strenghten her bones, which were only cartilage. By degrees she became human; and in a few years, when the Bishop came to give away the prizes at St. Michael's Home, and those who had *tried* to be good went up to receive a wreath from the Bishop, Eva went to be crowned, and as the Bishop fitted the flowery wreath on her woolly head, someone laughed at the comical sight, but the Bishop stopped it, saying, "She may wear as bright a crown as any of us by and by." Eva looked on the Bishop as her special possession, and would hang on to his coat-tails as he walked about the room. Years after, when he had gone to his reward, a prize-day came when a prize was to be given to her who had tried hardest to be good in the opinion of her companions; and all English, Dutch, Malay, and African, voted for Eva, whose attainments were still of the humblest order, but

St. George's Home. 40

whose ugly little face was transfigured by good humour. She has since followed her Bishop into a world more wonderful in its transforming power than anything in this. These were the sort of children with whom we filled the whole house next the Home, when we were able to buy it. As a friend wrote of it: "There are no rows of little iron bedsteads as in English Orphanages; the children lie upon clean straw, and are taught lessons of honesty, purity, and love to God and one another. When they are old enough and fit for service, good places are found for them, and not a few heads of families have reason to bless the ladies of St. George's Home for the useful servants trained at St. Michael's."

The refuge was filled quickly up to its full number (twenty), and the Bishop when he walked in, as so often he did on his Friday visits, seldom forgot to look in on the girls in their laundry or workroom and hope they were "being good." If any girl wished to see him alone, he never refused. When the Bishop was known to have arrived, a pleasant stir went through the home. The ladies hastened to tell him the latest news of their work; the children hoped for a visit; the Superior had to see him on business in her little room; and then perhaps he went to the vestry to receive the confessions of those who desired it. The rule of the English Prayer Book, permitting, but not enforcing the Ministry of Reconciliation was the rule of the Home.

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As an instance of the Bishop's interest in all details of the work, we may mention a poor coloured girl, lately baptized and confirmed, who had so laid to heart his injunction in the Confirmation Charge that all should be missionaries, that she gave up her only rest time in the week, Sunday afternoons, to teach the children in Crooked Elbow Lane. She had meekly asked for some books, as it was "a little difficult, you see, Missis, to teach them to read without." The Bishop hearing this, gave some money, begging it might be spent in helping her effort. We bought for her some religious pictures to teach from.

Once he arrived at the Home on May 29th, which fell on a Sunday, bringing a bunch of oak leaves for one of the Community, who was the great Jacobite. In the Cape late autumn they are hard to get; but the Bishop's Court woods furnished a few still lingering on. "I hope you had them in time for Church," he said afterwards.

Other works started later in connection with the Home will be mentioned in their place; but here it may be stated that many of his friends said after his death that the Home had been a great joy to him, and that its works of rescued souls, sheltered little ones, poor, and sick, and sorrowful, comforted and taught, rewarded him for all his labour in founding the Home.

When Bishop Tozer first heard that the Metropolitan was bringing "eight independent ladies across the wild Atlantic," he told him that he

St. George's Home. So

should watch with interest the experiment of making them run in harness. "If you succeed, as I trust you may, I think this will not be the least among your many and heroic feats."

As long as the founder's guiding and loving spirit was at the helm, this aspiration of Bishop Tozer's was fulfilled. And without going so far as to claim for any modern Community an exact reproduction of the first Christians, yet the expression, "of one heart and one mind," was not inappropriate, for a leading layman of the Colony remarked, "What I like about your Community is its *esprit de corps*; you all hold together." It would have been difficult for us to do anything else as long as we were followers of our Bishop, as he was of Christ.

Chapter X.

THE METROPOLITAN IN SYNOD.

“Let all men respect the deacons as Jesus Christ, even as they should respect the Bishop as being a type of the Father, and the presbyters as the Council of God and as the College of the Apostles. . . . For I received the ensample of your love in the person of your Bishop, whose very demeanour is a great lesson, while his gentleness is power—a man to whom I think even the godless pay reverence.”—*St. Ignatius to the Trallians.*

IT has already been seen how, amid much trouble and some opposition, Diocesan Synods were established in South Africa. Their regular use ever since has amply proved the justice of Bishop Gray's dictum as early as 1851 that they are “essential to the safety, if not the being, of the Church.”

The difference between these Synods and the Diocesan Conferences so common in England is that the latter have no power of government, and the series of resolutions passed are in no way binding on clergy or laity.

One feature of these Synods should be mentioned. The Bishop entertained the whole Synod at luncheon daily, about forty at the first Synod

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and more afterwards. "Where is all that going?" exclaimed a gentleman to his neighbour, standing on the stoep of the bookseller's shop in front of the Cathedral. Two men were forcing along the street a large, heavy, open truck, well filled. "Don't you know? Why, all that is going to the Synod, which meets every day this week." "Oh, don't I wish I was a member of the Synod," exclaimed the other, and away rolled the truck to the Boys' Schoolroom opposite, where a sumptuous luncheon was prepared each day.¹

The earlier informal Synods had led to the fully organised Diocesan Synods of 1857, 1860, and subsequent ones. And now it remained to organise a representative Synod for the entire province. This was the more necessary, as the province now, by the breakdown of the Letters Patent, required a constitution and canons of its own; and if these were not to be simply imposed by the Bishops there must be a deliberative assembly.

That assembly, the first South African Provincial Synod, met in Cape Town in February, 1870, and sat for four weeks, immediately after the three weeks of the Diocesan Synod. It was this incessant work of the same kind which finally killed Bishop Gray. As one of the lay delegates to this Synod wrote after his death: "The complaint was the one he first suffered from in 1870, brought on by the seven weeks' sitting in the Diocesan and Provincial Synods during our hottest months of

¹ E.

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January and February, at which time the wear and tear of mind and body was immense. His house was full the whole time. I remember his telling me then, when remarking to him about riding out against a south-easter, that it was the only quiet time he had, the ride out and home. He never at any time was the best of sleepers, and at this time he slept worse than ever.”¹

The Synod sat in the Cathedral, the Metropolitan’s chair being in front of the altar, just outside the sanctuary. His crozier was displayed behind him. To one who objected to this use of the Cathedral, he answered that he had always felt it a help towards keeping a reverent and serious tone in their discussions. The composition of this Synod was in accordance with the canon it afterwards passed, and which has been the rule since.

The Ignatian principle, “Do nothing without the Bishop,” was maintained by the House of Bishops sitting right and left of the Metropolitan, represented on this occasion by the Bishops of Grahams-town, St. Helena, and Maritzburg. But, following another maxim of St. Ignatius, these were surrounded by “the fitly wreathed spiritual crown of the presbytery;” and mighty men were present among that circle, one priest for every ten in the respective Dioceses, including the Dean of Maritzburg, the Archdeacons of the Cape, of Grahams-town, and Natal. One deacon might come with each Bishop to speak, but not to vote. Here,

¹ L.

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however, the Ignatian model ended, for as many lay delegates as clerical were present. The principle had already been conceded for Diocesan Synods, but as matters of faith and doctrine would come before a Provincial Synod, some objected, led by the Dean of Maritzburg in a learned speech. The Apostolic Council of Jerusalem was freely claimed by both sides. Anyhow, it proved the *presence* of the laity, and the fact that they "sent greeting" to all the Church, the *decrees* being "of the Apostles and elders." The great name of Cyprian of Carthage was quoted on behalf of the laity, and certainly his ideal of Church government was very different, more Roman and less Oriental than that of St. Ignatius. Almost, it has been said, might his ideal be, "Do nothing without the faithful." Here in South Africa, as there in North Africa, the different functions of clergy and laity were acknowledged. The Orders might resolve themselves into separate Houses, and to the House of Bishops, advised by the House of Priests, alone belonged the right of decreeing matters concerning faith and doctrine; the laity having the right to give or withhold consent in other matters, and nothing could be made a law of the Church except by a majority of all orders. The Synod began by a declaration of fundamental principles, declaring themselves "The Church of the Province of South Africa."

In connection with this name a lively discussion ensued, some thinking it disloyalty to the

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"Mother Church of England" not to call themselves "Church of England in South Africa." At length a lay delegate rather rudely told the Metropolitan, "You are a Bishop of the Church of England, and you know you are." The Bishop rose and replied most politely, "Dr. — says I am a Bishop of the Church of England; will he tell me in which province I am?" Dead silence. "The Church of England is divided into two provinces, Canterbury and York; in which of these does Dr. — place me?" No intelligible answer was forthcoming; and the Bishop went on, "Perhaps as I hold a Canonry in my native Diocese of Durham, he would place me under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of York. No; the truth is what I have long been proclaiming, and what the late Bishop of Exeter stated many years ago, 'There is no such thing as the Church of England anywhere but in England.'"¹ Afraid lest he had hurt the lay delegate's feelings, he openly said in Synod next day that he should be sorry to have done so by anything he said, and that evening Dr. — dined at Bishop's Court.²

One very important point should be remembered in that declaration, because quite lately Bishop Gray has been spoken of as desiring to break away—or at least as making it possible for his Church to break

¹ Again, it is well to observe that the Bishop only referred to the official designation of the Church "in all acts and documents," not excluding the terms "English or Anglican Church."

² A. VI.

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away from Anglican formularies. It declared, "We disclaim for this Church the right of altering any of the standards of faith and doctrine now in use in the Church of England."

The Bishop of Grahamstown, wise and legally learned, had drawn up a Deed of Constitution. The Constitution was not to be unalterable, but was only to be altered with much consideration, at two successive Synods. The only point that need be mentioned here is the famous *Third Proviso*.

With every wish to preserve whole and entire intercommunion with the Church of England, the daughter did not desire to put herself under a yoke, burdensome to the Mother Church, and from which she herself had escaped. This yoke was represented then by Privy Council Judgments. The Proviso now runs as follows, and is attached to Article I. of the Constitution :—"Provided, also, that in the interpretation of the aforesaid standards and formularies, the Church of this Province be not held bound by decisions in questions of faith and doctrine, or in questions of discipline relating to faith and doctrine, other than those of its own ecclesiastical tribunals, or of such other tribunal as may be accepted by the Provincial Synod, as a tribunal of appeal."

Dean Green (Maritzburg) says, speaking of the original draft of the Proviso, which had explicitly repudiated Privy Council jurisdiction: "Bishop Gray, when we reached that clause, rose at once, and remarked that he regarded it as unseemly for the

Church, in such a document as her Constitution, to directly refer to the Privy Council of our Sovereign as to a body with which she must be in perpetual warfare. The Proviso was accordingly altered at his instance to enunciate only a general principle.”¹

The Metropolitan’s contribution to preparation work had been a tentative Book of Canons, and it is an instance of his habit of yielding to others where no principle was involved, and of the humility of his mind in accepting correction from others, that very few of these were ultimately adopted exactly as drafted.

At one point in the proceedings attention was called to the fact that the Bishops appointed under Letters Patent, though those Letters were incapable of giving them coercive jurisdiction, were, oddly enough, still shielded by them from coercion—in other words neither the Metropolitan nor the suffragans created thus could be amenable to any ecclesiastical court for any offence. An offer on their part to resign their Sees, and, if re-elected, to come voluntarily under the new order, was firmly rejected by the Synod, which passed a resolution of absolute confidence in the present holders of the Sees.

There was a great desire on the part of the Synod that the title Archbishop should be definitely adopted by the Metropolitan, this title being the only one used in the Prayer Book for this office. The real power residing in each Metropolitan would be unaffected, but in the public mind, the title *not* having

¹ B.

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been used in the Colonies, had created a misunderstanding in many quarters as to the lawful authority of Metropolitans not decorated with this title of honour. Bishop Gray then arose and made a most characteristic speech. It was, he said, quite the right title, and would from the beginning have been given, and men's minds would have been clearer on the status of the Metropolitan dignity, but some of the earliest Metropolitans had objected to it, especially Bishop Fulford, of Montreal. "I can see his modest figure now," said Bishop Gray, "and recall his pleading not to assume such a dignified title," and he added that no doubt in time the title would be adopted in all the Colonies. But until then he would shrink instinctively from anything like a putting of himself forward in the eyes of the world, as desiring a title of greater honour. "I have had," he said, "to stand up before the world for the Faith, but I could not do it for my own honour."

A resolution was then passed, saying the title was desirable, and praying that steps might be taken to ascertain when and how this might best be done.¹

The Synod ended with an address of gratitude to the Metropolitan.

The ease with which Bishop Gray had presided over a Synod of all orders in the Church, filled with the pick of each Diocese, and had brought all to an end with substantial unity on essentials, organising as

¹ It is well known that in 1893 the Provinces of the Canadian Dominion took the title for their Metropolitans, and the Pan Anglican Synod, of 1897, recognises all Metropolitans by that title.

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a voluntary body the whole Church of the Province, under laws which have stood the test of troubled times, was remarkable. If anything unworthy were said, his eye would flash, and something like wrath entered the tones of his voice ; but oftener he showed keen sympathy with, and insight into others' views, and occasionally, especially if his wording of a Canon were attacked, a merry twinkle of the eye and a ready submission to the wish of others. Two opinions on his manner of conducting business may be quoted ; one that of a layman speaking chiefly of him in Diocesan Synod :—

“I like to recall him as presiding in the Synod of his Diocese, where unchecked scope was afforded to his administrative powers and judicial capacity, and the fullest illustration given of his spiritual insight, his complete devotion to the Church of Christ, his fraternal love for clergy and laity alike.”¹

The other words are those of his great suffragan, Henry Cotterill, Bishop of Grahamstown, then Bishop of Edinburgh, and were spoken at the Leeds Church Congress, after hearing the news of Bishop Gray's death. The Bishop of Edinburgh said that “There was one peculiar feature of Bishop Gray's character which he had seen repeatedly exhibited, and which he thought ought to be recorded ; it was this: that while he never knew any man more determined in the maintenance of all truth, he had never known one more gentle in spirit, more forbearing in temper, and more

¹ L.

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womanly, almost, in affection ; that he, living beside him in that African Episcopate, and seeing him frequently, connected with him in business under the most trying circumstances, and having mostly to support, though sometimes differing from him ; yet he had never once seen the least failure of temper or the least absence of that generous consideration for others which marks the highest natural and the most gifted mind in grace."¹

One more conference should be mentioned, and it illustrates how heartily he longed for the unity of Christendom, on which subject the Provincial Synod passed a strong resolution. He had already, on the occasion of the Grand Duke Alexis' visit, invited the Chaplain to Bishop's Court, and had visited the Grand Duke on board his ship. The Chaplain, however, proved to be a half-educated monk, speaking nothing but Russian, and there was no response. "Had he been a man of learning, capable of conferring with us, I would have offered him the use of my Cathedral, and had it been accepted, would have myself attended the service, and, if permitted, would have communicated," said the Bishop.

But the Conference which, in 1871, the Bishop was asked to hold, was with the authorities of the Dutch Reformed body at the Cape. They were considerably alarmed at the teaching in their own Universities in Holland ; for their sons, after studying there, came back imbued with German Rationalism.

¹ C.

Bishop Gray had made a noble stand for the integrity of the Word of God, and this encouraged the Moderator, Actuarii, and Scriba of the Dutch Reformed in Cape Town to approach him, and to ask on what terms union with the Church would be possible. A personal conference was proposed, and the three gentlemen above-named were asked to come out to Bishop's Court to spend the day and discuss. Very few of the clergy appeared to support the Bishop. Dr. Faure, Mr. Murray, and Dr. Robertson, however, arrived. When Dr. Faure suggested an exchange of pulpits as a first step to union, the Bishop replied that he did not consider any advance towards real unity could ever be made by such compromises. He thought that whatever hindered union on either side at present, must hinder them from being proper teachers of each other's people. He was anxious, however, for more intercourse and friendliness. At luncheon, throwing aside more serious topics, he was very cheerful, chaffing Dr. Robertson on the numbers of geese and other good things which the Dutch lavish on their Predikants. Dr. Murray was under some misapprehension about St. George's Home, and the Bishop took a wicked pleasure in referring him to the Superior in person, whom he perhaps did not recognise as being of the party. He afterwards spoke with satisfaction of the conference, not so much as giving any hope of union, but as setting people to think and read.¹

¹ F. Alpha.

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In due course of time a learned answer from the Bishop was handed to the Moderator, and published. The Bishop fixed the Nicene Creed and the acceptance of the Apostolic Ministry, with Episcopal Ordination as a corollary, as the basis of union; but the Historic Episcopate was just what they could not accept. The Bishop quotes the *Institutes* of Calvin, to show that he never quite declared against Episcopacy as a lawful form of Church government. He also quotes the Synod of Dort, and he ends with a very sad picture of the state of religion in Geneva itself. "Where is the religion of Calvin in Geneva?" he asks. "France, Holland, Germany, too, seem to have lost the 'Dordrecht Orthodoxy,' and Socinianism was taking its place." This the Cape Dutch clergy deplored as much as he did. He proposed co-operation in good works where possible, and reminds Dr. Robertson of an "act of Christian charity" which he had shown to the Bishop on his first Visitation, and which he had never forgotten. And he added some prayers for unity, including the Collect of the Association for promoting the Unity of Christendom.

But the rainbow vision of peace and union was not for his day. Yet surely "The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it."

And even as we write comes news of that "Mission of Help" in South Africa, which is to enable "Boer and Briton alike to realise their common brotherhood" May it be a first step

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towards a common Christianity, and to "One Flock and one Shepherd."¹

¹ It should also be remembered that when Government were proposing to discontinue grants to "Ministers of Religion," the Bishop, seeing the Dutch were even less prepared for this than ourselves, secured for them for a time the continuance of Government aid.

Chapter XI.

THE BISHOP ON VISITATION.

“ ‘Go, preach Me everywhere, always ;
Lo, I am with you all the days.’
He bade them, and the saved went forth,
And sultry South and bitter North
Rose up and sang their Master’s praise ;
For Christ went with them all the days.”

Bishop of Derry.



THE Visitation tours of the last seven years of Bishop Gray’s life proved that the work throughout the land was becoming pastoral and parochial. Nevertheless, travelling in many places was still very rough, and there were quite enough difficulties to drive away dullness. The roads were often too bad for anything on wheels, and sometimes when the Bishop arrived, after a kind greeting to the parishioners, who usually came out to meet him, he would say playfully, “I must ask you to mend your ways.”

In 1865 he visited most of the Diocese, starting in August, and occupying nearly three months. He visited all the nearer districts, then George, the Knysna and Karoo, and Mossel Bay on the way

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

home. The following reminiscence of one of his clergy then at Knysna may have happened at this time :—"It was always considered an honour to take an oar in the Bishop's boat across to Belvidere. I never missed those opportunities. Once a poor coloured woman with her baby and bundle got into the boat at Belvidere to go across. When we reached the Point, the kind Bishop made room in front of the cart at his feet for the mother and babe, and gave them a lift as far as the village." Some thirty years later, when the Bishop had lain in his grave over twenty years, this priest met the same woman and found she had not forgotten the kind act.¹

The next year the Bishop, with Mrs. Gray, visited the western portions of the Diocese, which included Malmesbury, Piketburg, Clanwilliam, and Namaqualand.

In the first-named parish the Rev. W. E. Belson was the rector. He had come out many years before, at his own expense, and worked at first at Riversdale without stipend. He married a Miss Liesching, of a well-known family at that time at the Cape. An elder sister had married Captain Rainier, the Bishop's friend. His present parish was as large as many an English Diocese, containing forty thousand square miles. His successor at Riversdale, the Rev. W. F. Taylor, says of him :—"My predecessor, the Rev. W. E. Belson, who began our work at Riversdale, was there for barely three years. Yet he had already begun work, not only among the few scattered

¹ L.

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English, but also among the long-neglected coloured folk, the first real attempt to bring them into the fold of Christ. . . . The results in that short time could not but be small, but the good seed had been sown and the harvest was to follow. A few children and two or three adults were baptised by him, an aged woman and a man in his prime had been confirmed and were regular communicants, the only two coloured communicants of our Church then, as far as I could learn, in all those wide south-western districts, where now there are more than a thousand. . . . A Mission School had already been established in Riversdale by Mr. Belson." R. 7.¹

He did not live in the town of Malmesbury, where a deacon-curate was sometimes placed, and which he visited on Sundays. He lived at Abbotsdale, at the Mission Farm, then and now the centre of Church life.

Here on the borders of the Mission Farm the people would come out and greet their Bishop. On the occasion of his visit after the ending of the Colenso trouble in 1869, they came in procession with banners and hymns, took the horses out and dragged the Bishop to Mr. Belson's house—this quite of their own accord. The writer well remembers that ideal station, on a sunny black-letter Saint's day, when at an early Celebration there was a congregation of some thirty, chiefly women, on their way to harvest-work, attending with beautiful reverence to the service in the

¹ Bishop Gibson's "Sketches of Church Work in the Diocese of Cape Town."

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Church, prettily decorated with a plant of the smilax kind called Oliphant's voet. Afterwards the remark was sadly made that the congregation was small, owing to most of the men having begun harvest-work earlier. The parish had then fourteen stations in it, and these were visited once a quarter by the parish priest, and it took a fortnight to get round them. St. Helena and Saldanha Bays were among these stations. Writing to his youngest daughter at this time, from Piketburg, the Bishop said :—"In Saldanha Bay, where we are building a Mission Chapel, I had a Confirmation out of doors, because the building was not large enough to hold all. At Hoetjes Bay we had a nice congregation, and at St. Helena Bay, as usual, a very large congregation of coloured people, some of whom walked twenty miles in and out. At Hopefield the coloured people are building a very nice chapel for themselves. Altogether in that parish I have confirmed about one hundred."

It was very necessary in those days that the clergy should speak the "Taal," and Mr. Belson understood Bible and Prayer-book Dutch well enough to preach and catechize. "Kitchen Dutch" was another thing, and there was a rumour that when left alone he had one day ordered his dinner and that the affrighted maid hastily ran up the village to his mother-in-law's to ask, "What *did* the master mean? He had ordered a *human* leg for dinner."

The Bishop went on to Clanwilliam, where the Rev. J. Browning was doing a good work quietly, where nine years before, the Bishop on first visiting

The Bishop on Visitation. 50

it, had found that for thirty-four years no English priest had reached the place, and one old widow wept aloud as she received Holy Communion reminding her neighbour that it was thirty-four years since they had received it.

Little Namaqualand is the furthest parish north on the western coast, being bounded on the north by the Orange River. Great Namaqualand lies beyond the river, and is now included in German South-West Africa.

Little Namaqualand was the beginning of South African mining, and when the now wealthy copper mines near the mouth of the Orange River were found, people could hardly believe in metals in South Africa. A number of Cornish miners and other labourers came out, and as soon as he could the Bishop sent a clergyman to them. The natives are a Hottentot race of more or less unmixed descent, and here one may still find the round Hottentot hut, covered with rush mats to keep off the heavy rains, and hear the Hottentot speech, with its uncouth clicks. O'okiep is the mining centre, and Port Nolloth "a fairly busy and important harbour." At the time of this Visitation, in 1866, there was only one priest, the Rev. W. J. R. Morris, for the whole land, and that land nearly the size of Ireland. In a letter, the Bishop mentions his standing on a heap of dust, black, with bright spots, and hearing it was worth £40,000. The metal is partly smelted and shipped at Port Nolloth for Wales. Port Nolloth is three

— A Pioneer and Founder.

hundred miles by sea from Cape Town, but the Bishop had usually to do the journey overland. It was as hard a bit of travelling as was to be found anywhere in his Diocese.¹ The fact of fewer passengers this way caused the commissariat to be indifferently supplied, and the following story, though probably belonging to another occasion, may be told here.

"I remember the Bishop telling us that on one of his travels up country they were in a desert place with only a dry crust of cheese and a small piece of bread ; he said, 'I knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer with more fervour than I had ever done before.' Then they went on and got to a farmhouse, which was locked up, all but the kitchen, which they took possession of, and made a bed for Mrs. Gray on the table with cloaks and rugs, and the Bishop lay down on the floor with a rug, and felt thankful for the shelter."²

The Bishop's last long Visitation was in 1869, Mrs. Gray accompanying him. It began early in March and lasted three months. It was after this Visitation that the Bishop replied to someone who had remarked on the uncomfortableness of sleeping in the bed of a dried-up river, or on the veldt : "Oh, but the ground really is so comfortable, if you only know how to manage. Scoop a hole for the hip, and another for the shoulder, and you can rest quite comfortably."

¹ "Sketches of Church Work," and "S.P.G. Digest."

² L.

The Bishop on Visitation. 50

The Rev. J. Eedes gives a life-like account of the doings of the Bishop on Visitation, which, as they partly concern this time, may be given here :—

“Let us suppose him on one of his Karoo journeys. Hot or cold, the Bishop ever retained his official hat and tight leggings, ready for any weather. Mrs. Gray wore a dark-green plaid dress, with a large grey veldt hat of very broad brim, and surmounted by a white ostrich feather. When she put on her large leathern gloves, and turned down the hat's broad brim, and took hold of her small riding whip, she stood ready for any adventure. Every now and again they would outspan under the hospitable shade of a mimosa tree, or in the bed of some dry river, where they could let the jaded horses have a few minutes' roll in the dust, or pick up a little of the dry grass. On they went again shortly after midday, myself and friend riding on horseback behind the cart. The heat was fearful, the solemn silence most depressing. Here and there at the side of the road would appear the bleached stiff bones and white glaring skull of a poor ox left behind by a transport wagon; a couple of black crows with their white necks would sail away from the carcase as we approached. There was no living thing to be seen, excepting a brown lizard or two now and again, hurrying between the hot stones. What a fearful flash of lightning!—and then rolled down the instant thunder, and such rain that in a few minutes the water was up to our horses' knees.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

Before sunset all seemed bright, and we could discern at a distance the white Dutch farmhouse at which we expected to remain the night.

“‘And now is this the mother of all the English parsons?’ said the Dutch vrouw to me, pointing to Mrs. Gray, as we sat in the voor-kamer that evening after supper. ‘What does she say?’ was asked me quietly; upon which I explained, to their great amusement. The farmers’ wives always thought Mrs. Gray awfully proud and stiff and ‘princess-like;’ but the position was difficult for a lady knowing nothing of the ‘Taal.’ Then it was the good Bishop did his utmost to make amends; patted the half-clad children on the head, inquired how the sheep and goats were getting on, and what sort of character was the runaway soldier who was assisting them with their cattle and horses, and at the same time teaching the children. . . .

“We must now suppose the Bishop and Mrs. Gray within the town of George, upon one of their last visits together to that Archdeaconry. The town rests under the green and wooded slopes of some lofty mountains, and at the foot of the Montagu Pass, while away across the flats southwards can be viewed the wide expanse of clear blue ocean some miles off. On a fine day can be seen the upright Knysna Heads, while to the west are the prominent points beyond the port of Mossel Bay. . . . Whenever they spanned out, Mrs. Gray would at once be off with her drawing material to sketch any pretty nook or grand mountain

The Bishop on Visitation. 50

scenery within reach, and some of these beautiful views were afterwards published.

“To accomplish a ride from George to the Knysna in one day necessitates an early start. We were going to attempt the beach road, which means skirting the sea-shore, and riding along the margin of several beautiful lakes which stretched in a chain-like way towards the east ; ridges of white sandhills, covered with the melkhout tree, alone prevented them from joining mother ocean. The road was dirty, narrow, stony, and steep. After a fatiguing climb we stood still and rested on the heights above. One of our coloured converts in another Diocese exclaimed after such an experience, as he took off his hat and wiped his forehead, ‘I wonder whether Job ever drove a span of bullocks up such a hill!’ The Bishop would at once set to and pat the horses, and say, ‘Well done, old fellow,’ to Klaas, not forgetting Bokkie, the favourite dark bay horse his wife always rode. After Mrs. Gray’s death the Bishop pensioned Bokkie off, and sent him to spend the last days of his life in a quiet grassy valley at Tiger Hoek, near Caledon.

“The Plettenburg Bay Mission owes much to the munificence in past years of the Newdigate family. Mr. W. Newdigate was now residing at Forest Hall. The Bishop and Mrs. Gray were going to visit it for the last time together, and the dear old curate, Rev. Edwin Gibbs, now resting in his quiet grave at Claremont, made all preparations for an early start. Square miles of virgin forest lay

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

before us. There was no particular road, but a narrow track led downwards, along which we had to proceed, leading our horses, single file. Elephants were not unfrequently seen in these regions, and beyond Forest Hall small herds of buffaloes roamed about undisturbed. All the foliage above and around appeared to be bound together by a chaos of monkey ropes, the most delicate creepers in dense clusters doing their best to make use of them. As we neared the bottom, and when it seemed almost night, the lovely lowrie-bird, with its bright green form and dark red wings, would sweep away in front from branch to branch. Then as we stepped across the river a number of little monkeys came upon the scene, some utilising the ropes, others diving under the water. The Bishop and Mrs. Gray were great lovers of nature, and the conversation would be about its wonders and beauties, and how slow we are to appreciate God's goodness as seen in the marvels of creation.

"Besides the family and household, shepherds and foresters, Dutch or English, black and white, would all congregate together to hear the Bishop preach, Miss Newdigate presiding at the harmonium. When the service was over, the people, many of whom had walked great distances, would assemble in groups under the trees to partake of the refreshments Mrs. Newdigate provided. At an out-station of this kind, where he was far beyond the reach of daily post, with its batch of business demands, anxious thought, and immediate reply, the first

The Bishop on Visitation. 50

Bishop of Cape Town spent some of the happiest days of his Episcopate."

The last Visitations after his dear wife had gone to rest were painful times for the Bishop. In September, 1871, he started with his son-in-law, Archdeacon Glover, for Namaqualand. They went with a sketch map, annotated and prepared by Mrs. Gray when hoping to be his companion, as parts of the country were almost new ground to the Bishop. On reaching Oliphant's River the driver missed the drift, and the horses' heads turned down-stream. The Bishop and Archdeacon got out in mid-stream to extricate the cart and horses. This sort of thing occurred not once only, and they had to put their shoulders to the wheel to get the cart up the hills, till they merrily reminded each other of the definition of an Archdeacon as sent from the House of Lords to the House of Commons, "A gentleman who performs Archidiaconal functions." Were these, they asked, the sort of functions correctly described as Archidiaconal? But the results were no laughing matter. The Bishop, suffering more and more from sleeplessness, and struggling through all his work as usual, fell very ill finally at Port Nolloth, and had to be brought home by sea.

"A time of refreshing" was spent by the Metropolitan in Grahamstown a month later, when on St. Andrew's day he, with the Bishops of Maritzburg and Bloemfontein (Bishop Webb), consecrated his dear and like-minded friend, Nathaniel James

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

Merriman, as Bishop of Grahamstown, his daughter Blanche accompanying him.

The last Visitation of all was in 1872, the last year of his life, occupying eleven weeks. It was on this occasion that, when he heard that the two daughters of his old friend at Belvidere were to be confirmed, but that their mother, Mrs. Duthie, was not strong enough to cross the Knysna, he agreed to confirm them in the little church at Belvidere.¹

During this busy time he found time to write from Riversdale a weighty letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury—a letter which was published in the *Guardian*—deprecating the attack being then made on the Athanasian Creed. “We received,” he writes, “our commission as pastors, and our mission to this land, from a Church which heartily and loyally at that time adhered to the three Creeds of the Church. We ourselves still hold firmly to the faith embodied in the Creed ‘*Quicumque vult*,’ and are not prepared to put any slight upon it, or suffer it to be slighted in our churches; and we pray that no step may be taken by the Convocation of which Your Grace is the President to shake our confidence in, or abate our love and loyalty to, our Mother the Church of England;” and he adds that he more particularly deprecates its removal from the services of the Church. The letter is signed by himself and Bishop Merriman.²

It was during this Visitation that at a church in

¹ L.

² C. (Q).

The Bishop on Visitation. 56

the Karoo he again preached his sermon on the sin and danger of an unforgiving spirit, and one of his hearers, before coming to the altar, approached another, and they shook hands before the congregation.

A few words should be given on the Bishop's sermons. If they were not actually eloquent, they were ever to the point, and their effect was always felt. People rarely perhaps went away saying, "What a splendid sermon!" but, "After hearing that I must do so and so."

Nevertheless, in the opinion of most he was a good preacher, never at a loss, and never discursive. Indeed, it required a mental effort to listen to him, for a minute of wandering thoughts would cause the loss of a necessary link in the chain of argument. The very sermon mentioned above was published just before his death by the wish and at the expense of the congregation who heard it, and on his death-bed he expressed satisfaction that his latest publication should be on that subject. He had a very tender feeling about the great virtue of asking pardon of each other, and to one who said she had asked So-and-so's forgiveness he said, with his whole face lighting up, "And has it not produced a much tenderer feeling between you?"

In the Bishop's drawing-room, over the mantelpiece, hung a lovely drawing in coloured crayons of the Annunciation, sent to him by a lady as a thankoffering for a sermon which had aroused the first serious thoughts of religion in her heart.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

Miss Ainger, in her diary, mentions "one of the Bishop's plain-spoken, fearless, John the Baptist-like sermons."

Perhaps the most touching sermon he ever preached was on the occasion of the fall, publicly known, alas! of a good man. He preached in the Cathedral on the text, "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood," etc. After dwelling on the personality of the Tempter, he passed to the example of David. Then, his face and voice changing, he added, "Have you ever known what it is to have a most dear brother or sister, who once lived a life of greater holiness than your own, fallen into deadly sin? If you know of such a one, oh, pray for him! Why may he not be restored? If David remained a year unrepentant in his grievous sin, and yet was restored; if Christ's chief Apostle denied his Lord, who, even in the midst of his sin, looked on him with love and sorrow; shall we dare to judge our brother instead of praying for his repentance? Think of such as Christ thinks, look on them as He looks. None but fiends would rejoice in the fall of a good man. 'Let him that thinketh'—and oh, brethren, which of us dare do more than think?—'he standeth, take heed lest he fall.'" As the Bishop returned to his place there were tears in his eyes, and the great reticence of the public Press on that occasion was due to respect for the Bishop's words.¹

A lay opinion on the value of the Bishop's

¹ A. XI.

The Bishop on Visitation. 90

Visitations will show that they were not behind the clergy in their appreciation of their chief pastor. Mr. John Danvers, of Cape Town, long a leading Churchman at Bredasdorp, writes :—"My first introduction to Bishop Gray was at Bredasdorp, when he and Mrs. Gray were returning from a long Visitation in 1855. Both were on horseback, with servant and pack-horses attending. His kind, loving manner made him welcome everywhere. Bishop Gray often told me the great desire of his heart was to improve the general condition of the people, both Europeans and natives, and, as far as possible, to take the grace of God to everyone's door." His life and actions bore this out.

There remains a very practical note of appreciation of these Visitations to be mentioned. Very soon after he began to visit the Diocese, the Cape Parliament voted him £400 a year for his travelling expenses, feeling that, besides their spiritual good, they were the greatest assistance possible for opening up the country, for promoting education and civilisation. On one occasion it was proposed to curtail this allowance, and it was a member bearing a Dutch name, and belonging to the Dutch Reformed, who rose and said that he was so convinced of the good which every district received from the Bishop's visits, that he for one would never be a party to the disallowance of a single penny of the vote, and it was continued during the Bishop's lifetime.¹

¹ C. (I).

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

It is pleasant to remember this kindness on the part of the Cape Dutch, because it serves as a balance to the story of the Bishop pleading for a continuance of Government aid for them; and it shows how at that time, in spite of the rancour between the races after the Emancipation, the Dutch and English had settled down into good neighbourship. May it prove an earnest of true unity of races in the future.

Chapter XII.

THE BISHOP AT HOME.

“Our heaven must be within ourselves,
Our home and heaven the work of faith,
All through this race of life, which shelves
Downward to death.”—*C. Rossetti.*



ALL through these years the beautiful home-life at Bishop's Court was as a refreshing breeze amid the bustle and anxiety, the wear and tear of the public life. Now was seen the wisdom of that retreat being placed in the midst of the country, in that mountain scenery, with its wealth of tree, and shrub, and flower, amid the beauty of nature, which Ruskin says is bound to make us better men.

The Bishop would rise generally at 5, and take a walk at 6 a.m., through the fir and silver-tree woods, with the lovely undergrowth of flowers in their season—great geraniums, heaths ixias, proteas, and every bulb from flaming gladiolus to delicate butter bulbs. Glimpses of the great mountain, here clothed with trees and creeping ferns met him at

as A Pioneer and Founder.

every turn; he would walk forth to see how his vineyards did, or to catch the view and air from some open hill-top. Then back to his study, where he read or wrote for an hour and a half, until, at 8.30, came the short Morning Prayer in the chapel. Many of us remember the peculiarly low, gentle voice in which he said that service. When he crossed to the library to disrobe, his children followed him to say "Good-morning." Then, coming into the hall, he would greet any guests who might be there.

At meals, an old black servant, devoted to his master, waited, assisted by a coloured boy. Pussy, too, would come to say "Good-morning," and the Bishop would attend to her breakfast before his own. From breakfast till 4 o'clock, with only a break for lunch, the Bishop wrote in his study, and Mrs. Gray in the next room. How many hours of weary and depressing work were passed here, hours of high courage and determination to fight the battles which had come to him, hours of wise and prayerful thought, and of unsparing labour.

At 4 o'clock he would emerge, ready to walk, ride, or drive with his wife and his guests. Such walks and talks those were; and in the midst of high communings on the Church's welfare, or some aspect of religion, he would stop to point out some view or flower. Perhaps it would be the wacht-een-beetje, or "wait-a-bit" thorn, an incentive, he would smilingly say, to patience.

In the evenings, when alone, or when not many

The Bishop at Home. 50

guests were there, Mrs. Gray, who read beautifully, would read aloud—often one of Miss Yonge's stories. I believe the last book he ever read to his wife in her last illness was Miss Yonge's "Musings on the Christian Year." The last he ever read, and which he had not finished when he died, was "The Spiritual Letters of St. François de Sales."¹

One who knew Bishop's Court well in those days, says, "One always noticed that, with the most perfect hospitality at Bishop's Court, there was also the greatest moderation in their personal expenses; no waste or extravagance was allowed. But they gave splendidly, and all their old servants were pensioned."

It is impossible to those who knew Bishop's Court to think of it without the family. It can hardly be infringing on the sanctity of private life to say that the dignified and gracious mother and the charming daughters completed the happiness of a stay at Bishop's Court. Mrs. Gray, with her keen intellect and wise judgment, occupied incessantly in her husband's work, yet found time for all the kindly courtesies of ordinary life, more especially to those whom others might overlook. The three unmarried daughters saw perhaps more of the guests than their parents, especially the two elder ones, who seemed never wearied in works of kindness. The youngest daughter, Florence, was a special pet of her father's; and at one time went regularly to

¹ A. VIII.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

read with him in his study, when he came in from his morning walk.

The son, except for one visit just before his mother's death, was of course in England; and to his father's constant correspondence with him, we owe, in a great measure, the important "Life" which he edited and published after his father's death.

How the dependants around Bishop's Court loved the Bishop and his family! It seemed sometimes impossible to believe how the Bishop found time to do all he did for the poor around. Story after story could be told. Poor people, sent to the Cape Town Hospital for operations, would be visited by the Bishop, even if they were Malays. The hospital was quite a ride from the Cathedral, so that it was not an easy matter to find the time. Fever patients were visited in their huts, and attended to by the Bishop and Mrs. Gray.

One Sunday evening, the Bishop returned from preaching in Cape Town, very tired and with a bad cold. At midnight the coachman's wife came to say her husband had broken a blood-vessel, and wished to see the Bishop. Those of his family who were at home hesitated to call him, on account of his great fatigue, so the lady who taught the youngest daughter went to see what could be done, but on her return to fetch some lemons, she met the Bishop searching for a spring to fill a jug for the poor man; he sent for the doctor four miles off, and waited with the poor man till he

The Bishop at Home. 50

arrived, nearly all the night, in fact. These acts of kindness were almost constant occurrences in the daily life.¹

There were some stepping-stones in the river near Bishop's Court; and one day, finding a Hot-tentot child with a bundle of sticks on its head, hesitating to cross, the Bishop simply and naturally took the sticks and carried them over for the little one.²

One more story must be given. A poor woman was dying of cancer at the same time as Mrs. Gray was dying. The Bishop visited and read to her frequently, bringing her whatever he thought she might like. Once he told a little girl to fetch something for her sick mother. Next day he found she had refused to go, and the poor woman had gone without what was ordered. The Bishop thereupon steeled his tender heart, and solemnly whipped the child, who ran away and hid in the bush. As he was returning, hearing a slight sound of crying, the Bishop stopped, called the child to him, and spoke tenderly to her of her fault. The Bishop was a little proud of his exploit, and the Bishop's Court servants could hardly believe he had sufficient severity to whip anyone.³

More than once have we referred to the great love between the Bishop and the animal creation. Such animals as can show affection were certainly much attached to him; and he had power over almost all, and could not bear even the necessary

¹ D.

² M. written in A. xxiv.

³ D.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

slaying of mosquitos. I never remember to have seen him kill one, though Mrs. Gray was singularly dexterous and successful in destroying them. The Bishop would fill his pockets with peaches or pears to take to his horses, because they liked them. A hen made a practice of laying in his study. However often turned out, she re-appeared on one or other of the chairs; and the Bishop spoke of it several times with a sort of simple pride in her preference. In truth, the confidence of any living creature touched his heart.¹

Many of us remember how when he came into Cape Town on Fridays, and sat in the vestry, which was also the library, to see his clergy, he would have a bun for his lunch; and during this function the Cathedral mice would emerge with great confidence from their holes, expecting a repast. "Hush!" whispered the Bishop one day to someone coming in, "don't disturb my little mice." Another time he said to the writer: "Hardly anyone came to see me to-day, but I fed all my five little mice."

At one time some bees had swarmed in the roof of Bishop's Court in the drawing-room wing. Consequently, as one sat in that room one was annoyed by many buzzing intruders, and these Mrs. Gray pursued naturally and relentlessly to their death. In her absence, the dear Bishop might have been seen carefully catching bees alive in his pocket-handkerchief, and carrying them into the garden

¹ F.

The Bishop at Home. 50

to deposit them on an agreeable flower, and so save their lives.¹ Another time in England, when walking to Church with his wife and his hostess, they came on a wounded beetle lying on its back.² The Bishop would not leave it to be killed, but carried it some way till he could find a suitable shelter. One day a huge tarantula was seen crawling in the drawing-room, and there was a natural cry of "Kill it!" but the Bishop said, "No, there is room in the world for it and for us," and taking it up he put it out of doors to find its way home. This is certainly an extreme case of tenderness for live creatures, for though it is doubtful whether the tarantula is poisonous, it is an evil-looking creature.³

On board ship the Bishop always inquired into the comfort of the animals, and would go and feed the poultry, or get a horse or donkey more comfortably stabled. When seeing Miss Mackenzie and a party of recruits off for the Central African Mission, he had been trying to ameliorate the state of the live stock, and just as his boat pushed off from the ship he was heard to call out: "Mind you get something knocked up for that donkey if you can, and don't forget the barley for the geese." Verily it is true:

"He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man, and bird, and beast."

The insomnia which so long had troubled the

¹ M., written in A. XXIV.

² M.

³ D.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

Bishop lasted to the end of his life. For this reason he retired early, and made a rule against opening letters in the evening. Any anxious work would keep him awake, and Mrs. Gray would read to him sermons as a sort of mild soporific.

The Bishop at a bush fire was a sight to be seen. We used to say in fun that he liked them. One day he was riding along, not on his own property, when he suddenly came on a bush fire; people were standing about, gazing at it, and hardly attempting to put it out. In much indignation, the Bishop jumped off his horse, and rushing to the burning mass, fought the flames, till the spectators were shamed into taking part. As these fires usually occur far from water, the way to fight them is to begin at the edges and throw sand and earth-rubbish on to smother the flames, and then beating them inwards with boughs of trees or anything handy, gradually to suffocate them.¹ Mr. Eedes describes one of these:—"Upon several occasions the Bishop and his family were almost burnt out of their home on account of bush fires. In one special instance the flames came down at the back of the house during a heavy gale of wind. The Bishop and Mrs. Gray were completely knocked up from the over-exertion, contending as they did with the approaching flames; a whole gang of the poor cottagers receiving their orders and passing the buckets along to wet the thatched roofs of the side buildings.

¹ A. XVIII.

The Bishop at Home. 50

The damage to the estate was subsequently laid at £1,000. So fierce was the wind that showers of ashes were carried completely over the back of Table Mountain to settle upon the streets of Cape Town." And Table Mountain is higher than Snowdon!

Another description bears date 1859. "Just in the middle of luncheon the fire-bell rang, and away rushed the gentlemen, and every man and boy on the place. We went into the garden to ascertain the direction, and having watched the smoke, and seen it, as we imagined, abate, we returned very composedly to the pudding. Luncheon over, we started to see what could be seen. We came upon the fire just where we turn off the road into the bush to go to church. It was a wonderful sight when from time to time the wind blew the smoke from the road, discovering Mr. Glover with one division of the Kafirs, all armed with branches to beat the fire with. Then the Bishop would come up with another set of Kafirs, and Hottentots, with a small sprinkling of English; a most motley group. Presently they all rushed away to another part, and we sat down in the bush to watch. The wind changed again, and we heard the fire rushing back into the bit of bush it had left, and we had to retreat before it. Then was the time to see the road! The fire had driven everybody out of the bush. Their only aim was to prevent its getting to the other side, and to save some of the larger trees by cutting away the bush from them.

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

At almost half-past four they thought it sufficiently under to be safe to leave it, and we all returned home by the picnic ground, where it had begun."¹

Very magnificent those fires were on Table Mountain itself. One splendid fire lasted more than one night; great rivers of fire wound their serpentine course along the heaths and scrub; pools of fire, wherever there was a depression, reminded one of Doré's illustrations of the Inferno. Suddenly two tall tapers seemed to light half-way up the mountain, marking where the first couple of trees in a fine avenue had caught; gradually more and more caught the light, like the torch-bearers in the Greek races, till a stately avenue of tapers seemed like a grand illumination for some victory. It took the soldiers to put out that fire, for Table Mountain was fast assuming the appearance of a burning mountain.

Such were some of the home scenes in the life of the first African Bishop.

¹ O.

Chapter XIII.

THE BISHOP AND THE CLERGY.

“The servant of the servants of God.”

BEAUTIFUL indeed were the relations existing between the Bishop and his clergy, and most of them were his friends. He was always accessible to them. From the first, one day each week was set aside when he sat in the Cathedral and saw any who desired an interview without previous arrangement. But the clergy were always welcome at Bishop's Court. And even during Visitations the city clergy knew each day where a letter would find him, from a list made out by Mrs. Gray, and hanging in the Cathedral vestry. When he went to England—for business always, never for holidays—his address was made widely known, and none ever saw the discouraging remark that the Bishop wished to take a rest, and hoped that no one would write to him; or that “letters would not be forwarded.” One of his country clergy had been very desirous, before he took Orders, of volunteering to go to the Zambesi with Bishop Mackenzie. But

as *A Pioneer and Founder.*

Bishop Gray, considering the matter, decided that his health would not stand it, and sent him up the country to a fitter post. "And now," he writes, "when I look back through all the years since, I see the one grand figure of the Bishop as he always appeared—a perfect gentleman. His visits to Knysna were events that we always anticipated with delight. To me they were seasons of intense joy that I looked forward to with trembling excitement. And his visits were much to remember and speak of for days after. I can never forget the affectionate way in which he took me aside after a public meeting, and put his arm around my shoulder and walked away with me to have a quiet and fatherly talk. He was most anxious that I should keep out of debt, and, when he found that I could not pay my way, he gave me a cheque for £10, with the request that I would not use it till I heard that he had arrived in Cape Town, as it was the last he then possessed. To me it was doubly valuable as his last mite. His noble and generous nature must never be forgotten."¹

His advice was always ready in small as in great matters. One of the best of his clergy told the writer that in all South Africa there was only one man to whom a priest of that Diocese could go for spiritual help, and that man was Bishop Gray.

Another priest, lately appointed to a parish, found a bazaar had been arranged for by his predecessor, and, having a strong feeling against thus raising

¹ L.

The Bishop and the Clergy. So

money for Church purposes, he asked the Bishop. "Well," was the characteristic reply, "bazaars are better than debts, so let it go on."¹

Another reminiscence shows the playful manner in which he sometimes treated his clergy. On the day when he opened the new buildings at Zonnebloem he noticed one of his Archdeacons looking ill. He was a devoted man who had taken the pledge to help the hard-drinking navvies, and his health was suffering much from it. The Bishop poured out a glass of port, and insisted on his draining it. "I not only give you a dispensation from the pledge," he joyously cried, "but I require and charge you on your Canonical obedience to break it forthwith, and at once to swallow that glass of wine, and if you resist with contumacy, I shall make two Canons hold you, and myself administer the dose."²

Some of these clergy were old and trusted friends. Perhaps the friendship he enjoyed most of all was that of Nathaniel James Merriman, Archdeacon of Grahams-town, then for a short time Dean of Cape Town, and lastly Bishop of Grahamstown. He had followed the Metropolitan out within a few months, and side by side they had worked for the good of Africa and her native races. His strenuous nature was at once absolutely simple, true, and shrewd. His face and figure were characteristic of the man. He had the lean form and tanned skin of a great traveller, while the kindly eye, the humorous set of the lines on his face, and even his pointed beard, united to inspire

¹ K.

² L.

as A Pioneer and Founder.

confidence, and, if one may use the word with all respect, goodfellowship. No one ever had a dull moment in his presence. One who knew him best of all writes that unworldliness was a great characteristic, and that Dean Church's description in the *Guardian* of Lord Blachford might have stood for that of Bishop Merriman:—"The quality which was at the bottom of his character was his unswerving truthfulness, but upon this was built up a singularly varied combination of elements not often brought together, and seldom seen in such vigour and activity. Keen, rapid, penetrating, he was quick in detecting anything that rung hollow in language or feeling, and he did not care to conceal his dislike and contempt. But no one threw himself with more genuine sympathy into the real interests of other people."

Like his Metropolitan, he never sacrificed to popularity. He used to say that a readiness to condone sin, a lack of courage to make a stand against it, and, having done all ineffectually, to stand, were striking features in the decadence of English character.¹ No wonder that one so noble and like-minded, and withal so pithy and racy in utterance, and so staunch in friendship, was a real rest and joy to the spirit of Bishop Gray. When they were together, wrote one Bishop's wife, they chaffed each other like boys, and, seeing them thus, had removed some of the awe in which she stood of the great Metropolitan.

On Visitation, and when coming the four hundred

¹ L.

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miles from Grahamstown to Cape Town, Bishop Merriman usually walked all the way. Certainly the French proverb says, "*Il est aisé d'aller à piea, quand on tient son cheval par la bride.*" But occasionally the bridle was loosed, and he would lend his horse to some wayfarer, to be left for him at the next stage. The Rev. J. Eedes speaks of one of his earlier visits to Cape Town, when Archdeacon: "I recollect his arrival well; how much he looked like an Egyptian mummy, so tanned was he by exposure to the weather. He had walked along from farm to farm, although well aware of the Dutch prejudice against anyone on foot." And he gives two extracts from the Archdeacon's journal, describing a sufficient tent: "Three yards of sheeting calico, with twelve pegs of iron wire, propped up at each end by an umbrella stick, make it just high enough to creep under for a shelter at night." Another time he said: "A canvas haversack, containing a blanket, two or three hard-boiled eggs, and four threepenny pieces in my pocket, was all the provision I thought it necessary to make." And he related with a sly twinkle in his eye how once, wrapped in his blanket, he had approached a European house, whose owner chanced to be absent, and the wife, believing him to be a Kafir, fled and barricaded herself. A gentleman in England long treasured an extraordinary looking pair of what once were boots, made by the Bishop, and in which he had "walked up to Natal." His intense love for the native races was well known, and in the S.P.G. Records is recorded his letter to Bishop

— & Pioneer and Founder.

Gray in 1850, offering himself and his household for the honour of being sent on a Mission to the Kafirs. He adds that the missionaries "should go and live a hard, self-denying life in a Kafir kraal, eating, like Kafirs, sour milk and mealies, and working with and for the Kafir till they have mastered the tongue and acquired influence."¹

When he became Dean of Cape Town, he took much interest in our Wrecklings of St. Michael's Home, and some time after leaving Cape Town he wrote:—"The swarming children here often recall 'We are St. Michael's children, sir,' to my mind. There are plenty of 'Children of the Reformation' whom I would gladly see sheltered under Miss Andrews' wing, even though they rolled out like balls under my feet when I marched up the aisle."²

In saying the service he was, in the best sense, old-fashioned, and severely deprecated anyone who omitted the archaic "ed" in reading Holy Scripture. One day he flew after his daily service congregation on their way home to inquire if they always sounded the "ed," expressing himself horrified at a clergyman who had said in his hearing, "shrink'd."³

When he was to be consecrated he was glad it was to be in South Africa; he felt, he said, "a horror lest in England he might have been consecrated by some Colenso-sympathising Bishop." He wished, in case he died in England, to have his body brought back to rest in his own adopted country. He had so rejoiced that at a Confirmation just before his last visit to

¹ H.

² L.

³ M.

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England, his pastoral staff had been borne by a coloured deacon, which would at one time have been impossible.

Alas! the evil spirit which he combatted so manfully, (of behaving as though Christ had not died for the black as well as for the white man), has been too prevalent in the land since his days.

One more very delightful story must be given. While in Cape Town he was asked to give away the prizes at a large boys' school, which he did in his very original way, making fresh, quaint remarks to the boys; but when a prize was put into his hand for the best-liked boy—so judged by his schoolfellows—the Dean, taken by surprise, was equal to the occasion. A smiling young fellow came up to receive it, but the prize-giver, putting his hands behind his back, and looking very rugged and stern, said he must decline to touch that prize or have anything to do with it. "My boy, I am sorry for you," he said; "there lies the prize, which I cannot give you, but which you can take," and he reminded them of the words, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." There was never again such a prize given in Cape Town. Certainly never was a Christian name more prophetically bestowed than Nathaniel on him—he was, as Bishop Gray loved to remark, "An Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile."¹

Another great friend and helper was Dean Douglas. Perhaps his advice was more relied on by the Bishop of Cape Town than any other South African friend.

¹ M.

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

When he had gone to be Bishop of Bombay he said how much he missed him. "When I consult — he picks too many holes, and, on the other hand, — picks too few, but Dean Douglas was just right."¹ He was Dean from 1856 to 1868, and it is hardly too much to say that the whole organisation of Church work in Cape Town from a very small beginning is due to him, ably seconded by the Rev. T. F. Lightfoot, since the Venerable Archdeacon of the Cape. The Dean found the Cathedral still "like a meeting-house," but he cut down the ugly pews, and arranged the Cathedral much as it is at present, except that at a later date the altar was raised and the stalls altered and put further back. This attack on private property in Church is never popular, and so the Dean was "not understood at first, but almost worshipped before he left the Diocese for good."²

The friendship with Archdeacon Henry M. White has been named already, and that with the Rev. J. H. Thomas, who from 1863 to 1868 was Archdeacon of the Cape, has been alluded to. The latter gave some interesting accounts of his first arrival. Going to dine with Colonel Travers, Military Secretary, his cart stuck fast in the Avenue, and calling out to the coachman of a private carriage to take care of a collision, he ran after the carriage and up the steps in time to hear a gentleman tell his servant to take a lamp and look for "that unhappy parson in the Avenue." "Thank you, sir, the unhappy parson is here," and in a moment he found himself introduced

¹ E.

² E. (B),

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to Sir Philip Wodehouse, the Governor. The opening of the Cape Parliament amused him, for so exactly had English etiquette been copied that the Speaker's Mace was a fac-simile, and the Cape Radicals calmly sat under the effigy of King Charles II. He also tells of an extremely interesting meeting for the Central African Mission, when Bishop Tozer, their second Bishop, and his friend Dr. Steere (afterwards third Bishop) addressed them and earnestly disclaimed that they were engaged on a work of supererogation. "The Bishop of Cape Town summed up beautifully, and gave the Benediction with the deepest feeling, saying that our only trust for those true-hearted men is in such promises as those of this morning's Psalm, "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.'"¹

Mr. Thomas was now appointed Rector of Rondebosch as well as Archdeacon of the Cape, and, during his five years of ministry there, endeared himself to his people, who for years after felt that a saint had been in their midst. He stood staunchly by Bishop Gray through the Colenso trials, and having the warmest affection for his Bishop, preserved through life the deepest regret for having had, on account of health, to leave his side.

How many more names could be mentioned of the clergy who were devoted to him. Dear old Canon Judge, in his calm and beautiful old age, at Simon's Town, ever kind and hospitable, forming a link between the Cape Church and the Royal Navy. The

¹ Paper by Archdeacon Thomas in *Hillingdon Parish Magazine*.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

Rev. H. Badnall, successively Archdeacon of George and of the Cape, the successor of Archdeacon Thomas, a very good helper to the Bishop in many ways; Canon Ogilvie, the able and delightful Principal of the Diocesan College; the Rev. J. Espin, Warden of Zonnebloem, and since Canon of Grahamstown Cathedral, and Chancellor, and for many years head of St. Andrew's College. He and his bright, clever wife were the only people the Bishop could bear to put at Zonnebloem in the room of his dearly-loved daughter and son-in-law in 1869. Another devoted friend of the Bishop rises to one's mind—the Rev. F. W. Bindley, for several years Precentor of the Cathedral, a man, though young, full of a ripe judgment. Perhaps of all the Bishop's friends none was more singly devoted to his leader than the Rev. T. F. Lightfoot. "One called Help" might truly be his title, to whom for nearly half a century everyone connected with Cape Town has turned in any emergency with a certainty of sympathetic help. He loved the Bishop with a filial devotion which was very touching. And now, on November 12th, 1904, he has gone home, and we may well believe has been welcomed into the joy of his Lord by the Father in God whose disciple and worthy follower he has ever been.

Much has been said already of the Metropolitan's suffragans, Bishops Armstrong and Cotterill, Claughton and Welby, Macrorie, and lastly Bishop Webb, nearly the latest of all. He was consecrated on St. Andrew's Day, 1870, to take up the difficult

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links of the Church in the Orange River Free State, and was the first to adopt the title Bloemfontein. The Metropolitan took warmly to this very young Bishop and his sweet wife. The vessel in which they arrived was put in quarantine for three weeks on reaching Cape Town. Bishop Gray asked what he could send on board to console them, thinking mostly of creature comforts after the long voyage; and he was much delighted when the Bishop of Bloemfontein only asked for a Latin copy of the works of St. Bernard, with which he was promptly supplied.

The friendship of the Bishop for Dean Green was a beautiful one, for both were men of strong convictions, quite able on occasion to differ, and yet to maintain the bond of charity. "I had rather be in that man's spiritual state," exclaimed the Bishop, on hearing the Dean had actually been driven from his home and his Church, "than in any other living person's." On the occasion of the keeping of the fiftieth anniversary of Bishop Gray's first landing in Africa, his old friend preached a touching sermon in Cape Town Cathedral, at the request of the Archbishop of Cape Town, full of tender reminiscences of his beloved Father in God.

Clerical gatherings at Bishop's Court were a real help and stimulus to the clergy. Two reminiscences of these may be given, the first by the late Bishop of St. Helena, then Archdeacon of George (1850-1862), "I cannot forget the happy weeks spent with him and Mrs. Gray from time to time at Bishop's Court, when I had to attend Diocesan Synods, and on other

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

occasions. The genuine hospitality, the kindness, the pleasant walks in the afternoons, generally over Wynberg Hill, after many hours of work and consultation with my brother Archdeacon Merriman and me—it was wonderful in those early days of his episcopate, which were full of cares and anxieties, to see his cheerfulness, his kind consideration for others, his enjoyment in the climate and scenery, his interest in everything around him.”¹

The other recollection is Dr. Espin’s, and must refer to 1868-1872. “Every three months, when the Bishop was at home, we used to have clerical meetings at Bishop’s Court, at which he (the Bishop) presided. In the intervening months we met at each other’s houses. At these gatherings under the Bishop all the local clergy used to be present, not excepting those like Messrs. — and —, who claimed to be outside our Provincial organisation; and there was free interchange of opinion, with much good result. Speaking for myself, I used to go home from these meetings feeling thoroughly ashamed at being so far below the level which the Bishop’s words and example laid down for us.”²

When the Bishop held Confirmations, his addresses were exceedingly impressive. Like his sermons, they might not be patterns of eloquence, certainly not of elocution, but they hit the mark, and their simple directness was most touching. Once on Visitation he spoke so strongly on not even now approaching the holy rite with an unprepared heart, that a woman

¹ J.

² K.

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stayed behind, and some months later she presented herself again and was confirmed. A lady whom he confirmed writes warmly of the privilege of hearing his charges, and adds, "Nothing could exceed the yearning earnestness of both face and manner as he raised his arms in prayer for each and every separate candidate. Though now forty-three years ago, I can feel his hands on my head to this day." He always stood to confirm, and said the whole words over each. Once or twice, when ill, he consented to sit, and once at least he confirmed two at a time. But the solemn moment was when hands and eyes were uplifted to Heaven, before the hands were laid on the head. He made no rule as to age, leaving it as the Prayer Book leaves it, to the discretion of the presenting priest. Sometimes noticing young children among the candidates, he would say, "Some of you are very young, my children; God is ever pleased when the young heart is offered to Him."¹

When the Bishop visited his clergy, he threw himself into the ways of each household, and one rector's wife remembered that when he was with them, shortly before his death, he insisted on going into the dining-room to help her to give the children their tea, and cut the bread and butter. Hundreds of such instances could be given—the words "so kind" have to be erased again and again, and it is everyone's expression for him. There never was one who was so completely the "servant of all."

Only once was Bishop Gray called on officially

¹ Writer's personal recollection.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

in a Ritual case, and that was when some parishioners of St. Thomas', Malmesbury, one of the fourteen stations in the parish of Malmesbury, presented their rector to him for Ritualistic practices. Mixing, as is the custom of the aggrieved parishioner, great things with small, they accused him of vestments, cross and super-altar, candles, "Adoration after Consecration of the Eucharistic Elements," mixing the Chalice, a hymn before Consecration, the sign of the Cross, bowing to the Cross, coloured stoles and no university hood. The whole account of the Bishop's answer is given in the "Life," Vol. II. Suffice it to say, every point was given in favour of Mr. Belson, who had of course denied "Adoration of the *Elements*," and bowing *to* the Cross. The Bishop, however, *advised* Mr. Belson to abandon the mixed chalice and one other small point, though admitting them to be correct, in the places where they offended parishioners. As to the University hood, the Bishop naïvely remarked he did not always wear the hood of his own degree, and could hardly be severe on a priest for not wearing his.¹ This probably was a somewhat bitter pill to the discontented; for the same people who thought it "High Church" in a M.A. to leave off his hood, considered it almost Roman in a D.D. to wear his, the scarlet hue being unpleasingly suggestive.

Mr. Belson obeyed the Bishop to the letter in the two stations where the objections were raised.

¹ Taken from a manuscript copy of the original reply of the Bishop.

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Nothing, however, incenses the aggrieved more than to have their grievances removed ; and these places, where Mr. Belson had altered Ritual to suit the people, were the only two places which did not heartily join in the grateful address made to him when, some years later, he left the Diocese.

Was Bishop Gray a Ritualist? Yes, and no. He approved it, and wrote once and again strong letters on the iniquity of persecuting these men who were *true* to the Church of England;¹ he owned to liking the services in the London Churches of the Catholic School ; and said he had a personal liking for the smell of incense. He would never have begun these things himself, and cared little whether he wore a surplice or a cope. He fought for the foundations of the Faith, and left it to others to clothe that Faith in its most stately and ordered garb. But he sympathised with those who were doing this as long as it was in loyalty to the Church of England, feeling, doubtless, with a poet of his own University :

“ Men shall learn how sacred splendour
Shadows forth the pomps above,
How the glory of our Altars
Is the homage of our love.
What but this ? Yet since corruption
Mars too oft our holiest things,
In the form preserve the Spirit,
Give the worship angel-wings.”

¹ See the “ Life,” vol. II., pp. 333, 527-9.

Chapter XIV.

THE BISHOP AND THE LAITY.

“Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.”—*Shirley*.

T was not only to the clergy that the Bishop of Cape Town was a true and loving Father in God. The laity saw him often within their gates, especially in times of need or sickness, and to them as to others his considerateness showed itself.

Some of the doctors were great allies and upholders of the Bishop. At one time the Bishop's favourite resort after morning service in the Cathedral was the house of Dr. Bickersteth in Roland Street. “The respected doctor was a sincere Churchman, and very seldom absent from his place in the choir of St. George's.” In Miss Ainger's diary we find: “Nov., 1859. Dr. Bickersteth, *the* doctor of Cape Town, and the best layman in the Diocese, the Bishop says, lunched here.” This kindly title, however, I think, was shared among several others. Dr. Ebdon, his doctor later on, was a capital Churchman, and a

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good and charming man. He and Mr. Anderson, a Cape merchant, were churchwardens for Rondebosch, and their hearty welcome astonished Archdeacon Thomas. Mr. Anderson received him at once into his beautiful home at Erinville, till he could settle into his own house.

Mr. Trimen, the curator of the Cape Museum, remembers how, "at one of my earliest meetings with Bishop Gray, I had an experience of his thoughtful kindness which much impressed me. I called to tell him of a projected entomological publication by subscription which I then had in hand, and he at once gave me his name as a subscriber and showed much interest in the matter. I had left, and was already at some little distance from the house, when he overtook me, and said that he had quite forgotten to say that he wished to take six copies of the work. At other times, when he invited me to dinner, he bore in mind the cost of a carriage from Cape Town, and would inform me of any other guests of the evening who could share the expense."¹

A young magistrate in Namaqualand and his family were so warm in their love and admiration for the Bishop, of whom they had not seen a great deal, that he had to watch himself lest they should put him in the place of Christ. That magistrate's sister, making mention in her daily prayers of those for whom she thanks God, has included him ever since his death. The family

¹ L.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

still love to recollect the fatherly expression with which he welcomed them on a visit to Bishop's Court.

The Assistant Astronomer Royal and his wife, too, stayed much at Bishop's Court when the former was ill. Indeed, that anyone should want a kindness, was reason [enough for his doing it. In the midst of his last visit to England he went to Scotland to consecrate the Bishop of Bloemfontein ; returning, he spent one night with a friend in Edinburgh, and asked "where Miss Moir's sisters lived, as it would be a pleasure to her could he go and see them." (Miss Moir was the lady who taught Florence.) So a message was sent to tell them that the Bishop of Cape Town would call at 8 a.m. They were charmed with his kind, gracious manner and beautiful expression, and as long as they lived they talked of the memorable visit.

Mr. Eustace was another great friend, with a ready interest in all Church matters, was a member of the Diocesan Synod and of the Central African Cape Town Committee. Sir Thomas Maclear, the Astronomer Royal, and his wife and daughters, were very friendly with the Bishop, and Grey Villa at Mowbray, to which the distinguished old astronomer retired, was a hospitable house, open to many a tired worker at the Home, for a day off or for a long visit. The conversation in that house of "plain living and high thinking" was a thing to remember. Sir Thomas, even when blind, dominated it, taking interest in everything, from the motions of the

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moon to Miss Yonge's "Chaplet of Pearls," which he sat up all night to finish. The Battle of Waterloo he had at his fingers' ends, and had visited and identified the sites. He appeared regularly in the Cathedral for Sunday service, and listened appreciatively to the Bishop's sermons.

The office of spiritual guide to the ladies at the Home, and to others as well, had been more or less forced upon Bishop Gray by the unwillingness of others. We used to say he could work with imperfect instruments, because what was lacking in others he could supply. Having accepted the office, he turned his great mind to the subject, and studied the works of masters of the spiritual life. There is no doubt that he approved of regular confession for those who felt their need of it. He would never have imposed it as a *sine quâ non* on any lady joining the Community, but, as he had more experience of its effects, he grew in approbation of the practice. Much of his actual spiritual counsel has been reproduced in the "Life," but a few examples may be given. One lady remembers well "his way of teaching us to sanctify our work by some ejaculatory prayer when changing from class to class. He would say: 'It is not enough to pray; we must watch.' I never heard anyone insist more on the necessity of watchfulness, instancing our Lord's warning to his disciples, '*Watch and pray.*'"¹

To the wife of one in high office, and who had not long been married, he recommended the practice

¹ M.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

of daily prayer, not only for, but *with*, her husband. The "Imitation" was then lying on his table, and he said, "My dear wife and I used to read that together; I wish we had read it more. Never let anything, however important, make you think you have no time for a little daily reading and prayer together."¹

He checked one who was abusing that one among the English Bishops who had most bitterly opposed him during the Colenso trials, and warned her never to speak evil of dignities. Another time she was displeased with the new Lectionary, and said she should not use it, but should read the old lessons in church. The Bishop said nothing, but soon after came out of his study with copies of "The Churchman's Almanack" for the coming year and gave each guest one. When he came to her he said, "M—— is not going to use the new Lectionary, so I suppose she won't accept this." She put out her hand for one, and he said he would write her name on it, and added the words, "Hear the Church." In this sort of way he often conquered a wilful spirit, and one found oneself doing the very things one had resolved not to do.

Two or three sentences of counsel may be given as examples:

"Try especially to avoid self-complacent thoughts; they are a great snare to those whose work is praised by others; they more than others should strive against self-complacency."

¹ M.

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"You are not to think there is no harm in repeating true, though foolish, things others may have done. When anyone, through weakness or want of judgment, does anything which lays him open to ridicule, that is his own fault; but every time you repeat it, it becomes a sin in you."

"When bad thoughts assail you, especially at night, say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and turn your mind to something dull and unexciting."¹

He gave us as our motto, "*Adoremus et laboremus*," because it unites the two grand objects of religious communities—the glory of God and the edification of man.

In his Confirmation charges he *never* omitted the advice to read some part of the Bible daily. This was of course, too, his rule for St. George's Home. To the boys of the Diocesan College he recommended a few verses daily in the original languages.

St. George's Home continued to be a great source of happiness to the Bishop, even though, like all good works, it gave him a share of anxiety. He had brought out specially trained ladies and nurses to undertake, at the request of Government, the nursing of the Somerset Hospital, a very good building close to the sea. Its chief drawback was that the windows in the wards were so high that the patients could not catch sight of the sea as they lay in bed. A minor evil was the very inappropriate selection of permanent texts scattered liberally through the building. "Thou shalt do no

¹ A. XII.

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

murder" could hardly be considered soothing for a fever patient; while "Oh, all ye beasts of the field" had an invidious application over the door of the coloured people's ward.

The ladies had from the first visited the Hospital, reading and lending books and games to the patients. But now the nursing was placed under a member of the Community. The relations between Hospital and Home were not very well understood. But the Bishop insisted that in all matters concerning the nursing staff personally, their comfort and behaviour, the Superior of the Home must be deferred to. Difficulties came which need not here be detailed. They mainly arose from the attitude and conduct of one doctor, but the final result was the withdrawal of the nursing staff provided by the Bishop, though not till after his death. The chivalrous way in which the Bishop fought the battles for the Home must remain in our recollection, now that all the bitterness connected with it has passed away.

During these last years of his life, the Superior (Miss Fair) writes that whenever he had five minutes to spare, he would walk in to see how all were faring, though he always gave Friday afternoon and often part of Wednesday to regular visits to the Home.

At Easter, 1871, was opened a work which had been pressed on the Bishop from many sides, and had formed the subject of a resolution of Diocesan Synod in 1870—St. Cyprian's School for girls of

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the upper classes. It was to be a Diocesan work, under the Home, with a Superior of its own, who was to direct all the teaching work. That Superior was Miss Katherine Buller, a highly-gifted and most cultivated Devonshire lady of that well-known family who trace their descent from Godfrey de Bouillon. She had to the full the noble fighting spirit and devout and humble reverence which distinguished the first great Crusader. Never was woman more large-hearted, according to her family motto, "*Aquila non capit muscas.*" With the intellect of a man, she had the sympathy and loving ways of a woman. The expression, "A mother in Israel," spoken of the great prophetess and leader, seemed most applicable to her. Teaching was a delight, well nigh a passion with her; and the strong religious vein running through all was most impressive. Rarely did she talk of religion, but it was present in all things. She could not give a geography or arithmetic class without some great truth or spiritual thought running through it.

It was owing to her that St. Cyprian's at once took the lead among Schools in Africa. How many girls have learnt there the lessons that have been well practised in lonely Karoo homesteads, or in the city and country society of the Cape! After working for five years in Cape Town, her health, never strong, failed, and she retired to the lighter work of a newly-begun country school—All Saints', Wynberg. But here, her health giving way entirely, she passed to her rest, after seven and a half years of work at

→ A Pioneer and Founder.

the Cape ; and she lies buried next the Bishop in Claremont Churchyard. St. Cyprian's School has never ceased to do good work. Similar schools followed it at Grahamstown and elsewhere, and the Dutch Reformed were stirred up to give their girls a higher education, instead of running the risk of their being attracted to the English Church ; for all the St. Cyprian girls learnt the Church Catechism, and were instructed in Church history. Therefore, very wisely, they opened the Good Hope Seminary, and the cause of Education was thus further advanced in South Africa, the Church as usual leading the way.

One more work was in contemplation when the Bishop died. It was a Home for little boys—wrecklings—to match the little girls' Home. The latter stood next the home, sixty persons having been turned out of it when it was bought. It was what we should call a six-roomed house. The house next it ultimately became St. Michael's Home for Boys. We already owned several little boys, who were "boarded out" with respectable coloured people ; but the life was rather freer than was quite for the good of the boys. One of them was found to be in nightly attendance at a Punch and Judy show as a performer, his part being to beat the drum and fire the gun. Miss Fair greatly desired now to gather these children together ; and on one of the Bishop's last visits she laid the plan before him.

"But," asked he, "how are you going to support these little boys?"

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She continues : " Knowing that a very economical plan would be just the one to commend itself to him, I said that we had more scraps sent us than we required for the girls, and that they would do for the boys. He shook with quiet laughter, and when, just then, a sister joined us, he told her that I wanted to keep a set of little boys that the scraps might be consumed—to act as little scavengers in fact."

There was one other important change looming before the Home at this time. Community though we were, and observing a rule strongly approaching that of a regular Sisterhood, we were still independent ladies, and could go at any time. Already several had had to return to England, or to leave the Home for family affairs, other work, or ill-health. At such a distance from England it was difficult to get ladies willing to come out and to put themselves into the hands of a young and untried Community. A Sisterhood with its headquarters in England would yield a constant supply, and, moreover, the broken-down workers need not be stranded. The Bishop was much distressed when first this view was laid before him. He had worked so happily with his own Community, he doubted if a new Superior would be as loyal and true. It would relieve him of his work as Warden ; but he was doubtful if the relations of an organised Sisterhood towards him as Bishop and Visitor would be such as he could approve. Probably, had he lived to welcome the Sisters, he would have been fully satisfied. As it was, he interviewed the heads

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

of several Sisterhoods when last in England, not at first with the idea of putting all the works into their hands, but for fresh ones. Latterly, he quite saw that some such move would be necessary. Among the ladies themselves a desire had arisen for a stricter life, and this would meet all needs. Only his own dear Community must not suffer ; he would stipulate that all who wished it should be tried in the Novitiate as to their vocation, and the rest should have the status of Associates. Clewer was naturally the first thought, as its works—penitentiary and educational—exactly matched our works. But Clewer decided against it ; and finally the Sisterhood which, after the Bishop's death, came out, was the All Saints' Sisterhood from Margaret Street, London. The years that have followed have amply justified this important step.¹

Meantime, as the end drew nearer, his fatherly kindness and love for the Home deepened. It used to be said with a smile among us that if any sister came in from her district looking particularly happy, she must have met the Bishop. "The Home came next to his own children in his heart, and he treated it with the endearing tenderness with which parents treat their youngest child."

Especially he loved taking visitors over the Home. And the last time he did so, noticing the passion flowers and taxonia clustering round one of the dormitory windows, he was delighted to be told of some little birds which had built their nest there.

¹ F. Alpha.

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Being unable to see them from the window, he remembered on his return to the courtyard to look up and descry where the nest was, and as the small birds hopped and chirped around, he looked at them with his tender look for all living things, and said in his gentlest tones, "Poor little things!" Three months later we gathered the passion flowers to jewel his funeral cross, and the little birds, singing their loudest, reminded us sadly of him.

Recollections of walks and talks with the Bishop are many. In November, 1871, he took Miss Fair for a ride from Bishop's Court to Constantia. "The great oaks under which we mounted were beautiful in their spring greenery, and a wild rose with its rich glossy foliage and large white blossoms was clambering far up into one of them. We went at a tolerable pace, and he took me through quiet, wooded byeways to a sort of dell in Constantia, to show me an enchanting view. It was all very lovely, and then the talk! It was quiet, confidential, happy; he remarked on the dwellers in the houses we passed, mentioned his ideas about various things in his Diocese, and his plans with regard to several of the parishes."¹

The Rev. J. Eedes gives the following:—"I shall not forget a conversation we had together about a year before he died. We were walking from Claremont to Bishop's Court on the evening of a beautiful day, the grand old mountain, which he seemed never tired of admiring, standing boldly out

¹ F. Alpha.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

against a clear sky. He was thankful, he said, to be able to feel that the Home had been successfully tounded, but it had not been without much fear and trembling on his part, and at the cost of many a sleepless night. He seemed to me to be anticipating a speedy removal from this world, and to experience a satisfaction in recalling to memory the chief events of his episcopate. Then he reverted again to St. George's Home, and was thankful to know that so many of the ladies were doing God's work humbly and faithfully. Troubles with individuals there certainly had been, but he never expected all things to run smoothly. After his death, one of the sisters wrote to a friend, referring to the Bishop's anxiety on their behalf: 'If I alluded unnecessarily to faults in others, or spoke impatiently of them, the Bishop would take my hand in his and say, "We must remember, my child, we have this treasure in earthen vessels."' ¹

It is related of St. Wilfrid, the great Northumbrian Saint, that towards the end of his life, as he was riding with his biographer for some days, he called to mind most of the events of his long, and varied, and troubled episcopate. Here we have another Northumbrian telling over his life towards its close.

There is no picture of the Bishop that is wholly satisfactory. Richmond's of him as a young man, taken before he left England, must have been a true likeness at the time, for it was very like his son at the same age, and after death the likeness came out

¹ E. (I).

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on the quiet face, but it is the face of a man who had not fought and had not suffered. The later photographs almost all give the stern, anxious, pathetic look, with the mouth, the feature we make for ourselves, so much altered. The face is nobler, more resolute, than the young face, but not so regularly handsome.

The Bishop was tall, of a noble and dignified bearing, with a good deal of presence. One noted politician describes him as having a "polished, gentlemanlike, and manly appearance, at once dignified and courteous. No better representative of Eton and Oxford before the days of plutocracy could be found. It was an advantage that the first holder of the See rather conferred distinction on his office, than drew from that office his worldly status and position."¹ The Bishop had a gesture of drawing himself to his full height and looking straight at his auditor, with the flash of battle in his eye. He walked and rode often with his head a little bent, as if in deep thought.

The dark hair was only touched with silver at the last. The forehead was high and good, as Richmond's picture shows. His complexion, never very dark, varied a good deal, and latterly he flushed too easily for health, and pain and sleeplessness changed the expression. The dark eyebrows were well-marked, but not bushy, and emphasized the pathetic look the face often wore. The peculiar bright gleam of the hazel eyes is noticed by several friends—those eyes

¹ L.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

that could twinkle with quiet fun, or flash with righteous indignation, or express such gentleness and sympathetic affection, especially when he turned them on anything weak or small. The eyes being weak, were often hidden by dark spectacles. The nose was slightly aquiline, and the mouth latterly very firm and decided. He never wore either beard or moustache, and thus helped to show that play of feature which was an index to the working of his mind. Certainly the face and form were those of a hero and leader of men.

His charm of manner was due to the great reserve of power behind a winning gentleness. One lady speaks of "the sympathy and gentleness of his manner, its fatherly love, his beautiful voice—its tones came from his heart, a very melody of sweetness. No one ever said 'My child' as he did; it went to one's heart, it came with a winning power and grace that was entrancing, for it felt as if enveloping one with a tender love—as if from Heaven itself."¹ A talented layman writes:—"Forbearing and courteously considerate as he always was, he could be sharp in reproof when he saw occasion for disapproval. Flippancy or the least approach to irreverence in things sacred met with instant rebuke. Although he was by no means devoid of humour, he was impatient of mere comicality. One of the occasions on which he seemed most entertained was when I told him of the child of a well-known agnostic at the Cape, who was not allowed to play with other

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children, "lest"—as her mother observed—"she should imbibe dogma."¹ The late Bishop of Bombay (once Dean Douglas) said after his death: "Most gentle and affectionate in all private and personal relations, so as to win for himself the warm attachment of all with whom his genial and kindly nature brought him into contact, he was fearless and terrible as a lion when the enemies to truth roused him to combat."²

It is usual to defer to the end a summary of a man's character; surely little is necessary in this case. His works speak for him. But this seems the place for a few words from those who knew and could estimate him. To the world he was a man of two or three strong qualities, with the defects of those qualities, and such will always be the superficial view of South Africa's first Metropolitan. One after another at his death, voices of those who *knew* spoke out of his "unflinching firmness combined with almost womanly tenderness. Compared with all the other actors in those controversies, he seemed like Saul among his brethren, head and shoulders above them all, the one man with whom the honour of the Lord was everything, and considerations of popularity or prudence nothing."³

The aged Bishop of St. Helena spoke of the humility of his spirit, yet the strength of his faith and zeal, and the firmness of his reliance on God for guidance. "I know," he adds, "that he felt very keenly the misunderstandings and sometimes very

¹ L. ² C. (E.) ³ L.

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unfair treatment which he experienced from some Churchmen both at home and in the Colony, but I never heard a hard or uncharitable word fall from his lips. He was unflinching in the performance of what he held to be his duty, but he was also very tender-hearted and compassionate to the afflicted, the erring, and the fallen."

That sensitiveness was never taken into account. One day he came into his wife's sitting-room with a letter in his hand, saying the writer was very "thin-skinned," and he asked her if she did not agree with him. "It doesn't do for *you* to talk of being thin-skinned," she quietly but laughingly replied; "those who live in glass houses should not throw stones." "Oh," said the Bishop, "then you call me thin-skinned," and there was a sly twinkle in his eye which told she had hit the mark.¹

In truth his greatness lay in a union seldom found of very opposite qualities blending to form a great simplicity of character—"That union," said the great Bishop Wilberforce, "of the impetuosity of the lion qualified with the gentleness of the lamb." In the words of Bishop Douglas, "When the cause of God was at stake his whole soul burnt with a fire which consumed him, and urged him with impulses which no human obstacles could withstand to do what God required, whatever he suffered. And now he rests from his labours, leaving an odour of sanctity behind him, and a name never to be forgotten of the Church of God on earth."

¹ F. Ms. paper.

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A few instances of his great love for children should be given. In how many great men, from St. Augustine of Hippo downwards, has this been a characteristic!

"One day Mrs. Gray had gone up to the nursery of the little Welbys to see them asleep, and returning, brought her husband up to look at the little ones in their cots. His delight in looking at each of them, and his loving expression about them, showed that fondness for children which was a part of his truly amiable disposition."¹

The Rev. J. Eedes says Mrs. Gray was not as fond of children, but she liked to stand erect with folded arms, amused and laughing at the Bishop's delight with half a dozen little ones around him, pulling his coat tails, or jumping on his knees as he rested in his chair. One of my own little girls once jumped on his knee. The Bishop pulled out a bright shilling, and held it before the child's eyes. "Now, my little pet, which will you have—this shilling, or a kiss from me?" Little Amy said, "A kiss from you." "You little hypocrite!" exclaimed he, "you shall have the shilling and the kiss too."²

When going to England once he promised a dear, simple-hearted priest, the Rev. George Thompson of Grahamstown, that he would see after a god-child of his in England. This he failed not to do, and as soon as he saw the child, "Come here, my dear," he called, "and say your Catechism, else I can never face George Thompson." The event

¹ J. ² E. (C).

as A Pioneer and Founder.

made an impression on the child's mind which she never forgot.¹

One would have thought indeed that none, once knowing him, could forget anything he ever said to them. But, in this hurrying age, those who really cared are fast passing away, and many who once knew have forgotten, which is the *raison d'être* of an attempt to call back and deepen the memory of our Father and Bishop.²

¹ M.

² The whole picture of the Bishop and his manner and character are woven from too many private letters to acknowledge each.

Chapter XV.

THE PASSING AWAY.

“Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in those parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound ; and, drawing near the city, they had a yet more perfect view of it. . . . Now I further saw that between them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep.”—*Pilgrim's Progress*.



DURING the last two years of the Bishop's life his spirit seemed to dwell more than ever above the things of earth, and his griefs and trials did not disturb him as of yore. It would seem almost as if he and his wife had entered into the happy state alluded to in her favourite Collect for the twenty-first Sunday after Trinity—the Collect of “a quiet mind.” But Mrs. Gray's health rapidly declined, and in July, 1870, only five months after the Provincial Synod, the Bishop had to resign his intention of visiting the Free State during the vacancy of the See, and to take Mrs. Gray to England for advice. Here they spent four months, but the doctors could do nothing. The disease was malignant, and there was much suffering. The

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

Bishop was with her as much as possible, and it was after the decree had gone forth that nothing could be done, that she told her husband that she had for twenty years known by heart the seventeenth chapter of Book III. of the "Imitation," and had tried to bring herself into accord with it. It is a chapter which does indeed act as balm for such sufferers as she was. After consecrating Bishop Webb on St. Andrew's Day at Inverness, because of the newly demanded oath to the Archbishop of Canterbury for any Bishop consecrated in England,¹ they sailed for the Cape, taking with them their only son for a visit.

None who saw Mrs. Gray then could have wished her pain prolonged. The light in her keen blue eyes was sweeter and tenderer, but that self-restraint and resolution to end well what she had well begun, never left her. She would urge the Bishop to leave her and do some piece of work. In her whole life she had never thought of herself or spared herself, and to the end she thought of all around her, struggling to appear at dinner with her family till within ten days of her death.

One day, thinking perhaps that she had been a little hard on a young guest, she called her into her sitting-room, where she lay in much weakness, and asked a small service from her, using a tender expression, and calling her "My little daughter," affecting her even to tears by the gentleness of her

¹ *Vide* "Life of Bishop Gray," vol. ii., p. 509. The Archbishop of Canterbury consented to this arrangement.

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manner. The end was not prolonged. She sank into unconsciousness, and passed away from him who loved and needed her so much. He laid her to rest under the stone pines in Claremont Churchyard, close to the Church which she had designed, and where in life she worshipped.

In Claremont Church, after the Bishop's death, friends put up Memorial tablets to him and his wife ; and hers, quoted here, exactly describes her :—

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
AND IN MEMORY OF
Sophia Wharton Gray.

A WOMAN IN ALL WAYS
FITTED TO BE THE WIFE
OF THAT GREAT BISHOP
WHOSE LIFE WAS SPENT
IN THE SERVICE OF CHRIST
AND OF HIS CHURCH.

SIMPLE, TRUE, DEVOUT,
ENDUED WITH UNDERSTANDING
OF MANY THINGS,
HER PRICE WAS FAR ABOVE RUBIES.
THE HEART OF HER HUSBAND
DID SO TRUST IN HER
THAT HE HAD NO NEED OF SPOIL.

For the Bishop, his "chiefest of earthly blessings" was now taken from him, and she was never out of his thoughts. Her photograph stood ever on his writing

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

table, and he loved to bring her name into his conversation, though a sudden allusion by others would bring the colour to his face and make self-restraint an effort. He visited her grave daily when possible. The Sisters kept it bright with flowers until the flat cross was placed on it. The writer remembers the Bishop taking her and some others to see the stone while it was being placed there, and then explaining how the west end of the nave of Claremont Church was to be finished as a memorial to her.

But his work was never hindered by his sorrow. He realised that—

“The flowers we seek to heal our woe,
Familiar by our pathway grow ;
Our common air is balm.”

As one who knew him well wrote after he too had passed away : “The lesson he learnt from her death, and which, consciously or unconsciously, he took as his motto from that time, was, ‘Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.’”¹

The illness which ended the Visitation of 1871 to Namaqualand has already been noticed. It was the beginning of the end.

On the eve of St. Peter's Day, 1872, the Bishop was at the Home. We were speaking of the fact that on the morrow he would have “attained to the years of St. Peter,” the traditional twenty-five years’

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episcopate of the Apostle. He was much amused at hearing that one of the Sisters had been displeased that nothing had been done to commemorate it. "Not even a public luncheon." The idea tickled him as he laughed quietly. Before going away he said, "Twenty-five years are a long time to look back on. Pray for me, that the future may be better than the past has been."¹

A month later he distributed the prizes at the annual festival of the Refuge girls, kept about St. Mary Magdalen's Day. He walked into the Community room with a paper in his hand about dividing his Diocese and placing a new See at George. Bishop Wilberforce was pressing it, acting the part of Jethro towards Moses. The paper was headed, "A living dog is better than a dead lion." "You see," he said, "they call me a dog. They say I am an old man, and they had better take care of me while they have me."

On the 28th, the ninth Sunday after Trinity, he preached in the Cathedral on faith in Christ involving the whole of the Catholic Faith. It was his last sermon in the Cathedral.

Then came Friday, August 9th, when he rode a spirited horse into Cape Town, which threw him. He did not seem much the worse, and only complained to one of his clergy of a slight pain in the back. After finishing his business in the vestry, he walked into St. George's Home, and in answer to something which was said he remarked, "All through my life I

¹ Here and in all that follows almost exclusive use has been made of A. IV. and F. Beta.

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have observed that whenever I have seemed to be doing a great deal, I have really been doing very little ; and whenever I seemed to be doing but little, I have really been doing most." " Which are you doing now ? " " Oh, nothing at all." Was he then doing most of all ? " I will tell you what I have been doing," he added ; " trying to break my neck," and he told us of his fall.

What probably did more harm than the fall was a walk on Sunday to Wynberg to preach in aid of the schools ; it was pouring, and he hardly ever used his carriage on Sunday. So he walked over, and could not preach his prepared sermon because there were too few people.

He was afraid that he could not confirm in the Cathedral on Tuesday, the 13th, but he came, and the day is best described by Archdeacon Lightfoot :—" He came in specially early in order to see and comfort my dear wife (we had buried our dead the day before). He sat with her some time, and then proceeded to the Cathedral. I was with the candidates, but saw him in the vestry just before service began, and I shall never forget his kind words of love and sympathy. He was very weak ; we had only Confirmation Service and hymns. His addresses were more brief than usual, but more fervent. We, the clergy, exchanged notes after the service, and all agreed that they were the most solemn we had ever heard. The Dean and I presented our candidates, 170 altogether. He sat in his chair as we presented them, two and two. He confirmed them singly, as was always his wont, *hands*

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on the head of each. He seemed scarcely able to finish the service, but there was a look of sanctity about him which we never can forget. Don't think this has been imagined since his decease. We remarked it to each other the same evening. All were touched, but the Dean and I were affected specially in our inmost souls by his reference to the uncertainty of life, instancing the decease of the eldest son of each of us, the Dean's a few weeks before, after a long and painful illness, my own dear laddie so unexpectedly but three days before. We little thought, though we half fancied it, that the beloved Bishop was so soon to illustrate his own appeal."

As soon as the service was over, the Dean asked the Bishop to join in singing a *Te Deum*. So there he stood for the last time before the altar of his church, his clergy grouped around and the choir standing behind them, and they chaunted together that "wing'd Creed" which, though we knew it not, was the thanksgiving for his life's work ended.

Just at first he seemed no worse, and on Friday was able to come again to Cape Town, and arrived at the Home for the last time in order to lunch with the Community and have a talk with them. The Superior says of this visit: "He was paler than usual, with a feverish flush, and there was a little too much brightness about the face and eyes, but without the harassed look they so often had. He alluded to the Irish Church, then occupied with revision of the Prayer Book, and thought that good must come from the meekness and for-

—s A Pioneer and Founder.

bearance of Archbishop Trench towards opponents of so opposite a character. He spoke affectionately of Bishop Alexander of Derry and of his sweet wife. He went on to say he had been reading Bishop Jeremy Taylor. It was, I believe, the last meal he ever took out of his own house, and I am sure, if he had chosen, he would have had it so. He was in no hurry that day. It was his farewell to us collectively, as he stood on the shore of Eternity. As we left the dining-room, he detained Sister Emma, whose work of teaching and reading to the patients at the Somerset Hospital led to his seeing her but rarely. He spoke kindly to two little boys, candidates for our Boys' Home. He was reminded that he had promised to see one of the Sisters, and he went at once to the vestry. This sister had been the first, and was the last, received by him for Confession. Then he came to my room and talked of the Boys' Home. He laughed brightly, explaining that he was laughing at my schemes. I had a new one for him every time he came into the Home! He desired me to have some statistics for him in the vestry on Sunday, when he hoped to see the Governor after service. He rose, and we parted; our hands clasped for the last time in this world. His whole manner that afternoon was specially gentle and delightful, leaving a never-to-be-forgotten memory behind."

The very last piece of work that day was the annual meeting in aid of St. George's Orphanage.

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The next day he was worse, and had to give up preaching on Sunday at the Cathedral, for which he had prepared a sermon against marriage with a deceased wife's sister. It was unfortunate that the tender consciences of his executors caused this sermon to be burnt along with his others. As his latest utterance, written to influence public opinion, it would have seemed natural to let it at least be read from the pulpit. For the next week, mistaking his disorder, he took all the exercise he could. But on St. Bartholomew's Day a consultation of doctors decided that his old complaint was now acute, and that his life was in danger. Still, all hope was not abandoned, and from that day the Eucharist was offered in the Cathedral daily, as an intercession for that precious life; and, a day or two later, continual intercession began in the Oratory at the Home—one succeeding another, day and night—that our Bishop might be spared to us, or that God would be with him if indeed his passage lay through the river of death. Who shall say that our prayers were not answered?

The Bishop's dear son-in-law and Chaplain, Archdeacon Glover, was, with his daughters, his greatest comfort, and on him came the task of comforting the Church. His letters mark the course of the last days.

“BISHOP'S COURT, 25th August, 1872.

“MY DEAR MISS FAIR,—

“The Bishop last night, after all final

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

arrangements had been made, sent for me back to tell me to be sure to call upon you to-day, and to let you know how things are with him. He said he believed no one would be more anxious to hear than you, or more affectionately desirous of his recovery. I am very thankful to say that Dr. Ebdon reported improvement to-day; I have also much faith in the prayers of the Church. Altogether, I feel more hopeful to-day than yesterday."

"WEDNESDAY" (three days later).

"May God's blessing rest on your prayers, and on all those who offer them. I have not yet told the Bishop. I don't think he imagines himself now in any danger, and—I am almost afraid to write the words—I do think that *immediate* danger is over. He insisted yesterday on giving me his views on the Home's future arrangements, though I tried hard to keep him off himself. He said it would be a relief to his mind to have said it, in case he should die; but you know that ever since Mrs. Gray's death he has often at intervals talked to me of his death, so calmly and quietly, that one could not feel *distressed*, if you know what I mean. He is evidently, though depressed with weakness, perfectly sure that he is daily recovering strength."

Alas! the improvement was not maintained; more fever supervened, and on Friday, Archdeacon Glover wrote: "The Bishop last night sent his best

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love to the Home. I told him of the continuous prayers ; he was much affected."

On Saturday, after the doctors' visit, his son-in-law asked him if he were willing to receive his Communion. He said, "Was it not arranged for Sunday?" When told it would be better to-day, he gave one long look up, and assented. So he received his Viaticum, with deep devotion, making all the responses. He said all he wanted was sleep, though he constantly dropped asleep ; but it was a profounder rest than any on earth that could give repose to the weary body, worn out at sixty-three.

That night a nurse whom he had brought out from England came to help his daughters to nurse him. He greeted her with a smile, and spoke in his own gracious, courteous way.

It was on one of these last days that he told Archdeacon Glover of his hopes and fears for his Diocese, his greatest fear being lest his successor should not sympathise with our work as he had done ; and he sent a message to the Superior telling her whom to consult in England, about our becoming a Sisterhood—in case this change was made ; and then speaking last of himself, he said he had feared lest his contrition was not deep enough, but added, "I know that I do dearly love my Saviour."

That night his family watched beside him. He scarcely spoke. Once he said, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, forget not all His benefits." When

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they gave up their watch to the nurse, his sleep was troubled and painful. But about 5 a.m., on September 1st, being the 14th Sunday after Trinity, the nurse saw a change, and called his children. He still slept, but quite peacefully. Nearly an hour passed, and the nurse gave the signal to read the Commendatory Prayer ; and while Archdeacon Glover was still reading it, his spirit passed as quietly as a child falling asleep. She said she had seen hundreds of deaths, but never a sweeter one. He lay with his head resting on his right hand. She was sorry when she had to remove the hand ; there was something so touching in the attitude. Archdeacon Badnall, who saw him just after death, said he looked so happy, "just like what he used to be," that he never cared to look at him again.

Archdeacon Glover's note to the Superior of St. George's Home was as follows :—

"The Bishop has gone to his rest. Your prayers and ours could not keep him with us. If any good and faithful servant earned rest, it was he, and now he is once again with her he loved best on earth, and with Him Whom he loved better than any in earth and Heaven. He passed away unconscious of us all, and of anything. Blanche and I were with him till three this morning, and left him in a painfully troubled sleep. Nurse Young, who relieved me then, called me at five to tell me the end was near. The sleep continued when I saw him, but the trouble had happily passed away ; about an hour

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after, still in the same state, he fell asleep. May God comfort you all and all here !”

Another priest who loved him well wrote :—“ The noble heart is at rest with its Lord and Master ! What a waking for him this Sunday morning ! What a meeting above there has been ! The great Bishop welcomed by Apostles, his wife’s spirit, the smile of Jesus Christ.”

It was the greatness of him we had lost that pressed first on us, as the services in the Cathedral proceeded ; and the hymn for a Confessor Bishop, “ O Shepherd of the Sheep,” seemed written for him. We who had loved him tried to comfort each other. Life seemed very long without him, and one of us said despairingly, “ Some people live to be seventy.”

But the next day was a day of calmness and hope. We went to Bishop’s Court to look our last on that noble face—and we almost started, for there seemed the face of a young man ; the brow unmarked, all pain gone, and we were reminded of the saying that at whatever age we die we shall rise as if at thirty-three, “ in the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.”¹

The grief all over South Africa, from the Governor’s family to the humblest of those who had loved him, was very great. A month’s public mourning was ordered, but the order was scarcely needed. Arch-deacon Waters wrote from Kaffraria of the Kafirs who

¹ This astonishing change was noticed by all who saw him, and spoken of in sermons by some of the clergy.

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

said they were orphans, since their father was dead. Alas ! how true are the words of the poet :

“ But God, He knows what help may mean,
If it mean to live or die ;
And what sore sorrow and mighty moan
On earth it may cost ere yet a throne
Be filled in His house on high.”

On Tuesday, September 3rd, the Bishop was laid to rest at four o'clock in the afternoon. As we left Cape Town in carriages to drive out, every flag was at half-mast, the Cathedral bells were tolling, and all shops closed, and houses had drawn their blinds. Two trains, each containing about one thousand persons, left Cape Town for Claremont. Such a funeral had never been seen. The account now given is given in the words of five or six eye-witnesses, including the current numbers of the *Cape Argus* and *Church News*.

There was no funeral pomp to witness, for the simple hearse bore no feathers, and the mourning coaches were but two or three. Archdeacon Glover the Bishop's son-in-law, and Captain Gray, of the 86th Regiment, his nephew, alone represented the family ; but the household were there, and the Bishop was one of those rare men who inspire affection, and make the dwellers in the house, the children thereof. The mostly aged servants wept as children for the loss of a father. A deacon of the Church, the Rev. E. Gibbs, bore before the hearse the only emblem of authority—a valuable crozier of silver studded with

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gems. This, which had been in recent years always borne before him on solemn occasions, now, on the most solemn of all, preceded him to the grave. But the pomp was in the multitude. From Bishop's Court the funeral proceeded for nearly a mile, till it reached the junction with the public road.

It was here that the mourners from every direction awaited the coming of their Bishop for the last time, and here the procession formed. The Dean, Arch-deacon Badnall, Canons Judge and Lightfoot, Dr. Ebden, and Mr. Eustace were pall-bearers. The chief mourners, followed immediately by the twelve Mission Sisters and the household, took their places; the representatives of H.E. the Governor (Sir H. Barkly absent in another part of Africa) and the Commodore; the Lieutenant-Governor in person with his suite, and all Heads of Departments; many military and naval officers; the Vicar Apostolic of the Roman Church, the Moderator and other representatives of the Dutch Reformed, and Ministers of all denominations; the Mayor and Corporation of Cape Town; the students of the Diocesan College and of the Kafir College, Miss Arthur and her numerous "orphans"; and of the general public a great concourse, including Malays, negroes, and Jews, the poorest and the richest walking in many parts twelve abreast. All was orderly, this mass of human beings estimated at five thousand, with heads uncovered, in profound silence in that beautiful country road.

As the procession drew near, there came forth from the church and along the road a white-robed

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

procession of the Cathedral choir and the priests of the Diocese. Very few of the whole number of people present could enter the beautiful little unfinished church. The hymn, "Brief life," sung at his wife's funeral, and read to him in his last illness, was sung in church; and then, as the afternoon shadows lengthened, we came out under the pine-trees, the beautiful tender flowers of the Cape spring, especially all varieties of oxalis, under our feet, and there the simple teak-wood coffin passed from our loving sight for ever into a resting-place beside his wife. It was not the fashion then to heap wreaths and trophies on the dead, but one beautiful cross of white flowers—roses, orange-blossoms, violets, jewelled with passion flowers and taxonia—and one crown of bright, choice, sweetly scented flowers, made at the Home, lay on the coffin, and were lowered with it, while roses, violets, and all that was sweet were showered into the grave by loving hands. As the hymn, "Art thou weary?"—one of the last read to the Bishop—was sung, the eyes of the mourners met across the grave, and there was a burst of weeping, though the hymn was bravely sung to the end. Yes; Jordan was past, and he was in the Land of Far Distances, and to His beloved God had given sleep. Two of us remained till everyone was gone, and the grave filled, and then we covered up the bare, sandy mound with flowers.

From that day the Community took charge of the graves of the Bishop and Mrs. Gray, and kept fresh flowers on his till the marble cross was placed

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on it. If our "wrecklings" saw the "ladies" starting on Saturdays for this duty, they would run to their little gardens, pick a choice flower, and shyly put it into our hands "for the Bishop."

Never was a father more truly mourned. His brethren, the Bishops of the province, perhaps sorrowed as much as any. Bishop Merriman, thinking of him, would often exclaim :

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

His clergy mourned and felt his loss at every turn. In going into various parishes soon after his death, the cry was everywhere—this school, that church—a fresh station with a catechist wanted, and all standing still for want of the one who had helped so long and could help no longer.

The very children who had shared his love and kindness spoke of him long after. One deaf and dumb child made signs to say that the Bishop was dead, and the "ladies" were very, very sorry ; and some of them, we found, called one very bright star, visible from their dormitory window, "the Bishop's star," and they believed that a new star was made for every saint who died.

"More and more stars here in our outward heaven,
More and more saints above."

From every part of the Anglican communion came words of sympathy with the orphaned Church, and of appreciation of the great Bishop's work. Perhaps the words of the S.P.G. are the most remarkable :—

❧ A Pioneer and Founder.

"The seat of the foremost prelate in the British Colonies is left vacant. He has laid down the burden of a work the greatness and completeness of which can hardly be over-estimated. Marked out for work in the Colonies by the ability which he had shown in two parochial charges, and by his zeal in awakening sympathy at home with the cause of the Gospel in foreign parts, Robert Gray was consecrated Bishop of Cape Town in 1847. There was then in South Africa no Church organisation. Fourteen isolated clergymen ministered to scattered congregations. In the quarter of a century which has since elapsed a vast ecclesiastical province has been created. There are now in South Africa six dioceses. At the Provincial Synod of 1870 five of these were announced as integral parts of the province, being complete with synodical, parochial, and missionary organisations, administered by one hundred and twenty-seven clergymen, besides lay teachers.

"The society would record solemnly its thankfulness to God for those great talents, the use of which was so long granted to the Church. His single-minded devotion of himself and his substance to the work of God, his eminent administrative ability, his zeal which never flagged, his considerate tenderness in dealing with others, his undaunted courage in grappling with unexpected obstacles in the defence and confirmation of the Gospel, will live in the records of the African Church as the qualities of her founder, and will secure for him a place in history as one of the most distinguished in that

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band of missionary Bishops by whose labours in this generation the borders of the Church have been so widely extended."

To his Community at St. George's Home the loss was untold. What St. Francis de Sales was to his Community, the Bishop had been to us—the bond between us was of that intimate, and close, and tender kind. It is humbling to think of all one might have been, had one responded unreservedly to his teaching. He touched us to the very depths of our spiritual life, and under his leadership we would have been ready to undertake any hardship.

The cross which was placed on the Bishop's grave was the same in pattern as Mrs. Gray's, and as the beloved eldest daughter's in quiet Brading Churchyard—two blocks of granite, and a recumbent white marble cross. At the foot are the words, "My beloved is mine."

The Memorial Tablet in Claremont Church sums up his life's work:—

TO THE GLORY OF GOD

AND IN MEMORY OF

Robert Gray, D.D.,

FIRST BISHOP OF CAPE TOWN

AND METROPOLITAN OF

SOUTH AFRICA,

WHO WITH UNCEASING ENERGY

AND IN SIMPLE FAITH BUILT UP

UNDER GOD THE CHURCH OF

THIS PROVINCE.

§ A Pioneer and Founder.

WHEN TEACHING OPPOSED TO
THE FAITH ONCE DELIVERED TO
THE SAINTS SEEMED LIKELY TO
PREVAIL, AND MEN'S HEARTS WERE
FAILING THEM FOR FEAR,
HE OPPOSED THE WORLD, RESISTED
THE EVIL, AND MAINTAINED
THE TRUTH OF CHRIST.

MAY GOD REMEMBER HIM
AND WIPE NOT OUT THE GOOD
DEEDS THAT HE HATH DONE
FOR THE HOUSE OF HIS GOD
AND THE OFFICES THEREOF.

May the Africa for which Bishop Gray lived and laboured, whose peoples he so loved and yearned over, become indeed a united land, a land of loving-kindness and of mercy, and be built up in our Holy Faith into a building meet for the Master's use.

The example of his strenuous and holy life may teach us never to despair of the issue of the fight, never to let go one of our outworks, but to hand down the "Faith of our Fathers" pure and undefiled, even as it has been delivered to us.

"May the Soul of Robert Gray, Lord Bishop of Cape Town, rest in peace, waiting with St. Paul to receive the Crown of Righteousness which the Lord the Righteous Judge shall give him at the last Great Day."¹

THE END.

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